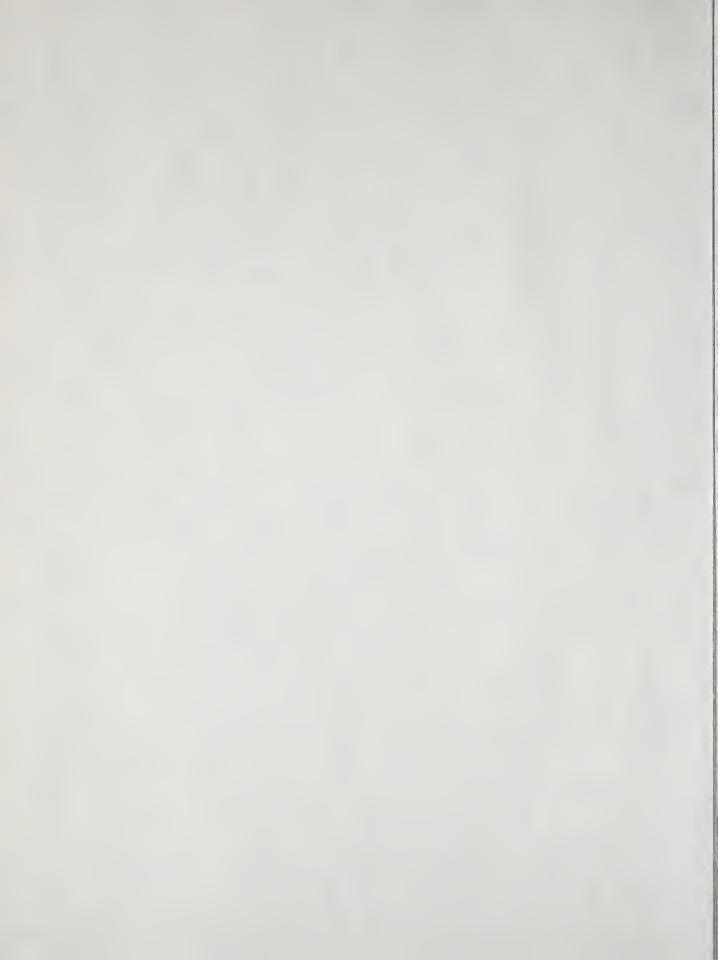


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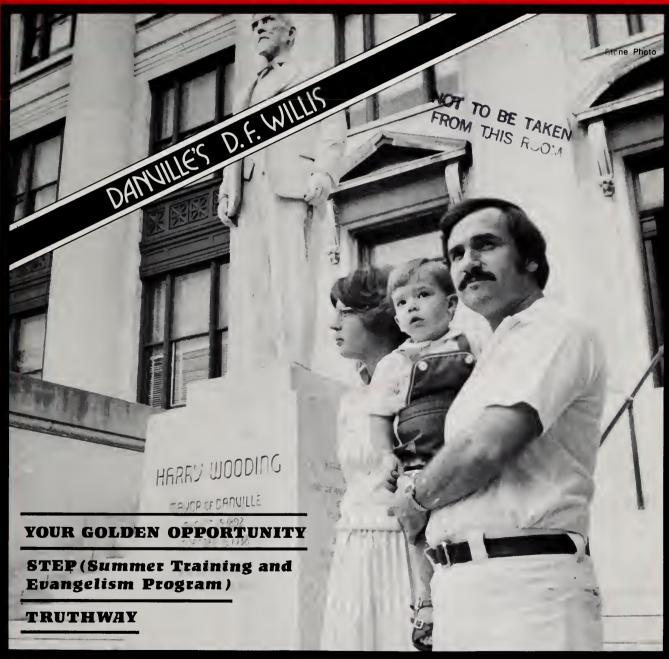


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Lighted Pathway

Vol.50, No.1



Christian Involvement

January, 1979

Volume 50, Number 1



Lighted Pathway

MEMBER EVANGELICAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

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# Perspective

Christian living doesn't take place in a vacuum. It's not isolated. Not something optional or something one does occasionally or on Sunday.

It's involvement.

The kind of involvement set forth in our main feature this month. Total-life.

We've two other features you should enjoy: one on educational opportunities, the other introducing a youth missions program titled STEP.

Truthway, a quarterly insert from the General Department of Youth and Christian Education, occupies the center spot. Carolyn Dirksen is our editor.

The editorial was spawned from the picture on page 26. A photo shot on location. More graphic than words. You need not agree with the author's judgment; you will agree the subject is relevant and that Christians must decide.

"Happy New Year."

Host & Slove

# D. Frederick Willis

reddie Willis believes Christian young people should get involved.

Even in polities.

"It's ridiculous to think of politics as being bad," Freddie says. "Politics is simply a term describing the democratic processes by which government functions. If there's anything bad about it, then surely it's the tendency of so many Christians to adopt a hands-off policy, to sort of abandon the field, leaving corrupt and immoral people to make the decisions."

Freddie doesn't look like a erusader. There's something of the "schoolboy" aura about him, although he's twenty-five years old, married, and the father of a two-year-old son. He dresses in plaids. Bright colors. And his voice is soft, even-keyed, flowing like an English professor lecturing, which also is what Freddie is.

Maybe it was the "boyishness" about him that caused most folks to underestimate him when he first proposed running for a seat on the municipal council of his hometown Danville, Virginia. Some laughed. Others winked knowingly behind his back. A few said, "Forget it, Freddie. You don't have a chance."

Freddie ran anyway. And lost. That was in '76 and Freddie was only twenty-three.

Two years later he ran again. This time he won, coming in eighth in a field of thirteen. During the month of May, before taking office July 1, Freddie attended eighteen special sessions of City Council.

"Just to know what was going on," Freddie said. "I really

want to contribute something. I made promises. I believe Christians keep promises, as much as possible. And I'm trusting the Lord to help me."

When you talk with Freddie at length—watching his eyes, listening to the richness of his voice, the conviction that comes through—it's then you know the boy has grown up. What's amazing is that, looking into the past, lots of people should have realized it sooner. He's never been one for lagging back.

At age fifteen, Freddie was promoted to a new Sunday school class (ages 15-17). He was immediately elected teacher, and he's been teaching that same class, watching high schoolers come and go, for the past ten years.

He teaches in the Family Training Hour, serves as assistant director of the youth choir, and has even found time to coauthor a history of the West Main Church of God, one of Virginia's oldest and most illustrious congregations.

Freddie graduated from George Washington High School in 1970. He earned a B.A. degree from Averett College in '73, majoring in speech and English, and was immediately hired at G.W., the youngest member of the faculty. It was the public school classroom, coupled with his natural love for young people, that got Freddie involved in another Christian commitment: helping disabled young people.

CONTINUED









Stone Photos

### Freddie Willis / continued

"From the first, I've loved teaching," Freddie says. "The lectures, the research, the give-and-take between pupil and teacher. But I also discovered a flaw in the system.

"My school has over 2,200 students. This meant a great number of kids passed through in a few years, and I noticed some of them weren't getting the material. Those kids who weren't making it—they were the ones who touched my heart. Basically, they persuaded me to enter the special education field."

In '76, Freddie received his M.S. degree from Radford State

Teacher's College. Professionally he has left his English and speech classes to become the Learning Disabilities Resource Teacher for the entire school. It's a new program, and many of the students with whom Freddie works do not appear disabled at all. Their problems stem from visual or audio difficulties.

"This program is more personal," Freddie says. "And more rewarding. I now work with six pupils at a time, a total of twenty-four a day. I both tailor the program and direct it.

"My involvement reaches beyond the classroom itself. My wife and I have the kids over for evening or Sunday meals. I take them on field trips, even skiing, and I have seen marvelous results.

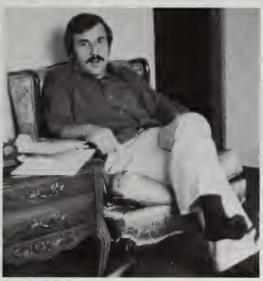
"One example. A boy who in the tenth grade couldn't read third grade materials. We found his problem, helped him overcome it, and this fall he enrolls in college. Actually, he's brilliant."

And now . . . with all this . . . politics?

"Why not?" Freddie shrugs.
"Not only has it been great for me, but it's actually helped our church. It's given many of our members new pride in the community. New concepts of what ought to be done. And can be done. It's really hard to believe, but many Christians









don't even take time to register and go to the polls. My campaign changed some of that."

"What about your family, Freddie? Becky and Eric? How did they react to the political campaign?"

"My best campaigners." Freddie laughed. "I won the election through door-to-door canvassing, and I often took Becky and Eric with me.

"It was funny at times. I'd knock on a door and a man would answer with a shadow on his face. Thought I was a salesman or something. Then he'd look down at Eric in the stroller and become all smiles.

"It's affected us somewhat as a family. Becky's been forced to

be more open, more public. She's rather shy by nature. Now she has to cope with being recognized around town."

"Be honest with me, Freddie. Danville's a city of 60,000. You're one of nine men, the youngest, charged with setting policy and directing the entire municipal complex. You're going to run headlong into special interests, entrenched ideas, power clicks. Do you think you can make a difference? Can a Spirit-filled Christian really contribute?"

"Absolutely!" It was here Freddie leaned forward in his chair. I had gotten into his heart, and it was no longer just an interview. "I ran a campaign promising moral responsibility. I didn't flaunt my church but neither did I hide it. The people of Danville, as in lots of other places, are wanting open, honest, responsible government. The cloakroom, special-interest-group bit is out.

"Danville needs new industry, new recreational and youth facilities, new programs such as a multipurpose civic center. I'm committed and I expect to make an imprint. It's not just something to be doing. I believe Christians, of all people—and especially Church of God people—have something important to contribute. And, come what may, it's great to be in there trying."



know a man who is handicapped, crippled: not in his feet or legs but in his mind. He talks constantly of those things which might have been. He uses the expression "if only" so often he bores you.

He's really a nice guy, too. Talented. Neat. More successful than he's able to see in his own mirror.

His handicap is personal. It's of the spirit. Inside. Actually, it's a crutch. Something he leans on and takes comfort in. He uses other expressions, but I think his favorite is "If only I'd been able to finish my education."

Fact is, the man has been receiving an education during all these years during which he's been crying over what might have been.

Life is education.

No man can live without learning.

There's another fact: in today's world, educational opportunities are so plentiful that there's virtually no excuse for not doing what you want.

High school diplomas can be earned through home study. Community colleges are everywhere. Grants, scholarships, loans, work-study programs—they're plentiful. Most are government-funded or tax-related. They're there for those interested enough to try. Really try.

No longer can it be assumed—if it ever were—that formal education is the only route, or the guaranteed route, to success. There is no single route. No guaranteed way. You can work down any road to failure; you can climb any hill to success.

But you . . . only you . . . can choose.

That man I know . . . maybe he's reading this article . . .

maybe he has a sister . . . maybe it's you, or your friend, or someone you know.

Anyway, there's one more fact.

The Church of God has an ingeniously designed plan to help men and women of all ages continue their formal education.

The program was begun in '75. It was developed through the General Board of Education and now functions in conjunction with Lee College.

Ray Hughes, Jr., is the director.

If you've always wanted to go to college—real college but couldn't because of the kids or the job or the geographical barriers, then you should check on "Continuing Education."

If you once started to college but had to drop out—maybe you chose to do so but have now changed your mind—the Continuing Education Program is for you.

If you've been going to another college, or if you've finished junior college, or if for some reason you want to change majors or study theology or Bible, then you could profit through the Continuing Education Program.



The program is growing. More than four hundred students are now enrolled from all over the United States and from sixteen foreign countries. One state youth and Christian education director enrolled and has already graduated. Also, a state overseer.

The degree is fully accredited. Graduates through this program come to Lee's campus in the spring, attend Commencement, and walk forward for their diplomas just like Lee's regular student body.

Also, you will have to do some work on campus. Not necessarily on Lee's campus—you can choose a campus near home—but on some accredited college campus.

Basically we're talking about a home-study program. Once you've registered and decided on a study course, you will receive assignments and textbooks through the mail. You will complete units of study, returning them likewise via the mail. Examinations will be taken in the presence of approved supervisors, a school principal, a college instructor, a pastor, a state overseer, or a state youth and Christian education director.

You may work at your own pace, choosing the number of courses your time will permit; but once you've begun a course, the normal time for completion is approximately four months or one semester. Extensions are given for sickness or personal emergencies.

The program director has captioned the new brochure "Your Golden Opportunity."

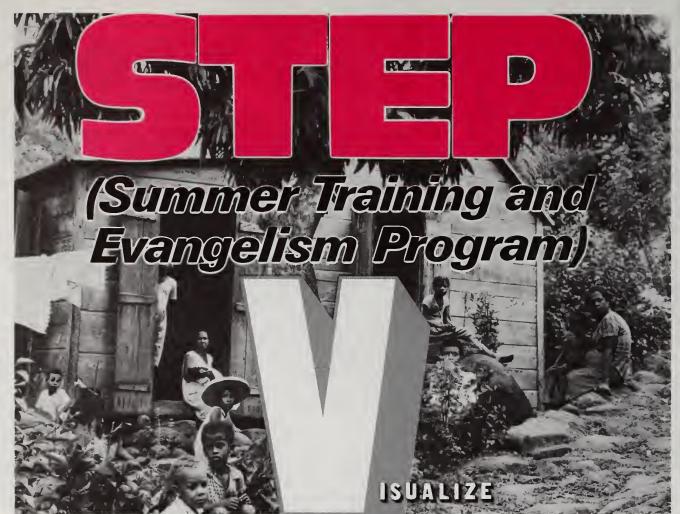
He's speaking of value, not age.

Just write: Continuing Education Program, 1161 Parker Street, Cleveland, Tennessee 37311.

Or phone Ray Hughes, Jr., (615) 472-2111. He'll share even more of the facts.

w home for the Continuing Education CENTER: Ray Hughes, Jr., reflects on the future of Continuing Education: Jane Robinson and Janis Parker, the Continuing Education Program's se, at work in the front office.

Extbook storage room and mail center Continuing Education Program.



Air France Photo

a world of passports,

strange accents, exotic foods, overseas travel, unusual currencies and fascinating new friends. See yourself in that world this summer, discovering your gifts and developing your talents as you share Jesus

through a unique youth missions witness. Picture yourself as a youth missionary in a foreign country. Meet STEP, the Church of God's Summer Training and Evangelism Program.

typical young adult. Reared in a Christian home, he has been in church most of his life, or so it seems. He has

missed Sunday school no more than a dozen times since childhood. He sings in church. He prays. Reads his Bible. He has

taught a Sunday school class. He is admired by everyone. Certain mothers in the congregation hope their daughters will marry Phil some day. Witnessing comes easy for Phil. Outgoing and natural, he just likes to talk! He is

testifies for Jesus. He enjoys sharing the good news of what Christ means to him and never at a loss for words. Especially when he

what he will do for all who believe in God. Phil is so

vocal in his witness that several students in his senior class call him "Chaplain." This bothers Phil. Not that he is ashamed of the nickname. The chaplaincy is an honorable ministry. Nor would he be embarrassed to be known as a minister. If God called him to be a minister, he would gladly accept. What bothers him is he doesn't feel called! What do you do when you haven't been struck down on some Damascus Road by a life-changing vision? What if you haven't been called from a fish net, a business office, a classroom; but you feel you must work for Christ? Phil knows God has a work for him, but he is not quite sure what it is. He isn't called to preach. Not yet, anyway! Still, he is sure God has called him for special work. Phil is seeking God's guidance.

### **EXPLANATION**

To help young persons like Phil find God's will for their lives, the General Department of Youth and Christian Education is launching a new youth ministry called STEP. STEP is an acronym for Summer Training and Evangelism Program, a part of Youth World Evangelism Appeal (YWEA). STEP is a missions experience that will train selected persons for evangelism and give them opportunity to work three weeks with missionaries in the field. STEP is more than verbal witnessing. It is designed to give young persons exposure to a foreign field and practical experience in various types of missionary service. STEP missionaries will put love in action through service projects: painting Bible schools, helping construction crews, cleaning and repairing churches, and other manual activities. MA young person will return home with realistic knowledge of conditions in the field and with a solid basis for evaluating personal qualifications for a career in missions.

### **DESTINATION**

This summer's activity is "STEP Across the Carribean." The date is June 26-July 17. Sites include Barbados, Haiti,



Jamaica, and Trinidad. In Haiti, STEP will participate in open-air meetings. In Barbados, U.S. young people will join national youth in a program of church planting. Plans call for organizing a new church at the conclusion of STEP in Barbados.

In Jamaica and Trinidad, youth will be a part of tract crusades, Bible study groups, puppet ministries, and singing groups.

### QUALIFICATIONS

We are looking for young persons, male and female, who love Jesus Christ and who want to share Him with others. To qualify, you must be 16 to 24 years of age, reasonably mature, and able to get along with others. We are looking for young persons who are seriously considering a call to the mission field. We are looking for young persons anticipating any type involvement in part-time or fulltime Christian service. Pastor, evangelist, director of Christian education, minister of music, teacher-in whatever sphere you plan to serve, your life will be enriched by this type of missions experience.

### **PREPARATION**

If you are bold enough to participate, you will probably find it the most refreshing and rewarding experience of your life. You will engage in a home study course and read certain books before the trip takes place. Orientation will be held for three days in Cleveland; then a brief orientation on location. Each young person will be given an assignment in keeping with his ability and the needs of the field. Work will be supervised by adult counselors who accompany the team and by the overseer of the country. Phil is applying for a place on the STEP team. If he's accepted, it will give him opportunity to look at himself and his gifts for three glorious weeks as he works on the cutting edge of the harvest. Phil believes that somehow, through STEP, he will find God's direction for his life's work. For further information, write:

Marcus V. Hand, STEP, General Department of Youth and Christian Education, Keith at 25th, Cleveland, Tennessee 37311.



L to R: Charles Matthews, Rose Hampton, Floyd Carey, Greta Broyles, Kevin Bowdle, Keith Elliott.

### FLOYD D. CAREY

ou can feel it in the air!

A new awakening is taking place. Christian young people everywhere, especially Church of God young people, are embracing new values and giving themselves to the pursuit of new goals. Goals that call for tough sacrifices. Goals that require unselfish service. Goals that accentuate involvement.

Involvement with a purpose are key words today.

The youth culture in the early fifties has been dramatized on the television series Happy Days as a carefree era. When rock music was first introduced in the early sixties, the seeds of perversion were sown. The war happenings in the late sixties brought and unsettledness. restlessness Then came the Jesus Revolution and the Charismatic Renewal. These helped develop a sense of purpose and mission among vouth.

Today, Christian young peo-

ple sense a call to be something and to do something for the glory of God. To get involved in Kingdom service.

Church of God young people have helped develop this new action attitude. Their love for holy things has led them into new paths of personal commitment and church service. I talked with some of our young people, and here's what they had to say about the new awakening . . . the new spirit of involvement . . . and the new STEP challenge.

"We're seeing our streets flooded with Moonies, gay people, Hare Krishna followers, and all kinds of different people trying to sell their beliefs.

"Thank God, Christian young people are not standing idly by! We're taking the gospel into the streets also.

"I'm in a musical group, and there are many other groups that take the gospel to the streets through witnessing, preaching, and singing.

"Involvement is happiness.
"The STEP program is built

for this specific purpose—to get young people involved in a fruitful ministry for Jesus Christ. The Lord let me spend last summer in Mexico studying Spanish, witnessing, and just getting involved with young Christians. The whole thing is priceless. I believe STEP will give other young people opportunity to share this type meaningful experience."

-Keith Elliott

"I believe young people want to live up to their potential in every area of life, including service to church and country. We owe it to self and to the lost to live victoriously and to share the gospel. By becoming involved in more church activities, I've deepened my relationship with the Lord. I've learned about the needs of people and how to help them.

"STEP will be a tremendous opportunity for Church of God young people to spread the gospel. No joy compares with leading a soul to Christ."

—Greta Broyles

"Young people in the church are beginning to see the importance of spreading the gospel. They are becoming more involved in programs geared to reaching souls. Most get involved at a young age, usually in the Sunday school. Through involvement, many receive a calling and go on to work in the church.

"STEP is a program utilizing this desire to reach out to others. It will enable us to go places and to engage in work for the church we never could have done otherwise.

"STEP is love in action. That's the kind of Christian I want to be."

-Rose Hampton

"I see a genuine interest on the part of the church and church officials to capitalize on one of the church's most valuable resources, its young people. STEP is a program which will go far in developing young people spiritually, mentally, and physically. It will also reach the lost who need Christ."

-Kevin Bowdle

"Youth today seek a chance to be involved. They are finding

Charles Matthews, Kevin Bowdle, Broyles.



God's cause to be the most meaningful. In my high school, active students in school organizations were also active in their churches. They seemed to find more personal satisfaction from Christian activities even though they received more popularity from the secular.

"At Lee, I see this trend magnified even more. I believe

it's the start of a new way of thinking among young people.

"My parents, the Reverend and Mrs. Charles Matthews, are missionaries to the Gilbert Islands. I realize the emphasis that should be placed on missions. STEP is an exciting idea, even for youth not planning to be missionaries."

-Charles Matthews

# Youth UPDATE

Lamar Vest, Assistant General Director of Youth and Christian Education

Church of God youth! You are what we are all about. The General Department of Youth and Christian Education exists to provide you with programs and activities which will help you to be all that God wants you to be. We care about you. We care about your needs, your problems, your future, and your opportunities for involvement in challenging church-related activities. This column is dedicated to keeping you informed as to those involvement opportunities we are providing for you. In it we will also share current trends which affect your life, guidelines for successful Christian living, and other information which we feel will be helpful to you. It is our direct line to you each month. We hope that you will keep a watchful eye on UPDATE and that you will take an active part in the youth ministries of your church on the local, district, state, and general levels.

**Special Request.** We would like to ask that you make it a habit to pray for your church youth leaders. Pray that God will direct us as we lead you in Kingdom service. We believe in your prayers, and we need your prayers. Call our names before the Lord as you pray: Floyd Carey, general director; Lamar Vest, assistant general director; Ralph Brewer, administrative assistant; Marcus Hand, YWEA coordinator; Nancy Neal, editorial assistant. We would also like to ask you to pray for your state director, your district director, and your local church youth leaders. All of us have dedicated our lives to serving you. We love you.

1979 YWEA—Project: Africa. Young people throughout the Church of God will help evangelize the continent of Africa through YWEA participation in 1979. Check with your pastor or youth leader to see when the *Project: Africa* filmstrip will be shown in your church. It will introduce you to the Church of God in Africa and to the needs there. A World Missions study book entitled *Put Your Arms Around the World* is also available this year.

Keep the Son shining!



athaniel Hawthorne tells of a young run-away on the streets of Boston. He was a tired, hungry, dirty boy who fell asleep on the sidewalk.

Some robbers came along, but they were frightened away by a barking dog. A man and woman who had never had children came along and thought how wonderful it would be to take the boy home and adopt him as their own.

The boy continued to sleep. A very pretty young lady came by and thought how nice it would be to revive the young man, rehabilitate him, marry him, and share the rest of her life with him.

The young man slept through danger, a new homelife, and happiness. He had three different offers but slept through all of them.

This is exactly how the devil would have us be. He uses tools like drugs, drinking, sex, jealousy, hatred, and rebellion to make us think we know how to live when we are actually asleep to the reality of life. Satan uses such cliches as "Do your own thing," "Who cares what other people think," or "Your parents don't understand."

Remember the Prodigal Son? He didn't see himself until he was in the hogpen feeding the swine. You must be able to see yourself and be honest with yourself before you can change your situation.

Many young people see themselves in the midst of trouble or frustration and feel they can't change or help their situation. This is not true. Jesus will help you see yourself, and He will give you the answer that can heal your life.

You must also recognize the proper way to go. This stairway to the stars does seem a little romantic, but Christ promised a complete and fulfilled life.

Some measure success in wealth, position, fame, or popularity. These are only temporary. Real success comes when you can look at yourself and be happy with what you see. This kind of success can be acquired only when you have found a proper

relationship with Jesus (John 14:6). Jesus is the real way to happiness, but it is up to you to comprehend.

The devil would like to keep you blinded to the truth. The two thieves are a prime example. One thief recognized Jesus Christ for who He really was. The other thief only wanted Jesus to save him from immediate circumstances. The one who recognized Christ was willing to accept the Master's plan for his life.

This brings us to the third decisive step: after you have seen yourself and found the right path, then you must follow it.

Mark tells of a rich young ruler who came to Jesus. He met all the requirements for finding happiness. He saw himself and recognized that Jesus was the key to life. But the rich young ruler had difficulty following the stairway.

To see yourself or to recognize the way to happiness will not be enough. Jesus said to the rich young ruler that if he were going to obtain real happiness he would have to go deeper than just recognizing the steps. He would have to deny his ways and follow the way of Christ.

This step denotes an act of faith. Knowledge doesn't require faith. When you begin to follow, you must believe whom you follow.

There are three characteristics that go with following your leader.

You must respect the lifestyle of your leader, you must trust your leader with your destiny, and you must believe in the cause of your leader.

Jesus Christ is the greatest leader of all times. Christ's lifestyle is unquestioned. The destiny of all who follow Him is eternal life. His cause is the greatest!

Christ is the true path: He is the Stairway to the Stars.



January is an unlikely month for new beginnings. The trees are barren; the wind is chill; and November's fascination with snow and ice has melted into a dreary tedium. Some mornings it takes all your fortitude just to rise against the dark chill, dress and try to survive. Nevertheless, in spite of a strong desire to pull the covers up to your ears and cancel all appointments until April, society, the calen-

dar, and second semester demand that you not only endure but that you dig in, look back with a critical eye, face the desolation, and

begin again.

For college students, January initiates not only a new year, but also a new semester, and while other's thoughts may turn to New Year's resolutions, the Rose Bowl and "Auld Lang Syne," the college student is confronted with first

term grades, a new set of unwritten papers, a corps of unknown professors, and only four and one-half months' procrastination time between him and second term finals. For some, the outlook is not altogether appealing.

Because it offers a new beginning January invites retrospection, and we can learn a great deal about facing the future by carefully scrutinizing the glories and

L to R: Alumni Plaza with Lee Auditorium in background. Dr. Carolyn Dirksen, associate professor of English at Lee College.

failures of the past. Whatever happened first semester, you can learn from it. So buck up, keep a stiff upper lip, get your shoulder to the wheel, and let's see what you can do about greeting next term enthusiastically, ready to overcome weaknesses and emphasize strengths.

For your first step, try facing a few basic facts. However trite this may sound, you're lucky to be in college. Deep inside you know that, and in some obscure brain cell, you halfway realize that you actually *like* college and that you wouldn't trade it for anything any of your friends are doing. You are having some of the best days of your life—even if those best ones do seem pretty far apart at times.

Second, it is God's will for you to be in college. If you don't believe that, you need to do some serious soulsearching and either realize it or find out what God does want you to be doing right now. If this is where God wants you, then it is pretty serious business, and you owe it your best effort.

Third, you are gifted to have made it this far, and it is worth the effort to make use of that gift since you will be held accountable for it.

With these basic assumptions clearly in mind, take a bracing look at last semester with an eye toward possible improvement. Get out a pen and paper and tackle this inspection seriously.

Write down what you think were your three major accomplishments, spiritually, academically, and socially. Maybe you finally settled into a regular devotional time and have gained strength from it. Maybe you really aced a hard test or wrote one stunningly insightful paper. Maybe you finally went out with a first-time date without breaking out in hives. Select these accomplishments carefully; they are

something to be proud of.

Now, think about each category again and write down your three biggest disasters: You lost your temper and blew your testimony with a non-Christian friend; you forgot to study for a midterm and ruined your semester average; you slipped into your old shell and didn't speak to anyone at a party. These may be difficult times to think about, but they can be your greatest learning experiences.

Take the two experiences you listed in the spiritual area and compare them. What did you put into the first one that made it turn out so well: time, commitment, concern? Why did the second one go wrong? Were you nervous, irritable because of lack of sleep, out of touch with your friends' needs?

Write down everything you can think of that made a difference between the two experiences in each of the three areas. If you do this carefully, you should see some patterns emerging, and by focusing on those patterns, you can probably come up with some very personal pointers for avoiding disaster.

Try writing a list of advice to yourself about overcoming the problems that plagued you last semester. Commit yourself to taking your own advice and tape your list along with your three major disasters to your mirror where they will confront you every morning.

Call them New Year's resolutions if you will. What they really are is your edge against making the same mistakes again and again. It may seem masochistic to remind yourself of your most painful experiences daily, but if you forget them, you will also probably forget to avoid them.

Okay, now go outside into that brisk January air. Fill your lungs and feel the invigoration of the chill. You're ready for January and for whatever the New Year and the new semester hold. Old mistakes can prepare you for new beginnings.

"Adjustment" means
"changing in order to be
useful in a new way," and
few experiences call for as
much adjustment as entering
college. In the short passages
that follow, four students have
looked at their period of
adjustment and shared what
it has meant to them to
"become useful in a new
way."

Élizabeth and Alicia are freshmen, Cindy is a sophomore who best expresses herself in poetry, and Leland is a junior whose adjustment encompasses a broader perspective because he is just finishing his fifth semester.

-Carolyn Dirksen



I was curled up in the back seat of my family's car, letting all kinds of strange thoughts crash together inside my brain while my parents and I traveled from the piney woods of East Texas to the rich, rolling terrain of Tennessee. We were nearing the one place I have longed to be a part of since I was a small child—Lee College.

After my parents left me to fend for myself in my new home, an aging dormitory, I sat back for the first few days and waited for my rambling expectations to be confirmed. Many of my ideas and plans have become radically altered.

First, Lee College is a nice-size school, but it is by no means "humongous." I have become aware that each person is a vital part of the college and its workings. I see now that it takes everyone working together to make a real unit, and even freshmen have their place.

My preconceived notions about teachers and studies were also soon cast away. The teachers are concerned about me, but they do not try to stuff knowledge down my throat. Much of the responsibility for my education is mine. I must care and work and learn. I have quickly learned that studying plays a major role in college life. I have to make time for extracurricular activities.

The most important facet of my life has not been altered in the least, as I was afraid it would be. Instead, my spiritual life has grown, not by leaps and bounds, but slowly and surely because I have learned constantly to rely on God in order to be truly happy in all situations.

Perhaps my best discovery has been the importance of keeping a flexible mind so that I have room for daily growth and can allow God to have the number one position in my life.



Moving my luggage into the

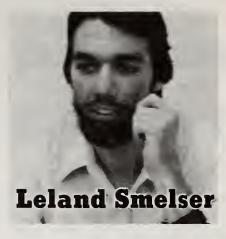
seven by nine foot dorm room, I had to keep swallowing in fear that my expectations and excitement would jump from my throat in a loud yelp. Surveying the campus, I tried to determine where my dreams of success were harbored.

A tense laughter saturated the auditorium as the freshmen filed in for orientation. Steve Martin cliches and impersonations mingled into the conversations along with an abundant use of the latest campus lingo, as each student made an abortive attempt to not disclose the fact he was a freshman. (Only freshmen think they can look like seniors at a freshman orientation.)

Cowering into an aisle seat, I began to eye my peers with suspicion. Although my social life had never burst with excitement, I now saw it dwindling to nothing. Every girl seemed to be blessed with Farrah Fawcett hair and an artist's creation for a face. I was sure I was the only person who, in the deepest corner of her pockets, hid sweaty palms.

As classes began, my academic inferiorities leveled off with my social inadequacies. In defeat, I segregated myself to the corner of my room and whispered, "Lord, You didn't create me just to maintain an average for the rest of the world."

The world did not change much, but butterflies danced in my stomach the next morning as I read over the day's entry in my journal. "I am not a minnow in the Atlantic Ocean but a separate unit, purposed not to compete with the world but with myself. I must not pattern my life after the standards of my environment, but after Christ." My cheeks began to tighten as I felt a smile creep across my face, and I knew who harbored my dreams of success.



The first semester of my junior year. . . . Incidents, thoughts, and feelings are coming into sharper focus. What was it really like?

"Involvement" is probably the key word. Serve as an officer in a club you were in last year; be inducted into another club or an honor society; join this; contribute to that; add this to your repertoire. Added to (perhaps rightly coming before) all these things are your classes, homework, spiritual life, and the many close and not-soclose relationships which have been formed.

To spice up this recipe, add a little touch of that very human ingredient, procrastination. Mix all of this well, add a little heat of financial responsibility (and very little finance), and you come up with a burned-out mind and the feeling that you're so busy accomplishing, you can't get anything done.

This mental picture really adds to your initial feelings of self-pity and despair.

But wait a minute. What about the good things? Well, there's the invaluable experience of leading and working with people as an officer and member in different clubs. Then there are new people and new experiences constantly added to your life. Your classes and academic endeavors expand vour mind and horizons. God becomes more real, more personal,

more precious as you let yourself be drawn closer to Him. You learn how to relate. You find out that some disappointments and rough situations (like what your mother told you about cod liver oil) are actually good for you.

And there's . . . Wow! Where did all the good things come from? The smiles seem to outweigh the frowns. In fact, a smile is now appearing. "Give me a new semester! I want to get involved!"



### Beginnings

Learning of

failing falling feeling

Growing from

failing falling feeling

Coping with

failing falling feeling

Overcoming

failing falling feeling.

#### Succeeding

a sigh a shout a step forward.

Ready to face

new

Beginnings.

# The Question Is ... Dr. Paul Conn

The preacher was young and strong and eloquent, and when he asked the question, he literally shouted it into the microphone: "I want to know, young Christian, how much do you really love Jesus tonight? Do you love Him enough to die for Him tonight?

And before he even finished the question, I knew the answer. Yes! Yes, indeed, Mr. Preacherman! I was seventeen years old and a brand-new Christian, and that night in that youth camp service there wasn't a doubt in my mind. I felt like standing up in my pew and shouting back at him: "I'm ready! I'm ready to die for Jesus—right here, right now, I love Jesus so much I would gladly die for Him!"

That was fifteen years ago. I am now a thirty-two-year-old Christian. I still love Jesus, more now than ever; and I still love Him enough to die for Him. But as I reflect on that youth camp service, and on the fifteen years of Christian growth and living that have occurred since then, it seems to me that I had the right answer that night, BUT TO THE WRONG QUESTION!

It's great to be willing to die for the Lord, I'm all for that. But the fact is that dying for the Lord is not very much in demand these days. One is just not called upon to do it very often. Maybe sometime, somewhere; maybe in Afghanistan or Uganda or behind the Iron Curtain; maybe even at some time in the future in the United States. But right now, your willingness to die for Jesus is one of the least pressing concerns in your life.

There is instead another question you might ask yourself: If you love Jesus enough to die for Him, do you also love Him enough to study English or algebra for Him? to attend Family Training Hour for Him? to read the Bible regularly for Him? to make good grades for Him? to spend an occasional Saturday working at the church for Him?

There has never been a time, since I became a Christian, that I would not have proved my love for the Lord by facing a firing squad rather than renounce my faith.

But I haven't had an opportunity to prove my love in that way. Nobody has slapped me up against a concrete wall and made me decide whether to become a martyr. Instead, I have been confronted with hundreds of small, routine, ordinary decisions of life and have been challenged to show my love for Jesus by the way I have made those decisions.

The question has never been one of dying for Him, but rather one of living for Him. Not "will you die for Jesus?" but rather "will you live for Jesus by making yourself the very best person you can become as you declare yourself to be His child?"

Most of the time that isn't very exciting. Most of the time it consists simply of doing the job God has given you to do, doing it well, and doing it in the name of the Lord.

What is your job? Most likely it is that of student and disciple. Your job is the job of learning—not just about God but about all those things that make you a more skillful, more effective person—and the job of following Christ as a disciple.

Loving Jesus enough to die for Him? That's good. Loving Jesus enough to study, to learn, to grow, to live every day for Him! That's even better!



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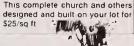
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# Charley

Mary Louise Kitsen

harley was eight
when he and his
brother came to live
with a neighboring
family. Temporary state
wards. Their dad was in prison;
their mom in a hospital from
repeated beatings.

I was a high school senior at the time, teaching a third

grade Sunday school class.

My neighbors sent Charley to Sunday school that first weekend. He came to my class, leading his brother by the hand.

"Charley," I said, "Steven is a second grader. I'll take him to the right class."

"Steven stays with me," Charley said. "I promised Mom I'd take care of him."

"He'd just be in the next room, Charley," I said.

"He stays with me."

I took a deep breath. Should I insist? Or call for a more experienced person? I decided to let Steven stay that first Sunday and see where it went from there.

The session didn't go well.

Neither Charley nor Steven took
part in the activities. I handed
Charley the box of crayons and
asked him to pass them around
so we could color the lesson
picture. He promptly spilled
them on the floor. "Accident,"
Charley said.

Later Charley took a firm hold on a small bookcase and made it topple over. He grinned and said, "Accident."

No doubt about it. He had done it on purpose. My first thought was to send for our pastor. Then I decided to handle it myself.

"Charley, you have two minutes flat to set the bookcase upright again and arrange the books nicely! I mean move!"

I had my hands on my hips and I guess I looked angry. Charley did it.

Things went a little better until time for the collection.
Steven reached in and took most of the money out of the plate.
Before I could react, Charley grabbed his hands and forced the money back.

"Are you crazy?" Charley said.
"You'll go to hell if you steal from Jesus!"

I pulled up a chair and sat

Lighted Pathway, January, 1979

down in front of Charley. "I think you've missed something, Charley. Jesus would be just as unhappy if you stole from anyone. Not just from Him."

"Lady, we wouldn't have nothing, me and Steven, if we didn't take some stuff from the dime store. They take in lots of money. That little junk we take don't mean nothing to them, but it means a lot to us."

"What about earning some spending money, Charley?" I patted his hand. "You could run little errands and things like that."

"Not where I live."

"Not even a nickel?"

"What can I do with a dumb nickel?"

"Not much. But ten would make fifty cents and you could do something with fifty cents."

"Good people sure do things the hard way," Charley said.

After church I talked with our pastor and the superintendent. We decided we would encourage Steven's going to the second grade class, but we wouldn't insist on it. It seemed more important to keep them coming. I would try to work in lessons on honesty and values without seeming to aim them at Charley. And the pastor would visit Charley's mother.

Next Sunday I gave Charley scissors to distribute. "Drop them and you're in trouble," I said.

"Stay cool," Charley said. Never again did he dump or knock things over.

A couple of Sundays later, Charley arrived alone.

"Where's Steven?" I asked.
"In the second grade. What
a dumb question." Charley
shook his head and gave a large
sigh.

I just had to grin. And for the first time I felt hope. The same day, however, Charley went to the storage closet to bring out the box of crayons and ended up putting a mustache on the picture of Mary.

Next week another student and I went downtown to sec just how it was in Charley's neighborhood.

It was a sad-looking area. Stores had been burned out. Many were vacant and run down.

A group of youths came toward us, and I felt fear. One young man stepped ahead of the others. "Why you asking about Charley?"

"I'm his Sunday school teacher. I'm having problems with Charley, and I came looking for help."

"Come here."

We followed him around the corner. An old church, blackened by firc, stood against the skyline.

"Charley used to go there all the time. Then it burned. Charley figured if it had been important, God would have saved it."

"How did it burn?"

"Someone set it on fire." The boy looked at me. "Charley and Steven . . . they the only black kids in your church?"

"No. Wc have others."

"Listen. You just tell Charley Bean said to straighten up."

"If you're the leader around here, maybe you could get the kids and some of the parents to repair the church."

The other youths laughed, Bean motioned them to stop. "You're pretty much okay, I guess. I'll think about it."

Bean was right. When I told Charley what he'd said, the two boys behaved much better. Even started taking an interest in some of the lessons.

Meanwhile, the mother had returned home. She had a new job as a waitress and things looked a bit more hopeful.

It was decided the boys would

stay in our town until the end of the school year. Then they'd go home. A woman in the building where they lived would watch them during work hours.

On Children's Sunday, Charley and Steven had parts in the church service. I hoped they wouldn't decide to "pull" anything. It was to be their last Sunday in our church.

With the opening hymn, the children marched in. We had finished singing when I noticed Charley and Steven had the widest grins on their faces. A young black woman sat in the congregation. Pretty. The smile on her face showed how much she loved her boys.

A few moments later there was activity at the back of the church. Bean and some of the other boys walked in. They were dressed as if they had come to a wedding! Flowers in their buttonholes. I felt tears. The pastor smiled a welcome.

Our church gives members of the third grade their first Bible on Children's Day. Since Steven wouldn't be there next June, it had been decided to give him a Bible too.

As the brothers walked up and received their Bibles, Bean and the boys started to clap and then realized where they were. But suddenly an old gentleman clapped too and then another and another. Everyone then stood and clapped.

I learned later it had seemed too much to repair the burned church. However, a landlord donated space in a storefront and church services and Sunday school were started again. It was one of those moments that makes Christianity a wonderful, happy thing!

These long years later, I can still see that congregation on its feet giving encouragement to some boys who needed it, and I still glow with inner joy.

# Good Intentions

# Hoyt E. Stone

eff Mahoney wrinkled his brow and wondered what had gone wrong. He methodically hung his football uniform in the locker, finished dressing, and headed out the gym door.

It was his friend Otis, Otis Duncan, who had Jeff worried. They had only been friends a short while, of course, and Jeff knew friendships tended either to grow or deteriorate according to common interests; but this latest behavior on Otis' part just didn't make sense.

The two had met on the first day of school. Jeff, the hometown boy, football player, local hero. Otis, just moved in, intellectual, and religious. It was kind of freakish. They happened to sit down by each other in the opening assembly, started talking, and the friendship was on its way.

Otis explained later that he felt it was God's Holy Spirit who had brought them together, sort of like when Philip went to the Ethiopian in the Book of Acts. Jeff didn't know too much about that. What he did know, however, was that Otis radiated a spirit of joy and an attitude that made him pleasant to be around.

Otis attended church regularly, but didn't condemn Jeff for not going. Otis talked about the Lord Jesus in very personal terms, without preaching. And,

in the end, it had been Otis who introduced Jeff to Pastor Roberts and the church and who had been right there with him the Sunday night he walked down the aisle and accepted Christ.

Life hadn't been the same since. Everything beautiful! At home. At school. Most importantly, inside. Jeff now felt he had himself together. There was meaning and purpose to living. His parents were attending church also—something they hadn't done in fifteen years—and some miraculous answers to prayers had come out of their Men's Fellowship.

But this thing with Otis? Why had he acted so cool? So impersonal? As if they were strangers again?

"Well," Jeff said to himself as he opened the garage door and parked his car, "whatever it is, I'm going to find out. I'm not going to let this kind of mental or spiritual feud go on indefinitely."

Dinner over, Jeff went to his room and dialed the Duncan residence.

"This is Jeff, Mrs. Duncan. Otis there?"

"No, he isn't, Jeff. May I take a message?"

"Well . . . eh . . . I guess not. I'll see him at the Fellowship meeting tonight. Just wanted to talk. I. . . ."

"Jeff. . . ."
"Yes. . . ."

"I . . . I don't think he's going to be there tonight. He's downtown. Job hunting."

"Job hunting?"

"Yes. They laid him off at Morton's. I'll tell him you called."

So that was it! The job!

Jeff knew how important the job was to Otis. Mr. Duncan was a disabled vet, and the job was Otis' only hope of going to college. In fact, only last week Jeff had requested special prayer for Otis at the fellowship meeting. Old Mrs. Hatcher, Otis' supervisor, had been giving him trouble in the sporting goods department and Jeff requested that the men pray her into retirement or somehow out of Otis' hair.

The Men's Fellowship prayer service wasn't as enjoyable without Otis, and Jeff didn't sleep well that night. Next morning at school, Jeff cornered Otis in the study hall, determined to settle the matter.

"Hey, man, what's the deal?"
"Deal?" Otis just looked at him from across a magazine.

"Oh, come on, Otis. Something's wrong. Out with it. I'm your friend. I want to know what's happening."

Otis put down the magazine. Grinned. Shrugged. "It's no big deal, Jeff. And . . . deep down . . . I don't really blame you."

"Blame me! For what?"
"The job. I lost my job."

"What's that got to do with me, Otis? With us? Your mother told me you were job hunting and I knew you were having trouble at Morton's, but I don't see how I fit in the picture. Look, man, ever since you told me, I've been praying for God to help you."

Otis laughed and put his head down on the library table. Then he looked up.

"I know, Jeff. Not only have you been praying, but you requested prayer for me at Men's Fellowship. Right?" "Yeah. I did."

"Well, I never intended you to repeat what I said about Mrs. Hatcher. That was a secret."

"All I did was request

prayer."

'Yeah. But it just so happens that Brother Jones is a cousin to Mrs. Hatcher, and Mrs. Hatcher is a sister to the store owner Mr. Morton. And when the story got back to him, he fired me on the spot."

Jeff swallowed. He had a

sick feeling down inside.

"I'm sorry, Otis. I never intended. . . ."

"Of course you didn't, Jeff."

Otis reached a hand over to Jeff's arm. "I know you never intended to cause trouble. And, deep down, I don't really feel bad at you. I've got to find another job, though, and I guess that's why I'm not my usual self."

"I guess that's why the pastor gets so many unspoken requests, huh?"

Both boys laughed.

"Maybe not altogether. But all of us learn some things the hard way."

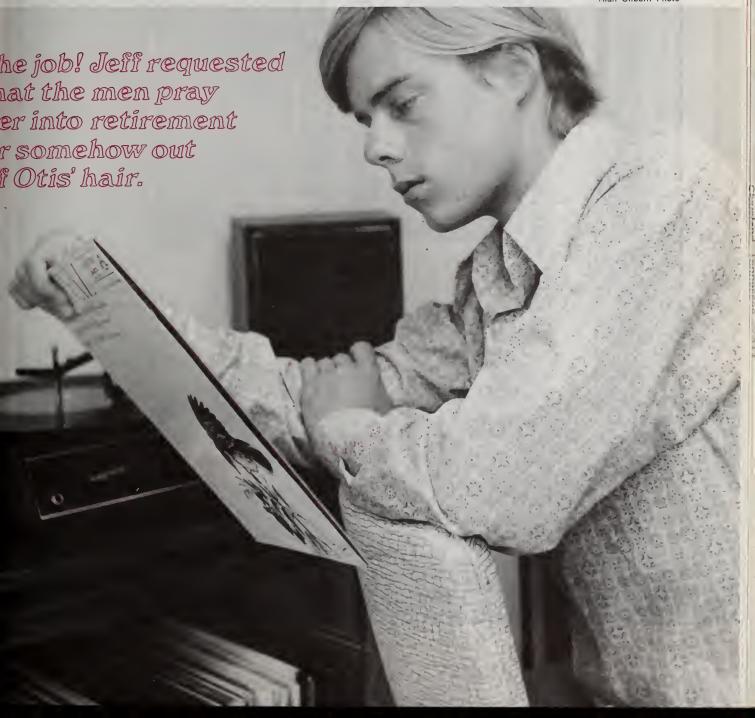
"Any prospects on the job?" "Yeah. I've an interview this

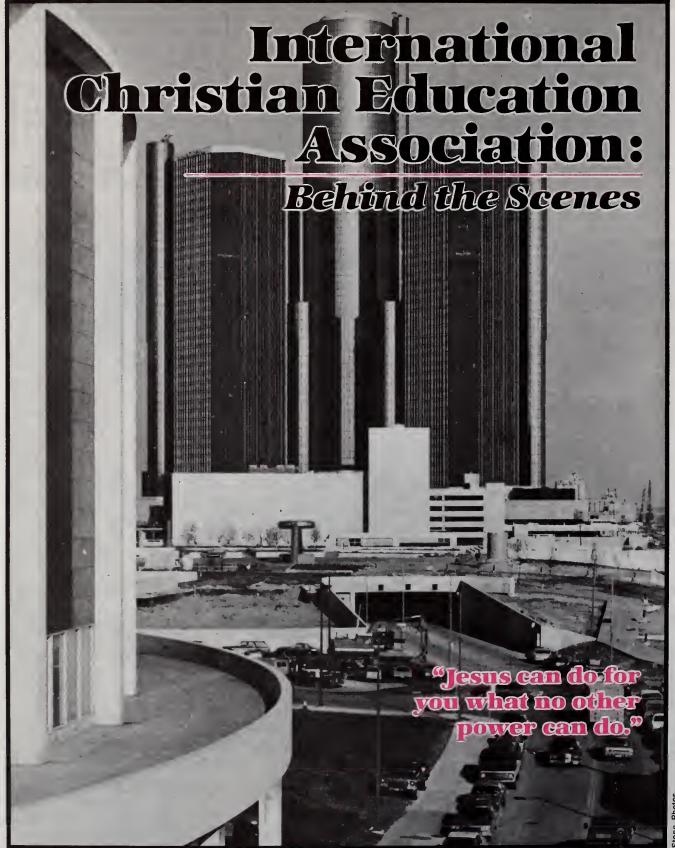
evening."

Jeff stood, stretched out his hand. "Would it do any good if I talked with Mr. Morton? Sort of explained?"

"I wouldn't want you to." "Well . . . eh . . . I'll be praying for you. Eh . . . in secret."

Alan Cliburn Photo





tone Photos

unday school!
It's still big with some,
as witnessed by
the meeting in October of the thirty-third
International Christian Education Association (ICEA)
at Cobo Hall in Detroit.

Two hundred and thirteen workshops, directed by ninety-one convention personnel and staff members, along with two hundred and two exhibition booths—all echoed Clate Raymond's enthusiastic avowal that this was America's greatest Sunday school convention. Registrants from all over the U. S. filled Cobo Hall with earthy, evangelistic fervor.

Dale Evans was there: singing, playing the piano, promoting her new book on child abuse (Hear the Children Crying, by Revell). Every bit the gracious lady even though she stumbled and almost fell while walking off the stage. Only then was it revealed she had appeared in spite of illness.

Dr. Duane Gish spoke the first night. "The Scientific Evidence for Creation." Step by step he built a case for continued adherence to the biblical account.

Clyde Narramore was guest speaker the second night. "Our problem in today's world," he said, "isn't a lack of knowledge, isn't a lack of education, or programs; our problem is one of building bridges. Communication."

With incisive thrusts of the verbal sword, he went on to note sixteen key elements for bridge building, closing on the note: "Jesus can do for you what no other power can do."

Elmer Towns read the list of fastest growing Sunday schools in America. One winner for each of the fifty states.

Two Church of God congregations were on that list.



According to ICEA, the fastest growing Sunday school in Georgia is Maranatha Fellowship, North Augusta, pastored by Stephen Conn. Steve has been at the newly organized church for one year, and attendance has climbed to 126.

The fastest growing Sunday school in Michigan is the Stockbridge Church, pastored by John W. Weed.

Both men responded to the roll call and stepped forward to receive attendance banners on Friday night.

Cobo Hall sits downtown on Detroit's waterfront. Across the river lies Windsor, Canada. In terms of convention centers, it's surely one of the best.

In addition to the spacious auditorium, there's an exhibit hall large enough to drive trucks and cars into; and on

Cobo Hall in Detroit ICEA Convention.

the second floor, there's a cafeteria built out over the waterfront where one can eat in quiet as barges move up and down the river.

From this glass-walled cafeteria, one can also see the elegant Pontchartrain Hotel, the Edison Building and the rising towers of that architectual wonder known as Renaissance Center.

Convention delegates moved constantly, their attention seeming to focus most on the football-field-size exhibit hall.

From California, Colorado, and Texas . . . from Virginia, Ohio, and Tennessee . . . literature, puppets, church signs and furniture, books, films—everyone and everything seemed to be there. And, judging from the bulging totebags, America's Sunday school teachers and officers took advantage of the occasion.

Watching it all, feeling the mood, listening to exuberant Executive Director Clate Raymond talk already of the nearing bicentennial of the Sunday school, one couldn't help but feel a note of optimism.

Sunday school in America is still alive and doing well.

—Hovt E. Stone

LEFT: Detroit's Cobo Hall on left, the new Renaissance Center beyond. TOP: the Reverend Stephen Conn, pastor at Maranatha Fellowship, Augusta, Georgia, with banner awarded at the ICEA Convention in Detroit. BELOW: Bill Wooten with House display at

PATHWAY PRESS

SUPERSONAL PRINTING AND STATE OF A SING AND A SING

# ACTION News & Views

General Department of Youth and Christian Education

### ENROLLMENT IS BOOMING

Church of God colleges report enrollments for the 1978 fall semester: Lee College—1,314; West Coast Bible College—275; Northwest Bible College—176; East Coast Bible College—151. Young people continue to seek quality cducation in a wholesome environment.

### "OUR RICH HERITAGE"— A NATIONAL SUCCESS

The church experienced record participation in the National Youth Emphasis for 1978—"Our Rich Heritage." This emphasis served to build church loyalty by considering the history, the ministry, and the future of the Church of God.

### NEW TRAINING BOOK

The world is your neighborhood. According to Marcus V. Hand in his new book, Put Your Arms Around the World, we are no longer isolated. Advances in technology have caused the world to shrink; every continent is just another "block" in the neighborhood.

The book is written to Peacemakers, to youth with an interest in missions. It outlines our responsibility for reaching the world, especially young people on the mission field, and it provides a description of the tools available. Available from the General Department of Youth and Christian Education. Price, \$1.25.

### **SLAVE-A-THON**

Ray Murray, state youth and Christian education director of Missouri, kicked off his 1979 YWEA project with a slave-a-thon on Saturday, November 4, at the state campground. Peace Cadets and Peacemakers, along with district youth and Christian education directors, the state youth board, and state officials met for fellowship and cleanup of the grounds.

A slave auction block was prepared and a professional auctioneer offered the services of the state overseer, youth director, evangelism director and members of the youth board to serve the highest bidder for one day.

### CRUSADES FOR ARKANSAS PEACEMAKERS

Fifteen Regional Peacemakers Crusades were conducted in Arkansas during November and December by State Director Darrell Rice. The purpose was to acquaint young people with the youth and Christian education programs for 1978-79. Emphasis was placed on the availability of spiritual power for Peacemakers to become involved in these programs. Arkansas Peacemakers pledged themselves to a record-breaking YWEA goal; also to participate in Peacemakers Bible Institutes in the state.

### YWEA MISSIONS PRAYER EMPHASIS: NIGERIA

Nigeria is the most populous country in Africa. The majority of its 64 million people do not know Jesus Christ. Most of the fifty-one Church of God congregations are in the Abak region



of the Cross River state. Pray for Overseer S. E. Arnold. This missionary and his wife, Joyce, have launched an aggressive program to reach more than a million people in the capital city of Lagos. (Marcus Hand, YWEA Coordinator)

# REACHING PEACEMAKERS IN EUROPE

With the appointment of Stan Brown as youth and Christian education director of Europe, the General Department has become more fully international.

European Superintendent Lambert Delong believes an active program of youth involvement can stimulate Europe and revitalize the continent's religious commitment. In conjunction with the General Department, he thus brought the full-time position into reality.

### **Compiled by Nancy Neal**

# Yesterday's Youth Debbie Patterson

# Yesterday (1964)

The year is '64. Place, the State of Missouri. Occasion, Pioneers for Christ invasion.

Let's take a closer look.

The nation is still mourning the assassination of a beloved President. Disillusioned youth are searching for answers. Beatlemania is sweeping the country. Integration is a major issue.

Not all young people are caught up in the wave of hopelessness. In Missouri, a sevenmember PFC team, with its leaders, is beginning a three-week invasion of its home state. An invasion of Good News for bad times.

In this group we find Phil Higgins witnessing to a professed atheist. Being told, "You kids keep believing the way you do. I can tell by the look on your face you have something different."

Where is Phil now? Let's see if we can find him.

## TODAY (1979)

Phil Higgins lives in New York City with his wife Yaunna and three children: Trichelle (7), Chad (5), and Yaunette (3).

While leading a weekend invasion team from Lee College in New Orleans, Phil was introduced to metropolitan evangelism by Ray Sanders. After Lee College, he spent one year in Colorado working with Ray.

Then he was off on his own! Phil is now metropolitan evangelist for New York City. He serves on the State Council and on the Church Growth Research and Strategy Development Committee for urban evangelism.

Last year Phil worked ex-



tensively with the General Department of Youth and Christian Education on the International Church in New York City, the '78 YWEA project.

Phil is grateful for the Pioneers for Christ and its ministry to a lost world. His goal today, as in '64, is to win others to Christ.

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LISTED BELOW ARE QUALITIES EVERY CHRISTIAN SHOULD HAVE, ACCORDING TO THE BIBLE, AND WHICH WE CAN HAVE BY THE POWER OF THE HOLY SPIRIT. SEE IF YOU CAN FIND THEM IN THIS PUZZLE. THEY MAY BE HORIZONTAL, VERTICAL, DIAGONAL, FORWARD, OR BACKWARD.

ANSWER IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE.

Self-control Dedication Obedience Faith Patience Separation Forgiveness Thankful spirit Peace Gentleness Wisdom Purity YIHGIMLABAS NTSIRHO
MJZFDKAPRLORTJESIA
EMNPZYMKDFFEFRIHCJ
MPYVOWBHXTSOHGYLOB
MZTORDSASREVIOQPUL
ANGNITSALREVBMRTNS
NDNSPZMJYHFCHRTPSI
UDLGMNOLJAPTUVWED
ECHNRZIJEBOFGHGLLN
LIFIPSRNPSHTWRWVOU
HROKOUKFJOROJVASBH
ARBFASORAYOUVIERBG
JOZOFEJIOJFADABRSI
STTOCHTEJGHKPJHESH
FABNOPRNICKETRIDOT
ABIJKREDEEMERWONPS
TRAKQVWVLPRMZBFBGO
POFCKDEYOWORDULORM Grace Hope Humility Joy Kindness Love Meekness Mercy LAST **MONTH'S ANSWERS** 



# RESPONSIBLE DISSENT

ur U. S. Constitution guarantees freedom of speech, freedom of religion, and the right of dissent. All specifically set forth in the First Amend-

It is the third of these ideas that gives concern in today's world. For example, just how far can the Christian carry the concept? Must we meekly bow to bureaucratic domination over every facet of our lives? Or, have we the option of public and organized dissent?

The question is especially relevant to young people, for they are likely to be pressured by activists to get involved with extreme and perhaps criminal elements, while at the same time being admonished by church and parents to stay clear of all dissent.

Christianity is not, as some seem to think, a lifestyle out of touch with what's happening: nor is it weak and spineless, unable to cope.

Our founding fathers were influenced more by the Christian ethic than by any other. The Church has led every generation toward change.

Most worthwhile social movements in the western world, such as health care. collective bargaining, and even our brand of democracy, stem from the Church's basic emphasis on individual worth.

Change is not sinful: nor necessarily bad. By the same token, it has no inherent claim

to goodness.

Caution becomes the natural order and one which the church, in most cases, has opted to choose. Each of us, it would seem, has a right to

support "responsible dissent."

Some have ignored it but the Constitution urges responsibility in the First Amendment with these words: ". . . the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances."

God's Word tells us to obey those that rule over us in the Lord (Hebrews 13:17), but it sets forth the responsibility and the nature of that rule in the words "for they watch for your souls."

The Apostle Peter is very specific when he writes: "Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake: whether it be to the king, as supreme; Or unto governors, as unto them that are sent by him for the punishment of evildoers" (1 Peter 2:13, 14).

We all remember that it was this same apostle who calmly defied Jewish authority when he said on trial, "We ought to obey God rather than men" (Acts 5:29).

Responsible dissent is best served through that ingenious concept known as law. The law is more than restriction: it is a vehicle for the protection of basic human rights.

Law is also something far higher than one man's opinion and far too important to be ignored or changed or trampled on at will. Law has its foundation in God's commandments, the human conscience, or basic moral concepts.

That's where it begins. But law is fashioned out of the sum total of man's experiences. Not perfect, of course, but in this nation law

represents the thinking and the will of the majority. When and if this ceases to be true, the due process of law even allows for the changing of law itself.

Thus, it seems one can argue that, by and large, the law allows for responsible dissent.

It is in this area that Church of God young people have opportunity to stand forth. This is a day of hot issues. You have choice, you have a will, and you have a vote. Even if too young to go to the polls, you vote by action and example.

The day may come when dissent is your only honest and true choice. Such isn't forbidden either by society, by the church, or (for the most part) by parents.

Choose responsible dissent. It is a mark of maturity: it may be Christian as well.



I-NUCLEAR PROTEST AT SEABROOK ABROOK, NH—New Hampshire state police drag demonstrator away from the brook (NH) nuclear power plant on August 14.

nong the protestors, mostly members of the anti-nuclear Clamshell Alliance, a participant who arrived in a wheelchair, right, bearing the words "Live

or Die"-a reference to the controversial motto on the New Hampshire license plates.

27

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# **Guiding Youth**

## Lighted Pathway

Vol.50, No.2

Together: James and Connie Lambert

"POGO" the Clown

Teen Talent Spotlight

Just a Friend

**Emily** 

R.S.V.P.

Speaking of Love

Brenda Shealy



page 14

Stone Photos

February, 1979

Volume 50, Number 2



MEMBER COOL EVANGELICAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

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# Perspective

Our readers.

We try to keep you in mind. Otherwise, the goal of this magazine hazes over and our efforts become as ridiculous as those of a business insensitive to its customers.

Writing may be good in various ways: in terms of structure, style, or relevance. We like a loose structure and a free flowing style, because we feel it fits your own reading habits, shaped by TV commercials and instant ads. Most of all, we look for relevance. That which speaks to the moment.

We welcome suggested topics. Ideas. Concepts you feel should be carried in the *Lighted Pathway*. Also, we're looking for writers.

So much is happening! Every life a story. Every mind a universe. Every heart a kingdom for love to conquer.

Even with an icicle beard, February smiles. March takes a deep breath, preparing to blow away the cold. Next comes spring.

Hosp & Slove



Stone Photo

onnie and I . . . we do things together.
That's how it's always been. That's how I plan to keep it."

James Lambert relaxed. Tension left his face and the hint of a smile played at the corners of his mouth. He wanted to cooperate. He wanted to get through the interview, out from under the camera, on with the story.

He sat before two open windows on the seventh floor of Detroit's Hotel Pontchartrain, sun glare in his eyes, trying to explain how and why he had been chosen to receive General Motor's Gold Medal Award for Excellence in Community Service, 1978.

Interviews are like people. They often turn around. Back up. Lead into secret little valleys where flowers grow.

Let's follow.

"Connie Clay. I met her while still in high school. She was Presbyterian. A cheerleader. I was Church of God, newly converted, and not too tactful either with her or her parents. It's probably some sort of miracle we made it. Few thought we could.

"I did a year's college at Marshall University in Huntington. We eloped. Kept the marriage secret for a while and then moved here to the Detroit area. My sister was here.

"Jobs were easier then, especially in the field of engineering. I hired on at General Motors, Fisher Body, Fleetwood. Squeezed in two more years of college and am now a senior industrial engineer. Connie's an executive secretary, Cyclops Steel Corporation.

"Belfry, Kentucky. That's where I grew up. Across the Tug River from Williamson, West Virginia. My home church was Chattaroy. Pastor, Jimmy Davis. Mom and Dad belonged all my life.

"I was sixteen when God saved me. Even now I find it hard to grasp. Hard to explain. All I know is, I was overcome with a sense of God's presence. My knees shook. Literally. I felt it was my last and final opportunity. Somehow I got down to the altar. God forgave me. Jesus became my Lord.

"Shortly afterwards . . . two weeks . . . maybe six . . . I received the baptism of the Holy Ghost and I've known ever since that I've got to spend my life in some sort of ministry.

"This gold medal thing with General Motors—it surprised me probably more than anyone else.

"I'm not sure I deserved it but I have been involved in a number of service activities.

"Again, with Connie.

"We're both members of the Dearborn Church. Over the years I've worked with Pioneers for Christ, taught the young married class, and served as district youth director. My pastor now is Norman Hamby. Gerald Boatwright when I first moved. He was a real friend.

"We live in Woodhaven,





fifteen miles south of Detroit, just off Interstate 75. Small town. Maybe 12,000 people. Connie and I got involved in the town when we became members of the auxiliary police.

"This reserve force only works on special occasions—
emergency situations, crowd control, football games, things like that—but we had to have special physical training. Firearms training. Plus 110 hours of classroom study.

"Through the reserve police I became interested in city growth. Served for five years on the City Planning Commission. One year on the Tax Review Board. Last year I was elected to the City Council. Connie campaigned right along with me, door to door.

"At General Motors I served for three years as company representative for the Junior Achievement program. That was fun. First I helped the kids form their own company. Then produce and market glass candles and tie tacks. There were fifteen to twenty young people in the group at a time. Made a lot of friends. Hope I helped some kids.

"Also worked three years raising money for the United Fund.

"Sounds somewhat egotistical when I say it, or when I read about it in the company newsletter, but I don't mean it that way and I certainly never gave anything I did such a thought.

"Christianity is service. "Service doesn't make us

Christians—that comes through faith in the Lord Jesus—but being a Christian and loving people . . . well . . . that makes us want to serve.

"It's as simple as that. "My life hasn't developed . . . hasn't taken the direction I once anticipated, yet I know God's been there all the time. I've lived with a consciousness of His presence and what I've done has been through His grace.

"Connie and I haven't had any children. That fact requires acceptance, adjustment, and faith on both our parts.

"Nor have I been able to



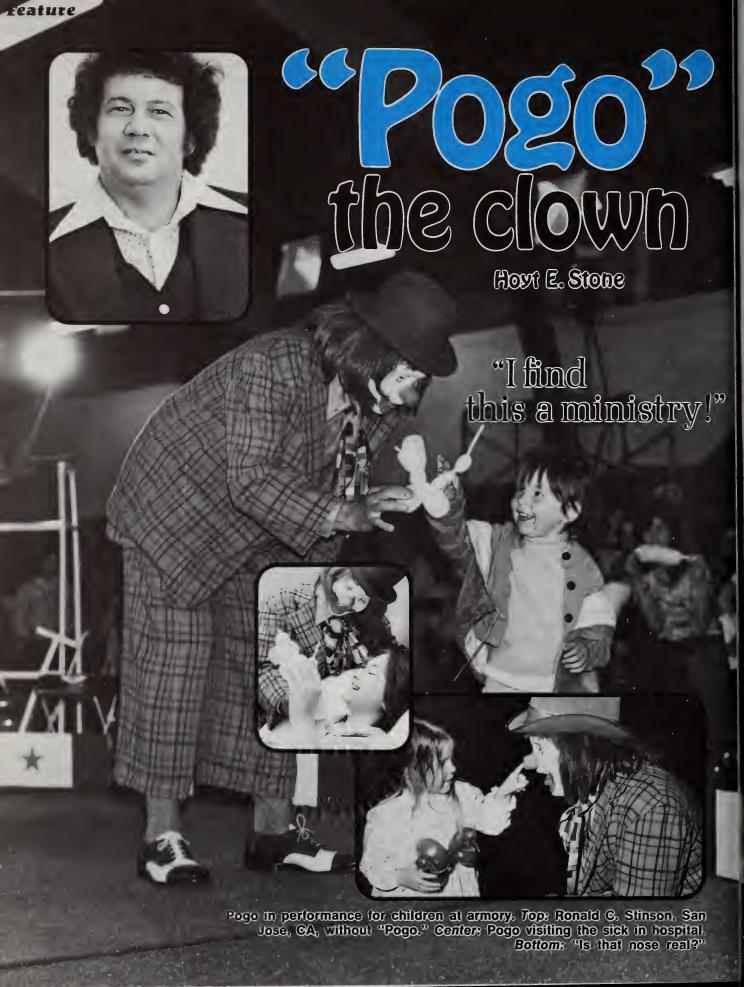
find for myself a precise nook in the ministry as such. I've been an exhorter in the Church of God for a number of years. Preached some. At times chaffed a little and maybe complained when I shouldn't.

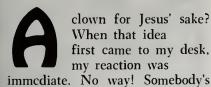
"But one thing I know.
Right now I love the Lord more than ever. I'm more conscious of God's goodness; more aware of how the world needs to know Christ.

"I'll keep on ministering . . . following the Lord . . . walking through any door the Lord opens. That's a commitment I'll not back away from. Neither will Connie. That's the point where our lives and our faith come together."









got to be kidding.

Mind you, I'm well aware there's always been some clowning around in the church. Some buffoonery in the pulpits and classrooms. Humor both good and bad. For the most part it's been one of the little irritants we tolerated, like a dust speck in the coffee cup, not willing to embarrass the hostess.

But a clown! A sure-enough, honest-to-goodness, professional clown with nerve enough to say, "I find this a ministry?"

I wouldn't have believed it. Not until I met "Pogo," alias Ronald Clyde Stinson, ago 34, from San Jose, California.

At that time, Ron was in his final week of a tour through Georgia, Tennessee, North and South Carolina, Kentucky and West Virginia, doing one-night stands with Beck's Circorama.

It wasn't a large outfit, as circuses go, but Ron noted that it gave him something to do off-season and it paid expenses. Mostly, Beck's did a children's act, with tickets purchased by businessmen and given to school kids and charitable organizations.

"Everybody loves a clown," Ron said. "Not just children either, but grown-ups and old people. They trust you. Want to be near you. Somehow feel that maybe you can help them forget their worries for a little while.

"When I paint on that funny face and step into those ridiculous pants and the oversized coat, I become another person. If I'm on the street corner, people stop. Children flock around. "I've helped start bus ministries in eight churches.
A clown can always fill a bus.
Maybe it's not so easy to keep them coming afterwards, but I can fill the bus.

"And hospitals. There's where the work is greatest. I've never yet met a hospital administrator or the grouchiest of nurses who wasn't glad to see Pogo come down the hall. I witness for the Lord, too. After the laughs and the jokes, I ask those in the room if they are Christians.

"Sometimes I play the clarinet or the trumpet. Right now I'm designing the back side of a picture to carry a salvation message. The hospitals don't always like that part of my visit, but I do it just the same."

Ron hasn't always been a clown. A Church of God preacher's son, he attended Lee College and stayed around Cleveland and Mount Olive for four years.

Back home in San Jose, he trained as an electronic technician, doing television and small appliance repairs. He then retrained as an auto-body repairman and began doing industrial painting of electronic equipment solely because work was plentiful and the pay good.

His first interest in "clowning" as a medium for entertainment and ministry came through a church member who worked children's birthday parties and who occasionally "clowned" in children's church. Ron helped him some.

One day Ron watched a circus pitching tents on the edge of town. Got to talking to an old man who, it turned out, was the circus clown.

Friendship.

The man invited Ron to the

circus, backstage to the private world of the clown, showed him professional techniques for doing makeup, and shortly invited him to go on tour at \$150 a week, plus expenses.

That was the James Brothers' Circus. Ron traveled all over the U. S. perfecting his act and registering his clown face under the trade name *Pogo*.

One season he worked with the Bates Brothers' International Circus in British Columbia, Canada. Also he's been with the Matthew's Great London Circus. Normally they winter in Martinez, California, a sunny spot which seems to be for the West Coast what Sarasota, Florida is for the East.

"A circus is not a carnival," Ron says. "A lot of people confuse them; or else just never take time to make the distinction. By and large I've found circus people to be true ladies and gentlemen. Most are well educated. Many of them sincere Christians.

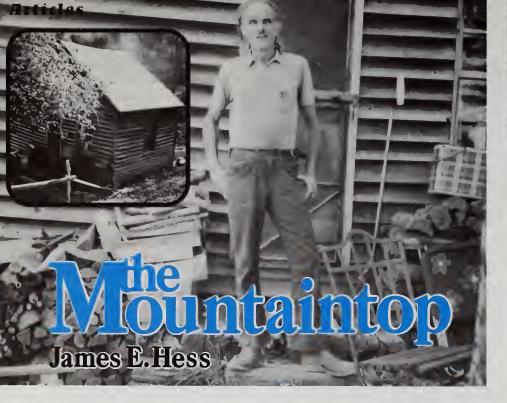
"Some people won't agree with what I do. Even I know it's not the most important thing in the world. But I make people laugh, and laughter is better than crying.

"I know what it is to be happily married and to have children. I also know what it is to see a marriage fall apart, to divorce, and to find myself trying to raise children alone.

"At this moment, I can't think of a single soul who wants to hear the sad story of my life. Most people already have problems of their own.

"But Pogo . . .

"Pogo's always smiling. So, as long as I can smile . . . and keep faith in God . . . and help others forget the bad . . . then I guess being a clown isn't the worst thing in the world."



t is one of those lazy, autumn afternoons. The type day that makes you want to get away, out of the hustle and bustle of everyday life.

"Let's go," I say to my wife and three-year-old daughter as I start the car. Our dog Sugar insists on joining us, jumping into the seat before I can close the door.

A wonderful time to be alive! Fall in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia! The mountain range borders West Virginia and helps one appreciate the slogan "almost heaven." The leaves are golden. Brittle. The air, crisp. The sky, blue. We drive into the sunshine along Germany River. It's a winding dirt road, climbing ever upward; and, on several occasions, deer bound in front of our car.

We come across a hunter who points out a route that leads to the home of a most unforgettable character. A truc twentieth-century hermit. I had heard of hermits, but this

was my first encounter.

As we round a bend, we see his cabin nestled in a green, grassy meadow on top of the mountain. Hoot Dove is his name. He meets us in the front yard with a warm handshake and a friendly smile. "Howard's my name. Most folks call me Hoot. Welcome."

We slide out of the car. "Come in and have some coffee."

The cabin is out of the past. I glance at the room to the left, noticing a potbellied, propane gas stove. Toward the front, a built-in bunk bed with a bookshelf at the end. The living and dining room furniture consists of a large, round, wooden table with chairs. We are served coffee so strong it makes you feel like chopping wood or plowing an acre of land.

"Twelve years the missus and I lived here," Hoot says.
"When I was younger I worked in construction. All over.
Finally got so hard, seemed like such a rat race, I just wanted to get away."



And get away he has. To a place of natural beauty beyond description. Nearby is a spring that supplies all his water. I can also see where he is building a rock cellar for his supplies.

"Wait here. Watch through this open door." Hoot walks outside with an apple in his hand. He calls to a deer grazing in the nearby meadow. The deer walks to him, takes the apple, and receives a loving pat on the head.

Sugar takes to Hoot's dog just as easily as we make friends with Hoot.

I express my curiosity over his isolated life.

"Sure, I keep up with what's happening in the world. I have a transistor radio. No electricity, but good batteries. I listen to Cincinnati and Wheeling."

I casually question his concept of God.

"Being here like this makes a man know there's a God."

Time to leave. As we drive down the mountain I keep hearing his invitation: "Come again. And next time, stay longer."

I feel calm. Relaxed. Momentarily, I have seen a glimpse of nature. Breathed fresh, clean air. Met a man who knows contentment in today's disturbed world.

That's something worthwhile. As often as I can, I go back. It's like an oasis in the desert. he big day finally arrived. We had tried to plan for it, but only then did we realize just how upsetting it can be to move.

Most things were packed. Tension had turned our hands to all thumbs. Should this go first? Or this on top? Will it hurt to pack this carton on bottom? A day of endless decisions, none earth-shaking perhaps, but each necessary and each with its own pain.

Herby and I had moved to this very house after our wedding. Modest. Comfortable. After renting awhile, we had decided to buy.

Twenty years. A long time to live in one place. We had seen our sons grow from babes to young men. Our tiny girl to a pretty little lady. As if by magic, right before our eyes.

So much of ourselves had gone into the renovation. Walls torn out to suit our fancy. The color paint we wanted. Λ lot of hard work and sweat. It caused us to be more appreciative.

The flowers? Yes, we'd be leaving them, too! The dogwood tree? We had dug it out of the woods . . . carefully planted it . . . watched it grow all these years. It, too, would have to stay.

Each piece of furniture went out with a sentiment that was maddening. In spite of the longed-for moving day, I swallowed and fought back tears. Memories of yesteryear kept crowding in, and the sad truth that we would never be coming back to this "our home" pounded in my ears.

Finally, everything was loaded. Now for one last look. We knew everything was on the truck, but we wanted an excuse. Just to look. Wishing for a chance to be alone. To

give vent to the emotions. To cry. To burst out with, "Stop. I really don't want to go."

We walked through the house one more time. Herby caught me by the arm.

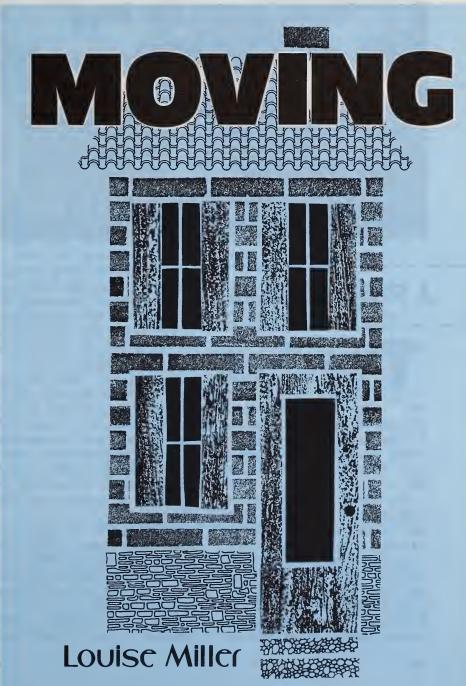
"Okay, Honey, we've gotta go now."

His words reminded me somehow of what Jesus said in Luke 17:32, "Remember Lot's wife."

Suddenly those were more than words. A message! I could not look back. Those things behind were over. They were memories packed away somewhere in the computer of my mind, to be recalled but never relived.

Walk out the door. Yes. And don't look back. Oh, how I yearned to do so. For a moment it was as if an angel nudged me.

But no . . . it was only Herby . . . sweet as could be . . . with, "Come on, Honey, we've gotta get outta here."



A Church of God Youth Publication



# J. Ralph Brewer

he new minister was visiting in the home of one of the church families for the first time. The little six-year-old daughter of the family, wanting to impress the new pastor, excitedly blurted out, "Pastor, I know everything that's in the Bible."

The pastor, a bit startled by such a bold declaration from such a little girl, was about to respond when she continued, "There is a lock of my baby hair, Sis's boyfriend's picture, and an old, faded flower."

Well, the great news is that hundreds of teenagers throughout the Church of God are discovering that the Bible is more than a depository for family mementos. They are discovering for themselves the rich gems of lifegiving truth as they participate in the various categories of the Teen Talent Bible Division.

Teen Talent Bible Division was launched in September 1977, and has now completed its first annual cycle. Many testimonials and expressions of appreciation are being received f r o m young people across the nation regarding the impact that renewed Bible study is making upon their lives.

The theme of the Tennessee Bible Quiz Team reflects the general consensus of those who have shared in this exciting program: "Win or Lose—We Want to Learn the Bible."

When Jeff Robinson, Mike Daugherty, Bret Wood, and

Coach Jeannie Robinson met together for study, one of the team members would lead in prayer before opening the Word of God. Their prayer was not that God would make them a national winner but that He would open their understanding, help them be alert, and above all, that they might learn and apply the Word of God in their daily lives.

That's what Teen Talent Bible Division is all about—helping young people get into the Word so that the Word can get into them and shape their life values.

Unlike the other divisions of Teen Talent, the Bible Division will be conducted on an annual basis with continuing emphasis upon all three categories—Bible Reading, Bible Teaching, and Bible Quizzing.

Future projections for Bible Quizzing call for a four-year cycle of material with a new Study Guide being prepared each year. This approach will provide fresh and exciting content, and will guide young people into new adventures in the Word of God.

A unique feature of the Bible Quizzing Program is that the Study Guide is divided into five specialized areas of study—Bible Facts, Bible Doctrines, Church of God Distinctives, Practical Christian Living, and World Missions.

This approach not only encourages consistent study of God's Word but exposes young people to the rich history and faith of the Church of God, guides them in Christian growth, helps develop a strong Biblecentered theology, and cultivates a deep appreciation for the Bible as a life-related book.

The 1979 Bible Quizzing Competition Study Guide will cover the following five areas of study: Bible Facts—The Gospel of John; Bible Doctrines-Doctrine of Scriptures, Doctrine of God, and Doctrine of Jesus Christ; Church of God Distinctives—Baptism of the Holy Spirit, Speaking With Other Tongues, and Pentecostal Worship; Practical Christian Living —The Power of Prayer: World Missions—Overview of Church of God World Missions.

The Teen Talent Bible Division Instruction Manual has also been revised and updated and includes procedures for Bible Reading and Bible Teaching, as well as minor revisions for Bible Quiz Teams.

In 1979 several states will participate in a cooperative effort between the General Department of Youth and Christian Education and the Department of General Education by sponsoring Peacemakers Bible Institutes.

These Bible Institutes will meet one night a week for nine weeks on the same night as the

Ministerial and Lay Enrichment Institutes. During these sessions young people will study Bible Quizzing materials and a special text entitled "Basic Bible Study." Dates, locations, and schedules will be provided by the respective states involved.

The 1979 Teen Talent Bible Division promises to be a great extravaganza. Watch for local and state announcements in your

area. State directors of youth and Christian education will announce regional and state competition dates January through May, 1979. The national finals for Bible Reading, Bible Teaching, and Bible Quizzing will be held in Miami, Florida, during the International Church Growth Conference, August 8-12, 1979. Begin now to make plans to be a part of these great events.

# Youth UPDATE

Lamar Vest, Assistant General Director of Youth and Christian Education

PEP Rollies. March 23, 1979. Mark that date on your calendar. It is going to be a very special day for Church of God young people. A PEP Rally is going to be conducted on every district throughout America on this date. PEP stands for Peacemakers Emphasizing Pentecost. The PEP Rally will be planned and moderated by your district director of youth and Christian education. Check with your pastor, or district director, for the time and location of the PEP Rally on your district.

What it Means to be Pentecostal. All Evangelical Protestants believe that the early Christians were filled with the Holy Spirit on the Day of Pentecost as the Bible declares. Many of them, however, do not believe that individuals today may be filled with the Holy Spirit in the same miraculous way as were the believers on the Day of Pentecost. Being Pentecostal means that you embrace the doctrine of individual baptism in the Holy Spirit with the initial evidence of speaking in other tongues as the Spirit gives utterance. Being Pentecostal means that you accept the Holy Spirit baptism as a promise to all believers . . . even today. Have you received the gift of the Holy Spirit?

STEP. The letters S-T-E-P stand for Summer Training and Evangelism Program. This bold new program offers Church of God young people an opportunity to engage in missions education through study and service on the field. Several foreign territories will be selected for youth visitation and involvement in a short-term missions training program. This summer a team of young people will be visiting the Caribbean. If you would like more information on STEP, write your state director of youth and Christian education or the General Department for a STEP brochure.

Teen Tolent Bible Quizzing. Does your church have a Bible Quizzing Team? If not, you are missing out on a fantastically exciting opportunity to learn God's Word and to become involved with other teens in quiz competition runoffs. Interested? Talk with your pastor or state director. They will tell you more about it.

Keep the Son shining!

# Issues to Think About / LP Staff

Fraud in the scientific field.

There are still people who claim hereditary differences make whites intellectually superior to blacks.

An Englishman named Cyril Burt, British founder of educational psychology, advocated this theory in the thirties and forties. He supported his arguments with elaborate statistical reports.

Now, according to the September 29 issue of the journal *Science*, new findings show beyond any reasonable doubt that Burt fabricated the data. He made it up. Juggled the figures.

It turns out that Burt's arguments in terms of the bell-shaped curve for I.Q.'s were also wrong. Rather than actually giving I.Q. tests to his research population, Burt picked numbers off a bell-shaped curve and assigned them to various social classes. He publicly stated that lower-class persons were predominantly of lower I.Q. and vice versa. Also that men were smarter than women.

The issue: What is the Christian's proper attitude toward the media, books, and the views of experts?

Pornography and violence: Do they influence us?

Eight years ago, in a report that aroused bitter controversy, President Nixon's Commission on Obscenity and Pornography evaluated the assumption that a casual relationship exists between pornography and antisocial behavior and played down the idea. They stated in effect that there was no "empirical research" that supported that contention.



RICHARD M. NIXON

Because it could not be proved that pornography caused crime, the majority seemed to assume that pornography did not cause crime.

Things may be changing, according to news commentator James Kilpatrick. Several scholars have undertaken experiments that indicate there is a significant relationship between pornography and aggression. Also, when the FBI released its Crime Index for the first six months of 1978, five of the seven serious crimes were declining; the two crimes that are increasing are, significantly, aggravated assault and forcible rape.

The issue: Jesus told us this in Matthew 12:35.

Evangelicals in politics.

A Gallup poll in 1976 estimated that 50 million persons, 18 years old and over, are evangelicals. A later poll showed that Carter won 46 percent of the Protestant vote.

This vote, normally conservative, was felt in November elections when 38 states wrote many of their own laws through referenda and initiatives. Of the many things said, three stood out: the American people said to stop forced busing, halt legalized gambling, and curb crime.

The issue: How do you feel? And why?

Your privacy and the neighbors' freedom.

The Tonight Show host Johnny Carson and his wife Joanna recently filed a superior court petition alleging that five neighborhood dogs were interfering with their sleep and asking the court to order the owners to keep their dogs quiet.

Imagine that. Sounds like some of our neighborhoods.

The issue: How should the Christian handle it?

David (Peter Roberts) and the Giant (Sears Roebuck).

Peter M. Roberts, Chattanooga, is suddenly a millionaire, all because of a court settlement that ruled Sears cheated him when they paid him only \$10,000 for his invention of a quick release socket wrench in 1964. Sears has since marketed the tool for an estimated \$25 million, and the jury and the judge have said Roberts deserves more.

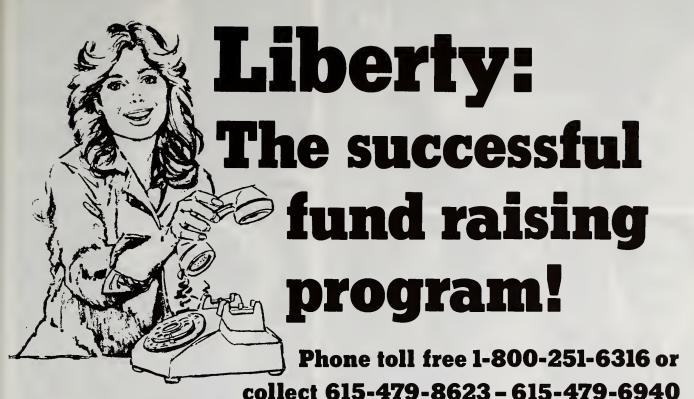
Sears argued: He sold us the contract. He signed it. He collected the \$10,000.

What do you say?

Rumors can be costly.

Ray Kroc, founder of McDonald's, has launched a belated rebuttal to a false rumor that he contributed money to "Satan's Church in Los Angeles." The rumor persists.

The issue: Our responsibility for what we hear and see.



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nistry

efore God called me I really didn't care for deaf people,"
Brenda Shealy
will tell you. "Now it's different."

Surprising words, coming from a brown-eyed slip of a girl who spends much of her time ministering to the deaf and whose concern has pioneered a new ministry for Pastor Richard Porterfield and his congregation at the North Spartanburg, South Carolina, Church.

"In fact, I guess you'd have to say I grew up resenting deafness. My mother is deaf. So is my father. I didn't resent my parents, of course, and when I look back over my life, I admire very much the way they coped with the handicap.

"It's just that when I married, had my own family, and began to live my own life, I didn't want anything to do with deaf people. Like I'd had enough of it, you know.

"Then God began dealing with me.

"Fred and I married in 1970. Both with church backgrounds. I attended church regularly, South Spartanburg at that time. Taught Sunday school. David came in 1972 and I got all wrapped up in being a mother and a wife. "Yet . . . something was

missing. . . .

"Something deep down. A sense of mission and total fulfillment.

"Many times I'd pray for God to use me. Anywhere. In just any way. But I'm not sure I listened. Maybe what I prayed was 'Lord, use me, in any way other than working with the deaf.'

"I decided to go into business for myself. I thought I had found the perfect opportunity. I prayed about it and even arranged for the financial backing. Deep down I wasn't comfortable with the idea. I felt

nagged by the consciousness that this really wasn't what God wanted. But I insisted. And God let me try it.

"And fail!

"Then came the auto accident. How it happened is still a mystery. Not even the highway patrol has been able to explain, but David and I were both rushed to the hospital and pronounced dead on arrival.

"A skillful team of doctors and nurses, with God's help, revived us both; and I learned all over again how important God's will is.

"A year later my daughter Tonja was born. God is so patient. So good. So forgiving.

"Ever so slowly I kept coming up with the thought that God wanted me to work with the deaf.

"But how? And where?

"I first started doing some interpreting at the Baptist church, after being tutored myself by Gaynell Ball.

"At precisely 5:00 p.m. one Sunday, I was praying and Sherry Wilkie came to my mind. Sherry was deaf. She attended church at North Spartanburgat least, used to-and I couldn't get her off my mind.

"I called her mother. Invited Sherry, promising to interpret. Some time later, when Sister Porterfield said she, too, had been praying for Sherry, I knew beyond doubt it was the leading of the Spirit.

"I sat with Sherry and my mother on Sunday night, interpreting the message. A revival was beginning.

"On Monday night, same thing. And Sherry was saved. My first convert."

Brenda tells that story with light in her eyes and with the conviction of a young militant.

She'll also tell you that

LEFT: Deat choir singing in pantomime at the Detroit ICEA Convention.—Brenda Shealy, husband Fred, and their two children. Spartanburg, SC—Brenda teaching with sign language. RIGHT: Brenda Shealy, called to a Special Ministry.

lipreading, at best, is a very unreliable method of communication for audio-impaired people. That they probably understand only about 10 percent of what's said. That there's been a revolutionary change of thought among those working with the deaf.

Where, at one time, teachers actually forced children to sit on their hands in order to concentrate on lipreading, they now emphasize total communication—any means, manual or visual—for getting the point across.

Brenda's husband Fred, the Sunday school superintendent and a management trainee at Spartan Mills, shares the enthusiasm.

"It's a great ministry," Fred says. "Can you imagine? There are 12,000 deaf people in Atlanta alone."

"And yet . . . ," Brenda says, "ministering to the deaf isn't an easy thing. There have been some discouraging moments. Some times a struggling class of one or two made me wonder.

"My pastor, Brother Porterfield, has been great. So

Stone Photos



have the people. Everyone has pitched in. It has truly become a church ministry.

"We now have a regular Sunday school class of from ten to fifteen. We discuss the Bible. And the lesson. We interpret the message and the songs. We even have a special group of young people, The Commandments, who sing in sign language as well as with sound.

"Probably one of my most rewarding moments came in the spring of last year when the church sponsored a special Deaf Awareness Day.

Thirty were present that day. And following church, we fellowshipped and shared a meal. I live in two worlds now. One noisy. One silent. God is in both and I think I've found my place."

Brenda Brown Shealy, age 26, North Spartanburg, South Carolina. Her hobbies: skating, horseback riding, singing, and swimming. Brenda is a certified interpreter for the audio-impaired, on call in Spartanburg for lawyers, doctors, or others who might need her services.

Notes: As many as 20 million people in the U.S. suffer from some sort of hearing difficulty. Only a small percentage are totally deaf.

Hearing impairment may stem from various causes: wax in the ear, infection of the middle ear, overgrowth of bone in the ear, syphilis, or certain drugs, as well as continuous exposure to loud noise.

There are two types of deafness: nerve deafness which, unfortunately, cannot be repaired; and conduction deafness which may be relieved by medical treatment or helped by a hearing aid.

Family Health Guide and Medical Encyclopedia, 1976. Reader's Digest. Pleasantville, NY.

en Parks stood alone in front of the library window at Weston High School. Through the frosted pane he watched giant snowflakes floating down onto the football field and he kept thinking the chill in his heart similar to the dreary February morning.

Somehow the day wasn't real! The world wasn't real!

How *could* it be? Without Cathy?

Ben moved over and methodically rummaged through the magazines. Choosing an old issue of *Time*, with another picture of Begin and Sadat on the cover, he hid himself in a nook of the far corner and tried to read. Riots in Iran. Palestinian terrorists shoot up another tourist bus. Carter urges Congress to sign the treaty. Cathy Kurn to wed Stephen Metcalf.

Ben blinked and rubbed his eyes. No matter what he read, what he did, those newspaper headlines about Cathy and Steve kept coming back at him. She was really going through with it. Actually going to marry the guy! "Hi."

Ben jumped. "Oh, hi, Lois." Lois Fuller stood framed in the door, books in left arm, hesitant. "May I?"

"Sure. Welcome to my world."
Ben moved to the left and scooted the chair out so Lois could plop down. If he had to have company, then he guessed it might as well be Lois. She looked at him from deep brown eyes, tapping her dimpled chin with the eraser end of her pencil.

"Don't say it, Lois."

"Okay." Lois shrugged. She put down the pencil, drew herself nearer the table. "But someone needs to, Ben. You're acting like doom itself."

"Did you see the announcement?"

"Sure. Everyone saw it. Most

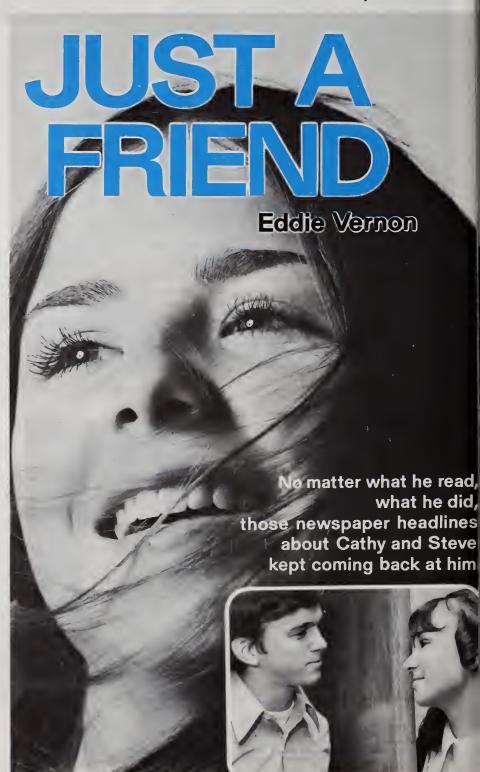
of us, though, knew it was coming. And even you've been telling us it was all over between you and Cathy."

"I know . . ." Ben sighed, cradled his chin in his hands, elbows on the table. "Still I didn't believe it, Lois. We've been going together three years. We. . . ."

"Off and on."

"Well . . . it hasn't all been smooth, I know that. We've had our differences. But I never thought she was really interested in Stephen Metcalf. The guy's an egghead. Besides, he's three years older than Cathy."

"Three years?"
"Yeah. At least. I just don't



think he's Cathy's type."

"You're thrcc years older than I. Ben."

"Yeah. That's the point. The guy's old enough to be her uncle or something. All these weeks she's been seeing him I still never thought it serious. I thought she was just trying to make me jealous."

"And?"

"Oh, come off it, Lois. I'm not really jealous of the guy. Just hurt. Surprised. I know Cathy and I have always had problems. We bickered a lot. Couldn't agree on church. Sometimes said unkind things to one another. But I love her. Well . . . eh . . . I did love her. I really planned on marrying her someday."

"Sure you did." Lois leaned over the table. Close enough for Ben to notice the freckles on her cheeks. "But Ben. . ." Her teeth were very white—and straight, too, since she'd gotten rid of the braces. ". . . you can't just go on loving someone who doesn't love you. That's impossible. I don't know why, but it seems obvious that Cathy's fallen in love with Steve. What good's it going to do for you to sit around crying the blues?"

Ben didn't speak.

"Well?" Lois waited a moment, then drew back. A rose color spread up across her face. "What'cha staring at?"

Ben grinned. "Just thinking. You remember when we were kids and you always used to come next door to play football with me and Doyle?"

"How could I forget? It was that friend of yours, Doyle Hite, who broke my collarbone."

"And you made mud cookies."

"And you thought they were real."

Both laughed.

"Kids. You're in the library." Mrs. Henderson, the librarian, had stepped round the corner, finger to lips. Ben nodded. Lois

pieked up a book.

The bell rang.

"What's your next elass?" Ben asked.

"Trig."

They moved together into the library foyer. Ben helped Lois with her eoat, watched as she wrapped the scarf round her neck, then slipped into his own corduroy jaeket. At the door, they paused. It was still snowing.

"Maybe I'll just walk with

"Thank you, Ben."

The snow fell steadily. A custodian shoveled the walk. Lois wedged her hand around Ben's right arm. They walked in step, oblivious to the other kids.

"How long have we been friends, Lois?"

"Always." She laughed, looking up. "Certainly as long as we've known what friends are."

"I tell you what . . ." Ben paused. "Instead of you riding that bus home today, why don't I take you. I haven't seen your mother since you moved across town."

Lois took her hand from his arm. She puckered her nose in mock anger. "Ben Parks. Here I am trying to help you get over the pain of a broken romance, trying to be a friend, and all you come up with is 'I'd like to drive you home so I can see your mother again.' Boy!"

She walked on.

"Oh, Lois. That's not what I meant."

"It's not? That's what you said."
"What I meant was . . . eh
. . . you know . . . well . . .
maybe we could get together
sometime. Go out or something."

"You're asking for a date?" Lois had stopped again. Ben saw what looked to him like a mischievous smile around the corners of her mouth.

"Well . . . yeah. Maybe so. You know, we're friends and all."

"I'm sorry, Ben."

"Huh?"

"I said I'm sorry." She stood there, eyes mostly closed, snow falling onto her face, nodding her head back and forth. "If you want a date, you'll just have to phone me proper."

"How 'bout Saturday night? We could go roller skating."

"Nope."

"No?"

"That's what I said. No."

"Why not?" Ben had to walk faster now to keep up. "You skate well. I've seen you."

"Better than you."

"Now I don't know 'bout that."

"Anyway, I'm not going with you this week. Maybe next time."

They had come to the door of the math building. Ben opened. They kicked snow from their shoes.

"I still don't see why we can't go this Saturday. Why wait?"

"Waiting won't hurt you, Ben. Not for one little week." Lois had paused just outside her elassroom door.

When she grins like that, Ben thought, she's kind of cute.

"Some people wait lots longer. Longer than a week."

"What are you talking about?" Lois laughed. Opening the door, she gave a little wave and disappeared.

Ben went outside, walking slowly toward his next class at the gym. He noticed the temperature had risen. In fact, south toward the mountains, the sky was bright, as if the sun were trying to break through.

Ben looked back toward the math building. Second floor. The room where Lois was. He saw the form of someonc in the window and wondered if it were Lois.

Probably not. But anyway, it was nice to have such a friend.

Next week, he'd phone and ask her proper.



aren hung up the phone in a daze. What do I do now? she wondered, heart pounding.

Mrs. Chapman! I have to let her know! She picked up the phone and then put it down again. Mrs. Chapman could've been anywhere at that moment, and impossible to reach by phone.

"Oh no!" the boutique owner had exclaimed a half-hour earlier. "Yes, I'll be right there. Thanks for calling. Good-bye."

"What's wrong?" Karen wanted to know.

"My daughter's been hurt in some freak accident at day camp," Mrs. Chapman explained, grabbing her purse. "I'll have to take her to the doctor for X rays. Karen, I'm leaving you in charge."

"Okay," Karen had agreed, pleased that Mrs. Chapman had so much confidence in her. Then she had frowned. "But what about the fashion show?"

Mrs. Chapman closed her eyes. "The fashion show!" She glanced at her watch. "It's not for two hours and everything is all set. Professional models are driving in from the city and should be here shortly. Is your brother coming to set up the chairs?"

"Any minute now," Karen answered.

"Then we're covered," Mrs. Chapman decided, hurrying toward the door. "Be back as soon as I can."

"I'll say a prayer for your

daughter," Karen called after her.

Mrs. Chapman nodded, but did not reply. She had let Karen know from the first how little interest she had in anything spiritual.

Everything had been fine until the phone rang shortly after Mrs. Chapman left to rush her daughter to the doctor.

"Monique's Boutique," Karen said, picking up the phone on the first ring.

"Is Mrs. Chapman there?" a voice on the other end asked.

"No, I'm afraid not," Karen replied. "May I help you?"

"Look, this is Gloria," the voice went on. "We're never going to make it in time."

"What are you talking about?" Karen demanded. "Gloria who?"

"Oh, sorry. The other models

and I are supposed to be there by noon for some fashion show, but our car broke down and we're stranded at this one-pump gas station in the middle of nowhere with a mechanic who moves like he's half turtle. You'll just have to get somebody else. Tell Mrs. Chapman, will you? Thanks a lot, Honey."

"But wait!" Karen began. Too late. Already a dial tone droned in her ear and she replaced

the receiver.

Maybe I can catch Mrs. Chapman at the doctor's office, Karen thought, desperate. But which one? She didn't know the name of Melissa's day camp cither.

She was still by the phone when the door opened and her brother walked in. "I'm here to set up those chairs," Terry said. Then he frowned. "Hey, what's

wrong with you?"

"Everything!" Karen exclaimed, near tears. Quickly she explained what had happened. "We'll have to cancel the fashion show and Mrs. Chapman will probably blame me and I'll get fired and. . . ."

"Hey, hold on a minute, Sis," Terry interrupted. "Are you the same girl who gave her testimony the other night in youth group—something about 'relying on Christ to meet all our needs'?"

"Yes, but. . ."

"No buts," he went on.
"Instead of standing around yelling your head off, trust God to provide the solution to your problem—and make a few calls yourself."

"But who should I call?" Karen wanted to know.

"How should I know? How about Mom?"

"Well, that's a great idea!"
Karen snapped sarcastically. "I
can just see our mother parading
down a ramp in one of Mrs.
Chapman's dresses!"

"She'd probably look a lot better than some of those undernourished models in the fashion magazines you bring home." With that Terry disappeared into the stock room to get the chairs.

Karen shook her head, said a fast prayer, then dialed her own number. Maybe Mom would have some good ideas at that.

"Mommy's not home," Karen's younger sister announced. "She's at Mrs. Windham's for a meeting."

"Okay, Debbie. Thanks."

Karen hung up and dialed the parsonage. She hated to interrupt a meeting, but this was an emergency.

Her mother listened quietly as Karen told her exactly what had happened. "I see," she replied finally. "Well, I'm not sure I can help, but maybe some of the other ladies will come up with a solution. I'll get back to you, Dear."

"Hurry, Mom," Karen pleaded.
"We have less than two hours before the show!"

Fifteen minutes later the front door opened and her mother marched in, followed by the pastor's wife and two other women from the church. "Well, we're here!"

"I never modeled professionally, but I was in a fashion show or two in my college days," Mrs. Windham added.

Karen swallowed. "You mean you're going to model for me? All four of you?"

"Your mother explained how urgent it was," one of the other women replied.

Karen glanced at Mrs. Windham's ample figure. None of the women were exactly skinny, including her mother. Still, she had no choice.

"Come with me," she instructed.
"The clothes the models were to wear are in the dressing room.
We'll—uh—have to make exchanges, size-wise."

"What a nice way to put it," Mrs. Windham said with a giggle.

Soft music was playing and all the guests had arrived when Mrs. Chapman dashed in. "I thought I'd never make it!" she whispered. "Is everything on schedule, Karen?"

"Well, yes," Karen began nervously. "But the regular models couldn't make it and I had to get some last minute

replacements. . . ."

Mrs. Chapman frowned. "Last minute replacements? What on earth are you. . . . Oh well, we'll talk about it later. I'm just glad you did what had to be done. Tell the models we're ready to start."

"How's your daughter?" Karen whispered as Mrs. Chapman headed up front.

"She'll be fine. Two cracked ribs and a broken arm."

Everyone applauded as Mrs. Chapman took her place at the podium. "Welcome to my fall fashion show, ladies. I think I have a few surprises for you today. This first outfit is a rust chiffon. . . ."

Her voice trailed off as Mrs. Windham marched out through the curtains, bowing and turning and apparently having a wonderful time. Karen bit her lower lip as Mrs. Chapman's eyes met hers. She had seen that look of disapproval before. But Mrs. Chapman continued reading her commentary and the four women paraded down the little ramp in one outfit after another.

"Next we have a . . ." Mrs. Chapman began at one point.

"Wait a minute!" a voice which sounded a great deal like Karen's mother's exclaimed. "My zipper's stuck!"

The women in the audience laughed, but Mrs. Chapman gave Karen another furious look.

"And there you have it, ladies," Mrs. Chapman said finally. "My fall fashions. All of these are available right now in a variety of sizes, or may be ordered.

### News and Activities

(Continued from page 19)

Thank you so much for coming."

The women began milling around as Mrs. Chapman headed straight for Karen. "How could you do such a thing to me! Those middle-aged models made my fashion show a farce and I never want to. . . ."

"Monique, darling!" an elderly woman interrupted suddenly. "What a wonderfully clever idea! Now we know what we'll look like in your lovely gowns! I simply must have these two."

For the next hour both Mrs. Chapman and Karen were so busy writing orders that there was no time for conversation. Many customers commented on the "realistic" models. "Leave it to you to come up with something original, Monique!" one of them exclaimed.

Finally the boutique was empty. For a moment neither Karen nor Mrs. Chapman spoke. "I was wrong," Mrs. Chapman said finally. "This is the best day I've ever had—I know that without even counting the receipts—and it was because of you. How did you ever think of it, Karen?"

"I didn't," Karen admitted.
"It was an emergency and they volunteered, that's all."

Mrs. Chapman shook her head. "Your mother's delightful—they all are."

"They all go to my church," Karen told her.

Mrs. Chapman smiled. "Yes, I know. That must be quite a church."

"It is," Karen agreed. "I wish you would come this Sunday."

"I just might, Karen," Mrs. Chapman said thoughtfully. "I owe those women a lot. It's really something how everything worked out so perfectly, isn't it?"

Karen nodded. Just like Terry said it would, she thought. No . . . just like the Bible said it would! she corrected. Despite my lack of faith.



# VIRGINIA EURE

hink of a breath of spring, full of sunlight and joy, and you think of Emily Faye Taylor, age 14. Not only is she pretty, with a cheerful smile and happy greeting, but the glory of the Lord shines through her. She radiates God's love.

Emily doesn't know what it is to trip out on drugs. She has never tasted strong drink. She doesn't swear nor use the Lord's name in vain. She's obedient to her parents. She's a choir member, and she attends services faithfully at her home church, Parkview, in Newport News, Virginia.

Sometimes Emily plays a piano duet with the church pianist during Sunday morning worship services.

Teen-age church projects always find Emily in attendance. She recently helped the Ladies Auxiliary prepare the parsonage for the incoming pastor. Emily has assisted in rummage sales, painting of the fellowship hall, and other works related to the house of God.

Emily's mother says that as a child of three, Emily gave her heart to the Lord.

Many times at school Emily is kidded about her plans for the evening. "Church no doubt"

is often the taunt. Emily just smiles and says she doesn't mind because church is not a chore. She loves it.

Once Emily heard a preacher say he didn't recall the exact moment he was saved.

"It made me feel good to hear a preacher say that," Emily stated. "I don't remember exactly when I was saved. I was raised in the church. And I experienced God for myself. But I don't know how old I was when I was born again. I was eleven when I received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. That I remember. A lady was laughing because she didn't think a child could feel the Holy Spirit.

"I joined the church in 1974. Being raised in the church, I always thought I was a member. I didn't know I had to become one. I was scared. When I realized it, I joined! I was baptized in water this past year. I love my church and I am always talking about it."

Emily attends Thomas Eaton Junior High School and aspires to be a church pianist in the future. She wants to attend Lee College where she will major in music. Her favorite musical composition is "I Am a Servant."

While in college, Emily would like to work part time in sales so she can be involved daily with people. Her hobbies consist of playing the piano, swimming, and working in macrame.

Is Emily the exception? I say no! A thousand times no! She's typical of Church of God youth the world over. Young Christian women like Emily are being tutored and trained in weekly services at local churches in order to take their places in the vineyard.

Volumes could be written about each. Young people who believe God to be Master and who have determined to serve Him fully.

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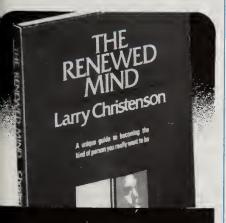




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# Yesterday's Youth Debbie Patterson



Stone Photo

The year is 1957. Cleveland. Lee College. Paul Lauster, a teenager, is the son of one of the church's most renowned German pastors, Herman Lauster.

Paul appears as a cherubic-

faced, popular, naive kid, trying to adjust to American customs, and is often on the receiving end of practical jokes.

But naive or not . . . young or not . . . Paul soon carves out a place for himself on campus; and, at the same time, wins the heart of Patsy Fitzgerald, campus sweetheart. He marries Patsy. Returns with her to his native Germany.

Shortly, word comes that Patsy has become suddenly ill. Her death is a tragedy that brings great shock to stateside family and friends.

Paul Lauster. Where is he now?

### **TODAY (1979)**

Paul lives in Weinsberg-Grantschen, West Germany, with his wife Lillie and three daughters: Dorothea, Claudia, and Brigitta. Dorothea is attending Lee College.

Paul worked with the German churches until 1968. Then he moved to California and taught at West Coast Bible College for four years.

In 1972, back to Germany. Since then he has remained active in the ministry of teaching at the European Bible Seminary.

With the teaching at the Seminary, Paul has started various private enterprises, mostly in the construction field. His most recent business venture is in the boating industry. On a trip to Italy, Paul attended a boat show and ended up buying one. Back in Germany, he then sold the boat at a profit. Buy a boat; sell the boat.

All in all, the focal point of Paul's life is his teaching. Helping his students become better-equipped citizens of the Kingdom. If he can accomplish that, Paul feels that his life is successful. There's even talk of a return stateside and further teaching in one of the schools here.

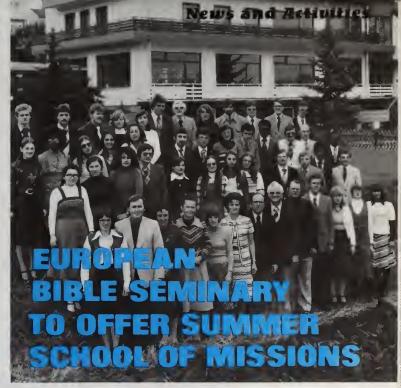
"Lillie thinks she would like that now," Paul says. "My brother Walter is in Florida. And the girls must be educated." Rudersberg, West Germany—The Church of God (Cleveland, Tennnessee) European Bible Seminary (EBS) will expand its 1979 program of summer studies to benefit college-age young persons from the North American and European continents.

EBS will offer the European Summer School of Missions from May 31 to June 21, 1979 on campus in southern West Germany. The three-week program is designed to give qualified applicants a personal exposure to mission work in Europe, together with an academic understanding of the cultural-religious and biblical-historical factors involved in doing modern missionary work.

The course will combine classroom instruction with field work. EBS faculty members and guest lecturers will guide the studies which include lectures, dialogue, guided readings, and personal research in the school's library facilities. Field trips will be conducted to points of interest from church and mission history. Academic credit will be given.

Effective cross-cultural interchanges spanning many age levels are planned. On one hand, students will meet and interact with Europe's youth: EBS students from seven European nations (England, Scotland, France, Germany, Spain, Greece, and Yugoslavia). On the other hand, modern church history will be "experienced" through personal introductions to believers who lived during the difficult years of Nazi Germany in World War II. Many of these were pioneers of the Church of God in West Germany.

Tuition, room and board, and travel in Europe



for the European Summer School of Missions will cost \$295. This does not include air travel to and from West Germany. The school will help with travel arrangements.

Further details are available from: CHURCH OF GOD EUROPEAN BIBLE SEMINARY, Postfach 168, 7062 Rudersberg, West Germany.

The application deadline is April 30, 1979.

-Grant McClung

LAST

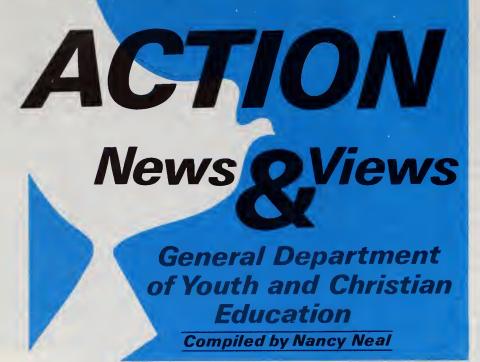
**MONTH'S** 

DABA DOONH NSA TANQ RP STVC FGHOL OMPNSOQRS SPST NMMIL G XOYTZ I SI IREFICULG AHLAANS NM RFRJKUZGKRJLECREPL FCPKYRHNI DBYECBICD VTEWYSXIUPMONUFLJR KYNZBEDRE BFNPSWFVE FRTBODDAUWKJPERONT TEZFEHIOOLIEERORAP MRNMRESRT SSPNPGEHM FED V L T L R S L P Q O Z H H I E GDRWVDWZRPSTLFHTTT FREWGRSTESEBIDSAHI TUQVLAILEBNPVAZFGW LMMNITOAREUTEHPQOL TGSEJLYRY RABDFVLWN SYRASREVDAMCQYHFFCT

Various names by which Satan is called in the Bible tell us important truths about this one who is our enemy. Some of his names are hidden in this puzzle. They may be horizontal, vertical, diagonal, forward or backward, and are listed below:

**Abaddon** Accuser Adversary Apollyon Beast Beelzebub **Belial** Cursed Devil Dragon Evil One Father of Lies Lucifer Murderer Prince of World Roaring Lion Satan Serpent Tempter Wolf

MHJYGLKSSENEVIGROF
EGIOCDOBULPCDJRHIP
REQJRSCFEUOIHDAUWV
CNTSCOBEDIENCECKEM
YTILIMUHBDHZXCEQKT
ZLSSBCTROMFJKLEMPNR
TNWNJKDDFVSWMINESNI
REQUSSENKEEMETADPP
CSYZYEDRLQPPSATFGS
GSWMNMLFOCAYBPMCDL
SIYPUOAVWLAKDLDTCF
HTTRNVTSSQTSXZYIZK
SIYPUOAVWLAKDLDTCF
HTTRNVTSSQTSXZYIZK
GLJTMEINSTUGNMDAKN
AND JRDBCOHIWOGHLPFQA
MOUNYMNSKINDNESSCH
LOPEACBYLKSMYNBCAT



### INCREASED WORLD OUTREACH

The General Department of Youth and Christian Education announces a concentrated effort to involve more countries in Youth World Evangelism Appeal (YWEA). Missions is a biblical mandate—everyone is responsible for sharing the gospel with anyone who has not heard. Thus, the United States will be matched in effort by the countries which are, or which have been, the object of a YWEA project.

A new youth and Christian education manual is being prepared in Spanish. Increased involvement in South America and in other Spanish-speaking areas has necessitated the preparation of such a manual. This is the beginning of many programs which will be prepared in different languages.

# EXCUSES, EXCUSES

If you think drivers come up with some unbelievable lines

when they're trying to talk a cop out of giving them a ticket, you should see the stories that turn up on insurance companies' accident forms. Recently the *Toronto Sun* printed a few samples from actual reports:

"A pedestrian hit me and went under my car."

"In my attempt to kill a fly, I drove into a telephone pole."

"I had been driving my car for 40 years when I fell asleep at the wheel and had an accident."

"I had been shopping all day for plants and was on my way home. As I reached an intersection, a hedge sprang up, obscuring my vision. I did not see the other car."

"The pedestrian had no idea which direction to go, so I ran over him."

"The telephone pole was approaching fast. I was attempting to swerve out of its path when it struck my front end."

"Coming home, I drove into the wrong house, and collided with a tree I don't have."

"The guy was all over the road. I had to swerve a number of times before I hit him."

"My car was legally parked as

it backed into the other vehicle."

"An invisible car came out of nowhere, struck my vehicle, and vanished."

"The indirect cause of this accident was a little guy in a small car with a big mouth."

# WRESTLING CHAMPION

Seventcen-year-old Steve Beck is a champion. He participates in collegiate wrestling at Crescent High School in Iva, South Carolina.

Steve wrestled an undefeated season during his junior year. He went on to win the State AA Championship in the 121-pound weight class. The first wrestler from his school ever to win a state championship, Steve received a gold medallion for the state title and a trophy for the most valuable wrestler on his team.

Steve says that a wrestler must prepare himself physically and mentally before a match. Yet, he goes one step further. "I prepare myself spiritually. Before a match I ask the Lord to let me wrestle to the best of my ability. I do not ask Him to let me win; that's asking too much. I just ask



Steve Beck

to do my best. And God always answers my prayer.

"He is always there when I

need Him," says Steve. God has protected him from injury and has blessed his life. Steve Beck is indeed a Peacemaker who allows God to guide every aspect of his

### GOOD BOOKS

Read a good book lately? Try Yes by Ann Kiemel. God asks Ann many of the questions He has probably asked you: Are you willing to be lonely for Me? . . . Will you do whatever I ask? . . . Can you cope with disappointments? . . . Will you let Me take care of your feelings of guilt? . . . Can you trust Me even when you're afraid? Ann's answer is a resounding YES to God's probing questions and His challenges in her life.

Read Joni. It's an unforgettable story of a young woman's struggle against quadriplegia. The story of a young woman who found God in the midst of her storm. Joni Eareckson's book will touch vour heart, renew your hope.

Wisdom seasoned with experience emanates from Edith Brock as she speaks to us from the pages of her new book, The Brighter Side. She points us to the source of her strength, her courage, her love. Perhaps you need to find the brighter side of life. Edith Brock found it and she shares it with her readers. Draw from her inspiring themes. Glean from her timely devotions. (Available from Pathway Press, 922 Montgomery Avenue, Cleveland, Tennessee 37311.)

Interesting items to share? Send your reports to: General Department of Youth and Christian Education Nancy Neal, Editorial Assistant Keith at 25th, NW Cleveland, Tennessee 37311

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HELP WANTED

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# RSVP

# Kerry King

Invitations were sent out, Penned with careful hands. Ev'ry detail was complete; She followed close her plans.

Her son offered to bear the load— To mail the tiny notes. He spent one morning licking stamps And sealing envelopes.

The table was prepared in full—Flowers and candlesticks.
Dishes appeared with lightning speed,
Taking no time to fix.

Ev'rything was in readiness; Party time drew near. The hostess listened joyfully— A doorbell just to hear.

Time dragged on and still there came Not one soul to her door. No one knocked or rang the bell. The clock had just struck four!

"Dinner served at twelve o'clock,"
The little cards had read.
Could there have been some mistake?
Would they come late instead?

The hours passed and no one came To share her well-planned meal. Tears stood in her misted eyes. Just think how you would feel.

Yet, there is one who knows the pain— The silent agony. God, our host, has bid us come With hospitality.

He sent His Son to mail the cards— To seal our invitation. He's waiting still for the bell to ring, Waiting with anticipation.

Won't you answer the R.S.V.P.? Say yes and heed the call? Dine with the Son at His bridal feast? Dine in God's great banquet hall?



# Speaking of Love

e was eighty-four years old then and virtually blind. I opened the car door for him, sort of pointed him toward the hospital entrance, and walked fast to keep up.

He didn't say so but I knew instinctively my hand on his arm was something to tolerate, not appreciate; and he chaffed at how slow the elevator moved.

When we came to her room he forgot I existed.

Bending close to a face framed with silver hair, he said, "Anna."

She said, "Boone," Their hands clasped.

I watched and I knew there was more. Much more, They communicated spirit to spirit, heart to heart, in that unfathomable intimacy that comes with living together and sharing together for years.

I returned with him to his farm house later that night. Because other guests were there, I slept in his bed, listening to his memories, feeling his inner strength and his awesome hurt.

"Anna's the best thing ever happened to me," he said.
"We met at Berea College.

Love at first sight.



HOYT E. STONE

"God knew what He was doing when He gave a man one wife. When He said two shall become one.'

The moon shown. Night sounds from outside blended with the ticking of an old clock and I could see the silhouette of his face.

"Let me tell you something, Boy, and you mark it down from an old man who knows. Any one who takes his marriage vows lightly . . . any man thinking it's something to trifle with . . . to joke about . . . or to just lay aside when and if he pleases . . . well . . . that man is a fool. Me and Anna, we been together sixty-two years. She's the only woman I've ever known. Seven children. Good times and bad. Always there was Anna. And right now I wouldn't change a minute of it."

Just days later, Boone stood hatless in the sun watching as Anna was buried in a little cemetery at Deer Lodge, Tennessee. He talked little, promised the children he'd visit.

"I'm all right. Don't worry." He did visit some. He tried to climb on, up a hill getting steeper; but only for two years, his strength unregenerated without her. Then he, too, was laid to rest. Beside Anna.

Today . . .

When I see children just beginning to touch and explore love . . . when I watch boys and girls blindly infatuated . . . or listen to the love songs of Hollywood or Nashville . . . or read sentimental slogans on Valentine cards . . .

When I hear men and women excuse their vices . . . try to explain their infidelities 

I remember my grandpa's words . . . and I treasure more dearly my own wife and sons . . . and I pity those of any generation who can't see and who can't find the true meaning of love.

# 30

# PEACEMAKERS EMPHASIZING PENTECOST

Nationwide Simultaneous Rallies March 23, 1979

THINK OF IT! YOUNG PEOPLE THROUGHOUT THE CHURCH OF GOD MEETING TOGETHER ON THE SAME NIGHT IN DISTRICT RALLIES THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES TO CELEBRATE PENTECOST. WHAT A WITNESS! WHAT AN OPPORTUNITY TO UNITE WITH OTHER YOUNG PEOPLE FOR PENTECOSTAL WORSHIP... TO SHARE VICTORIOUS TESTIMONIES... TO PREPARE FOR THE FUTURE WITH HOLY SPIRIT DIRECTION. CHECK WITH YOUR PASTOR FOR INFORMATION REGARDING PLACE AND TIME FOR YOUR DISTRICT PEP RALLY.

Perpetuating the Message

\*Embracing the Experience
\*Preserving the Heritage

JAN 29 REC'D

JAN 29 REC'D

Sponsored by Church of God General Department of Youth and Christian Education



NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THIS ROOM

MR 6 '79

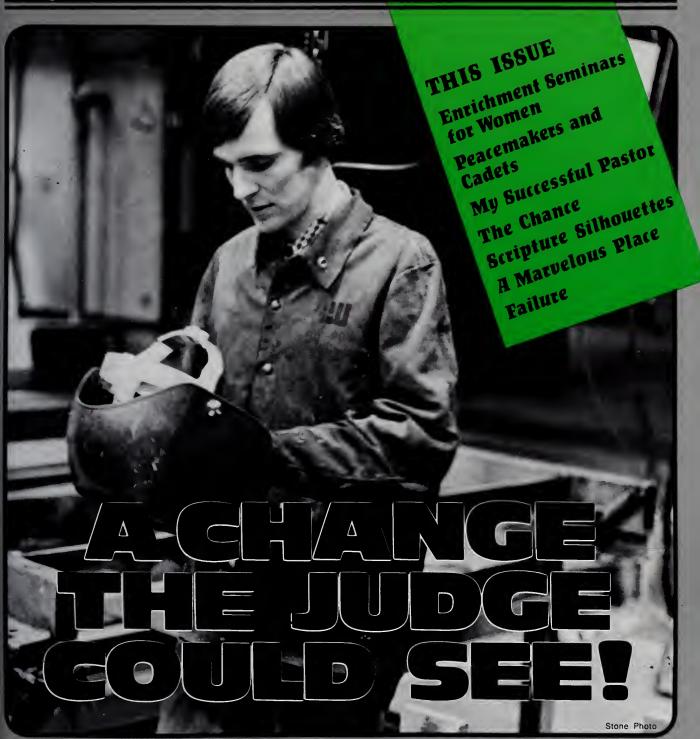
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**Guiding Youth** 

Lighted Pathway

Vol.50, No.3



# MEMBER ESO EVANGELICAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

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### **OUR READERS**

Bob Daugherty phoned from South Georgia, saying some nice things about the *Lighted Pathway*. Appreciated his remarks. Best of all, I liked his closing comment. "My kids are reading it."

"I'd like to say how much I enjoy the Lighted Pathway. I've never subscribed before. Enclosed is my check for \$3.50."

—Mrs. Thomas Eppler, Jr. Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

"Congratulations. In just a few weeks you have made the magazine very readable. The last feature was excellent."

—Carl Richardson Cleveland, Tennessee

"I'm a twenty-four-year-old houscwife and mother of two children who believes the phrase 'liberated woman' is a thorn in the side of most Christian women. (Reference to Dianne Walker, December 1978.) Since 'liberated women' in today's society means bra burner, lesbian, and abortion activist, a Christian woman should not be so labeled. I think you used a poor choice of words, and I hope no such phrase will be used again in a Church of God publication. It's a wicked term, used by wicked people, to describe a wicked woman."

—Ruth Breeden
Indianapolis, Indiana
"P.S. This is the only complaint I
have. I enjoy the articles and
find them inspiring."

"I sometimes feel our periodicals are written to look good in the sight of others rather than to meet the needs of our members. May I suggest more up-to-date photography, a question/answer type column, articles on current issues, book reviews, and sports or athletic articles. I have noticed a change in the past few months and do recommend it to our youth."

-Tony P. Lane Aurora, Illinois

Hoyt & Stone

Lighted Pathway, March, 1979



Walt Byrd was on trial. It was September 1971. Along with twenty-two boys and three girls, Walt had been picked up in one of the biggest drug raids ever staged in Martinsville and Henry County, Virginia. Most of the indictments had been produced by an undercover agent posing as a hippie, an agent whom Walt considered a friend.

God You Publication

### Feature

The prosecution noted that Walt had a history of drug use and distribution. It had started while he was still in high school, his activities intensifying after graduation in 1969. The specific charges were two counts for possession and distribution of LSD (lysergic acid diethylamide) and one count for possession of marijuana with intent to sell. The undercover agent had done his work well. Walt had been photographed in the act of selling.

Walt listened. He looked at the stern, impassive face of Judge Richardson. Then at his pastor and his new friends from the church. Silently, he prayed.

A. L. Philpott, defense attorney, argued that Walt had found a new life. He had started going to church in January and was still going. "One purpose of the law," the attorney said, "is rehabilitation. Here is a young man who is being rehabilitated in the best sense. Through the church. Placing him behind bars will accomplish nothing."

"That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation"

(Romans 10:9, 10).

The prosecutor didn't agree. "If he's truly changed, if he's turned over that new leaf, if he's now interested in helping other young people and in doing good, let him prove it behind bars. People there need help, too. It's the law's purpose to protect the innocent. We can't risk freeing such a menace in our society. If he's a model prisoner, then he can apply for parole."

Walt's pastor, H. A. Stone, sat listening to every word. As the prosecutor talked, he moved his head back and forth in objection. When the defense attorney spoke, he nodded his agreement. There were times when he came close to saying *amen* out loud.

More than anyone else, Pastor Stone knew that the Walt Byrd on trial was different from the Walt Byrd of nine months before.

Physically different, in that the beard, the long hair, the boots, and the hippie clothes were gone. But more importantly, spiritually different. There was a new glow to Walt's face now. New light in his eyes.

It had been on a Thursday night, January 9, 1971, that Walt had first set foot inside the Martinsville Church of God. He came with Jim and Reba Harper. It was revival time. God's Holy Spirit had been dealing with Walt already. When the invitation was given, he moved quickly to the altar and prayed for four hours.

Next evening, wearing his dad's shoes which were too large, pants that were too short, a

WALT BYRD LEAVING PLANT WHERE HE WORKS. CLOSE-UP. WALT WITH WIFE AND SON-



haircut bungled by a barber who obviously didn't like hippies, Walt was back at church and back at the altar praying.

He accepted and openly acknowledged Jesus Christ as his personal Savior. He changed abruptly, gave up his bad habits, received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, joined the church, and started bringing his friends to the revival.

Walt had found something that man couldn't take away. Not even with prison. Walt would make it, the pastor told himself. "But Lord," he prayed silently, "if You could see fit to grant him mercy, if somehow You could get him out of this mess, I believe Walt would be a great asset to our church. To Your Kingdom."

All during the trial, Walt's mind kept flashing up pictures of the past. Pictures no longer

bcautiful.

... McDowell County, West Virginia, where he had been born and where he lived until age eight. His mother's death.

... Then Henry County.
His grandparents. Drewry Mason
High School, where he played
basketball and was quite popular.
His reading about Timothy
O'Leary and the fascination
with drugs, a fascination that
developed into an obsession.

. . . His first LSD trip. The colors and illusions and promises for the mind to discover and explore that world of the unknown. After he'd really gotten into it, he had once stayed high for fourteen days, alternating between amphetamines for his body and LSD for his mind, sleeping only a couple of hours daily.

. . . He remembered the bad trips, the nightmares and the fears.

. . . Also the increasing dependence on drugs and the vague realization that he was on a wheel he couldn't stop.

Then had come the voice of

God. Different. Awesome. Not at all like the drug illusions. It happened in early December, just as the Christmas season got under way. Walt was living in Danville, on Washington Street, sharing a big house with fifteen other kids. They had just returned from a rock concert in Roanoke.

God was suddenly a Presence near him, urging him to read the Bible, telling him he could help his friends, really help them. But first he'd have to help himself. This struggle went on for hours. He couldn't rid himself of the consciousness of God's presence.

Walt found a Biblc. Opened it and read, "That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation" (Romans 10:9, 10).

Kneeling, he prayed.

Next morning Walt returned to Martinsville. He told his friend Danny Altizer that there had been a change in his life and it had been Danny's mother who first invited him to the Martinsville Church of God.

Walt hadn't felt too comfortable that first night, but he had carried his Bible and had gone forward for prayer with determination. Around the altar, there were no barriers. Those folks had cried with him, prayed with him, praised God with him, and so obviously loved him that he knew he had found his home and his real family.

"Will the defendent please stand?"

Walt heard Judge Richardson's voice, but he caught no clue as to what the verdict would be. Never had he seen a face so expressionless. He stood up.

Tensc. Waiting.

Then came the words:
"This court finds you guilty.
I herewith sentence you to
twenty years in prison . . .

". . . suspended . . .". . . five years probation."

Walt knew it was a miracle. Confirmation of everything for which he had dared hope. Now he could go on living freely. Now he could continue working with other young people and helping in the revival that was still going on in the Martinsville Church.

"Praise the Lord," he said.

# Epilogue

Eight years later, Walt Byrd is still living for the Lord and still very much involved in his home church.

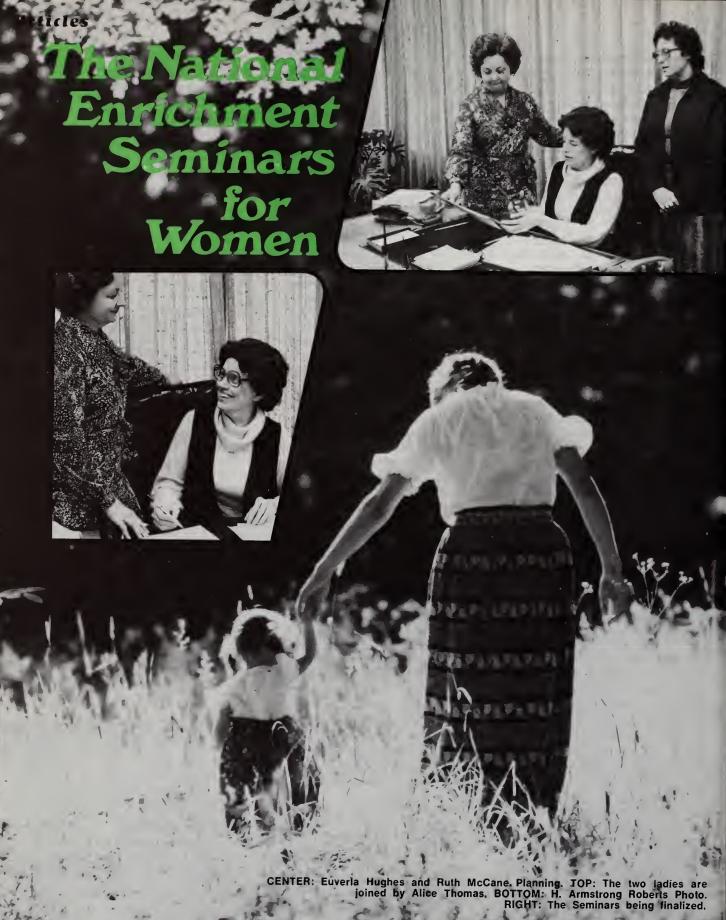
In December 1971, he married Rhonda Angle and to this union God added a son, Timothy. Walt has worked in construction, as a salesman, and presently as a welder for the Budd Trailer Division. Rhonda has returned to college and is now employed as a registered nurse at Memorial Hospital, Martinsville and Henry County.

Walt is a soloist. He sings in the church choir, teaches a young married class, and is often invited to share his testimony at other churches. He works in two outreach programs where the church ministers in convalescent homes; and he was, for some time, very active in the bus ministry.

Walt's sentence is now removed. His probation period ended in 1976, and Judge Richardson even suspended \$750 of a \$1750 fine on which Walt had been making monthly payments.

However, there has been one sad note:

In 1975 Walt suddenly became ill. Strangely and frightening ill. He was hospitalized. Examined. Carefully observed. The doctors could find no physical cause for the illness. They finally theorized he had suffered an LSD flashback. The illness left Walt weak. For a time he was unable to work. But today, thanks to faith and prayer, he has regained strength and is dedicated more than ever to warning young people of the dangers of drugs and to telling everyone of the glorious life in Christ.



wo of them.
One to be held at the state campground in Charlotte, North
Carolina, April 3-5, 1979. The other in Weatherford, Texas, also on the campground, May 1-3, 1979.

Maybe you've heard already
... maybe you've decided to go
... or not to go ... or that
it's just another meeting ... a
ho-hum affair ... something for
an elite few who have nothing
else to do.

You're wrong!

What these ladies have in mind isn't a knitting contest or a sewing circle. They're not proposing to sing a few choruses, testify, note that behind every successful man there's a good woman, and go home.

Not on your life.

They plan to go fully armed—not with broom, butcher knife, and rolling pin, but alive, aware, and intellectually prepared—to dig into issues facing women in today's world. Especially godly, Christian women. Concerned women of all ages.

Ruth McCane, executive secretary (director) of the Ladies Auxiliary (LA), talked about it first over the phone and then in her office on the third floor of the Church of God General Offices building. She didn't stutter. She didn't waste words. She showed no hint that she's been in her new post for only six months. She acted . . . and she talked . . . as if she, Euverla Hughes, Alice Thomas, and all the other ladies putting their program together know exactly what they're doing.

The seminar is open ended. Any woman may attend. Not just preachers' wives. All women. In fact, one of the key points of emphasis will be "Bring a friend. Your neighbor."

Annette Watson will keynote the opening night, speaking at both seminars on "Women Responding to the Call According to Their Several Abilities."

Subjects to be aired include the following:

—The Working Mother, Emily Cook.

—Developing a Single-Adult Ministry, Molly Cox.

—Coping With Grief, Barbara Sustar.

—How to Handle Stress and Strain, Lois Beach.

—The Minister's Wife as Counselor, Sybil Goff and Edna Conn.

—Self-concept, Ellen French.

—Equal Rights Amendment, Special Report, Kohatha Culpepper.

—Twentieth-Century Mother, Shirley Burdashaw.

—Do's and Don'ts of Bible Study, Ruth McCane.

In addition, classes will be conducted by special teams.

Jackie and Don Walker will do "Ministering to Youth." Beverly and Carl Richardson, "Understanding Family Finances."

There will be a special morning session on "Strengthening Family Ties." Robert Crick and Bob Fisher promise to see that this zeros in on the social issues of our day.

Corrie Ten Boom will be there . . . on film . . . in her latest by the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association, "How She Touched the Lives of Others."

Leonard Albert and Charles Beach—not really Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, but close—will bring humor with a presentation, "How Not to Teach."

Pat Daugherty will direct a skit, "Minister's Wife Versus the Lav Woman."

There will be book reviews, fellowship with springtime delights, special luncheons, and mini-seminars for state LA presidents and board members.

Edna Thompson will be the

March 1, 1979

To whom it may concern, I urge you, ladies, don't go.

Remember your place. You weren't made for enrichment, for travel, for galavanting off to North Carolina and Texas. You were made to keep house, tend the children and look after your husband. The kitchen is your domain. Helpmate is your title.

When you leave, things get in a terrible mess. The toaster doesn't pop until after the bread burns. The dishwasher oversuds and floods the kitchen. Your husband's shirts all disappear. His socks don't match. The kids won't eat just because the food is well browned. And, likely as not, creepy, eerie little sounds all through the night will keep your husband tossing and turning until morning when he'll discover there's no cream for the coffee.

Besides, it seems that meetings such as this set a bad precedent. You go once and you're likely to want to go again. Maybe next year. It's tearing the foundation right out from under us. If there have to be seminars—and maybe they can be useful—let us men do them.

Men are more comfortable with leisure, more adept with excuses and with avoiding the real issues. It's always been like that. Since Adam.

So stay home. Forget the seminar. There's no law says you have to go. Look how long this world has made it without an enrichment seminar for women. That in itself ought to prove it's out of line.

Enrich yourself at home.

Why, I can almost guarantee you that if you'll stay home and look after your husband—cook, vacuum, wash dishes, make the beds—be'll stretch out in the den, newspaper in hand, relaxed; and you'll have the privilege of keeping his coffee warm, changing television channels, and answering the phone.

Stay with the good life!
Sincerely yours,
John Doolittle, President
Male Chauvinists International
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hostess in Charlotte. Hazel Landreth in Weatherford.

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-Hoyt E. Stone

ccording to Abraham
Maslow, there are seven levels of human
needs. It is helpful
to understand these levels if you
wish to know yourself better.
Knowing them is also helpful in
witnessing to others, for you
must meet them at their point
of need.

Brian wants to reach his best friend Lce for the Lord. Lee comes from an underprivileged family. He doesn't even have enough money to buy a school lunch. Brian's mother suggested he be given enough money to buy two lunches several times each month in hopes this might open the way for Brian to talk to Lee about the Lord.

"I guess it's like our missionaries in underprivileged countries, feeding the people first, then trying to convert them over to the Lord," he thought aloud.

When Lee finally began to show interest in spiritual food, Brian realized physical food had opened the way for him to tell his friend about the Lord.

This first level of confrontation is called the *physiological* need. It relates to our basic human needs. Food, clothing and shelter come under this heading, but all in the most basic sense. This is the starting level. In time, we rise to higher levels. Yet it's possible to stay arrested at this level for life!

The next need can be called either safety or security. Jane is hooked on this level. Coming from a poor family, she knows she must save for her own college education. Jane deposits most of her money in a bank. "She's gone bananas over saving," say her friends.

Another girl in her erowd has a thing about checking to see if doors and windows are locked. This indicates she too is obsessed with security needs. If you arc an obsessive saver, rather than a spender, you may reside at this second level.

Remember, it is always necessary to leave one plateau before climbing to a higher elevation. The next need is a common one for young people who have had their first two kinds of human needs met. This third need involves a sense of belonging and a deep need for *love and affection*.

If your parents are the undemonstrative type, you can be hooked at this level for a long time. However, if you were visibly loved as a child, this need could have been met relatively early in life. Teens who marry very early often do so to meet this love need. Until this sense of belonging to someone is met, a person will be aware of an overwhelming need to be loved.

The first scriptural law, "God loves you and has a plan for your life," can hold great meaning for a young person who has not known love in his personal life. He will grasp the gospel more easily after he comes to realize God's great and unspeakable love for him personally. Chapters in the Bible which speak of love, such as 1 Corinthians 13 and 1 John 4. can offer assurance to boys and girls wrestling with this inner need for love. To reach them, offer them love-God's and vours!

The next level is all about esteem. This includes the need for recognition, approval, status, prestige, and respect. Remember, the other three needs must be met before this level can be attained. The president of your class, a star athlete, or a top student are probably living on this level. Usually this teen is more independent than others. There is a deep desire to make his or her mark, to be useful and

to do worthwhile things in life. There is a dynamic inner need to be somebody!

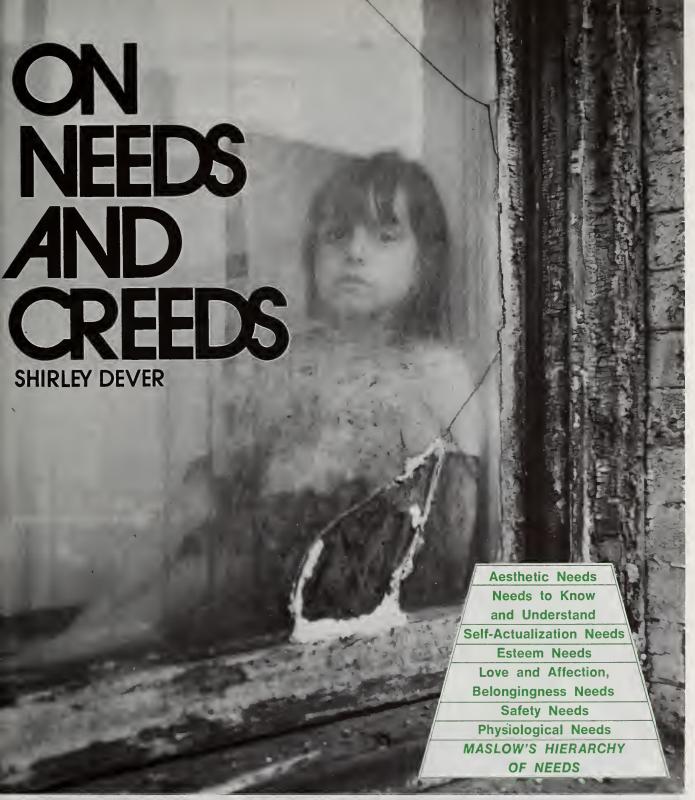
To reach a friend who lives on this level, help him see how the God you know can help him reach his goal in life. Share Bible verses such as, "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths" (Proverbs 3:6). Tell him how God has helped vou achieve eertain goals in your own life. In giving your testimony, stress God's power in vour life. Tell this friend how you had to lose your own selfsufficiency before you could share His sufficiency. Whatever vour personal success, stress God's leading and power which made this possible. As Paul puts it in 2 Corinthians 3:5, "Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think any thing as of ourselves; but our sufficiency is of God."

The last three levels take you into the higher realms of life. You may not aspire to these realms until you have lived a good deal longer. These top levels start with self-actualization, then go on to the need to know and understand, and peak at a level called aesthetic (beauty).

To give you an idea of the scope of the top level, let me quote from Keith Miller in his book, *The Becomers*. The person who reaches this top level "does not love the truth and beauty for what they can *do* for him in trying to accomplish other goals. He loves the truth simply because *it is* true; and the beautiful solely for the joy of experiencing it."

What need are you hooked on? What need-level are your friends living on?

These answers will help you to know yourself better and to understand more fully how to reach others for Christ. You will be able to understand your own level of need and all those below it. You have experienced



H. Armstrong Roberts Photo

all these levels personally. It is more difficult to understand the higher levels.

If you can convince another person that the Lord can meet him at a personal point of need,

this can make him receptive to the wooing of the Holy Spirit. We introduce people to the Lord. Although our help is vitally needed, the actual winning of a soul is the Spirit's work. There is quite a relationship between needs and creeds. Fill the *need* first: then share your *creed*. It will bring good results.







Youth and Christian Education Photos



Achievement is rewarding. It really is! And to prove it, take a look at the attractive Peacemakers and Peace Cadets Achievement Awards opposite. These annual award patches, designed to be sewn to the Peacemakers and Peace Cadets banners, are available to each group who completes the annual designated activities suggested in the 1978-79 Sponsor's Resource Manual.

# 1978-79 Peacemakers Designated Activities

- 1. Participation in National Youth Emphasis—"Our Rich Heritage." Although this special youth emphasis program was designed for October, a local Peacemakers group may qualify for the annual achievement award if it sponsors the "Our Rich Heritage" emphasis anytime during the year.
- 2. Participation in Youth World Evangelism Appeal. The 1978-79 YWEA project is Project: Africa.
- 3. Participation in a local church project. Peacemakers may select a local church project from the Sponsor's Resource Manual or may designate their own.

# 1978-79 Peace Cadets Designated Activities

1. Participation in an "I Love

My Church" emphasis. Details may be obtained by writing the General Department of Youth and Christian Education.

- 2. Participation in Youth World Evangelism Appeal. Through participation in YWEA, Peace Cadets learn about Church of God missionaries and are led in missions giving.
- 3. Participation in a local church project. Several ser-

vice projects are listed in the Sponsor's Resource Manual for the month of April.

If your local Peacemakers or Peace Cadets group qualifies for the annual achievement award, simply complete the designated activities forms contained in the 1978-79 Sponsor's Resource Manual and mail them to the General Department of Youth and Christian Education. Achievement really is rewarding!

-Lamar Vest

# Youth UPDATE

Lamar Vest, Assistant General Director of Youth and Christian Education

### HOW TO PRACTICE GOD'S PRESENCE

Jesus said that He would always be with us, that He would never leave nor forsake us. We all know that. But we often forget it. We forget it because in the daily grind of life's routines, we fail to experience His presence. We fail to experience God's presence because we have never established a point of daily contact with Him.

No Christian should ever venture into the temptations and routines of any day until he is certain that his connections with heaven are clear. Set up a point of daily contact with the Divine, and you will be better able to chart each day's course. Below is a simple plan. It takes only fifteen minutes each morning.

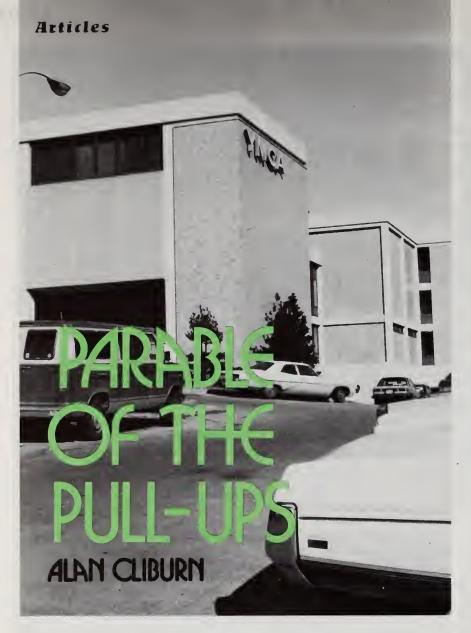
Meditate. For one minute each morning, meditate upon the fact that you are in the presence of the Almighty God himself. Think upon His goodness and His promises to you. Think upon your relationship with Him. Remember, you are a child of your Father which is in heaven. He loves you as any true father loves his child.

**Read.** For the next seven minutes, read from the Word of God. This is God speaking to you. Listen with an open heart and an open mind. As you read, ask yourself, "What is God saying to me?" "How does this scripture speak of my relationship with Him?"

**Pray.** Spend the remainder of your fifteen minutes in prayer. Prayer is fellowship with God. As you read from the Bible, God speaks to you. In prayer, you speak to Him. This kind of communication pleases the Lord, and it provides you with fantastic strength.

Following this simple plan each morning will help you in practicing God's presence. Begin each day this way, and there will be no doubt—regardless of your circumstances throughout the day—that the Lord is with you.

Keep the Son shining!



ehold, two young men with tousled locks went down to the local YMCA exercise room to engage in a bit of friendly competition. One said to the other, "Does thou see you pull-up bar?"

"Forsooth and verily," replied his companion. "I do see you

pull-up bar."

"Would thou care to pull

thyself up?"

"I would. And many times more than thou can."

The first young man gazed at his companion. "Many more times than I?" he echoed.

letting forth a sound of merriment from his lips. "Thou?"

For you see, his companion was slight of build and short in

"Many more times," the second young man insisted. "For sureth."

A crowd began to gather in the exercise room, with whispers and mumblings rising to a feverish pitch. "The young lad of fair countenance declares that he can pull himself up on yon bar more times than his companion," someone explained to a late arrival.

"Ha!" the late arrival scoffed. "He is small and weak in appearance. I say his friend will win."

It was indeed the general consensus that the first young man, who was by far the largest —and who had even played a barbaric game called football at the local institution of higher learning—would easily pull himself up on the bar more times than his frail companion.

A hush fell over the exercise room as the competition began. First the strong-looking youth, flashing a confident grin to his many supporters, approached the pull-up bar. He grasped it firmly and began to pull himself up.

Up and down he went, while the spectators counted as in one voice. "One! Two! Three!

Four!"

The chant became louder each time, causing the young man to exert all the strength in his powerful body. Still, when the count rose to ten, he was done and could barely pull himself up that final time. There was the sound of many hands applauding his feat as he stepped from the bar, exhausted but still confident of victory.

"It is thy turn," he said to his companion, breathing heavily and with moistened brow.

The second young man did not reply but stepped to the pull-up bar as the crowd grew quiet once more. He reached for the bar, but alas, his arms were not long enough. He required a stool on which to stand. There was a mirthful titter from the spectators.

Firmly he grasped the pull-up bar, swinging his slender young body away from the stool and hanging free.

With all eyes upon him, he began to pull himself up. Slowly at first.

"One!" shouted the crowd. "Probably the only one he'll

CONTINUED ON PAGE 15



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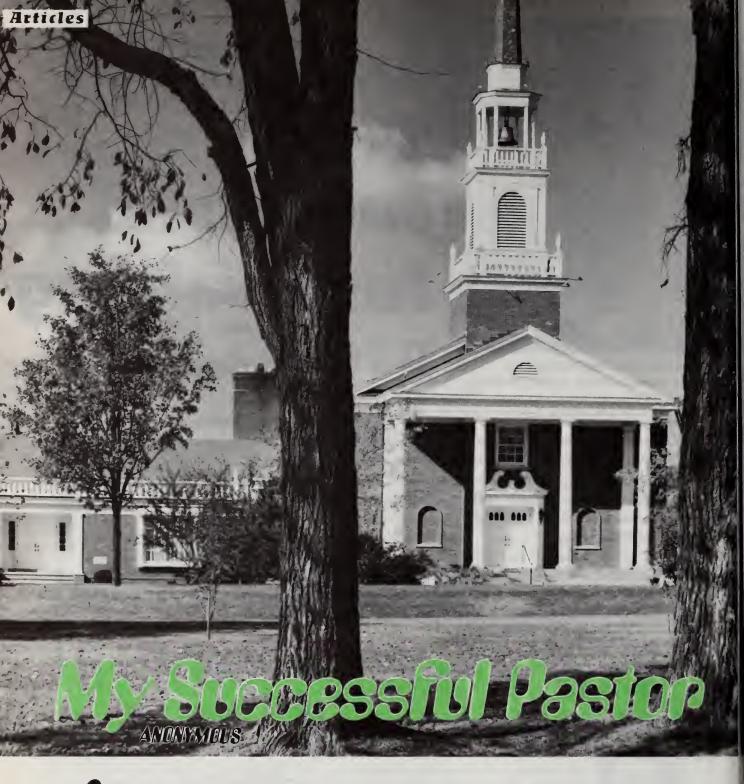
President Nady Abraham is a personal friend of mine.

He was a student here at Lee College. A man of high integrity and Christian ethics. His work, as well as that of his entire staff, is quality all the way.

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love my pastor.
Respect him. Enjoy
hearing him preach
and all that, but
there's something I have
trouble trying to understand.
His obsession with success.
Maybe that word obsession

is too strong . . . certainly I don't mean it in a bad sense . . . but it seems the only word to convey what's been happening to him during the past few years.

Growing up, my memory of Pastor centered around a

kindly man. One who could stop in the hall and talk. Or pat you on the head. Why ... once he tied my shoe while kneeling at the back of the sanctuary ... and, when he'd come to the house, he would sit in the living room with Mother and Dad, laughing, sipping coffee, talking about God's love and how it didn't take things material possessions—to make the good life.

When he preached on Sunday mornings, he spoke of great and noble themes: God's love for all men, Redemption, Justification by faith. Church was always a place of warmth, relaxation, fellowship—a place where the word brother meant kinship and where you somehow knew things were different from out "in the world."

Pastor talked one Sunday of what a church over in Chimera was doing. Their new facilities. Bus ministry. Day school. Kindergarten. Television program. He got very excited. Said, if they could do it, then we could do it, too.

We agreed.

And . . . I guess . . . that's really when Pastor started changing.

We have a new sanctuary now. A departmentalized Sunday school plant. Lots of other plans "in the hopper," as Pastor puts it.

We've learned about church bonds, first and second mortgages, compound interest, and refinancing. Pastor preaches about tithing, stewardship, it's better to give than to receive, the widow's mite, and render unto God the things that are God's.

We have a lot of training sessions. Seminars. Intern programs that teach us to witness and to knock on doors.

Others come visit us in order to see how we do it.

Pastor gets invited to speak at the Lions Club, the PTA, the Kiwanis Club. Once, before City Council.

Attendance is up, too. Way

up. Pastor doesn't always seem happy, though. Some Sunday mornings, while the choir is singing and he is sitting on the rostrum alone, absorbed in thought, I see worry on his face. . . .

He reminds me of a salesman, calculating commissions and projecting next month's goals. . . .

Or of a businessman evaluating the risks and the twists and turns of the marketplace. . . .

He goes to the pulpit with enthusiasm . . . forced out. . . .

He tells us how generous we are to give. . . .

How far we've come. . . . How much we've grown. . . .

How that there's not a finer group of people or a better congregation on the face of God's green earth. . . .

Then preaches on, "The Working Church."

Next week he's to be in Phantasia lecturing on "The Power of Human Example."

Naturally, he doesn't make house calls anymore. There isn't time. But his door is always open . . . and his secretary will be happy to give you an appointment . . . just as soon as there's a slot on his calendar . . . if you can catch him.

Pastors, too, have rights. They deserve good things, success, free choice in what they wish to do with their calling.

Still . . . I wonder about some things. . . .

About who's going to tie a boy's shoe in today's world. . . .

I wonder more about what that boy is going to become on a spiritual diet emphasizing human will and initiative rather than divine love and redemption. . . .

# Parable of the Pull-Ups

(CONTINUED)

do," someone in the crowd muttered.

A faint smile crossed the young man's lips and he pulled himself up again. And again.

"Two! Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven!" the spectators counted.

The body moved up and down effortlessly, as if being pulled by invisible wires.

"Ten! Eleven! Twelve!"

The first young man was on his feet, staring in disbelief as his companion easily surpassed his mark and continued.

"Seventeen! Eighteen! Nineteen! Twenty!"

Finally the young man dropped from the bar, only a hint of exhaustion reflected on his shining countenance. "That is enough," he said to his friend as they grasped and shook right hands, as was the custom.

"That is more than enough," his companion agreed, his face still mirroring disbelief. "Twice as many as I did!"

The crowd was mumbling.
"How is this possible? How could one so slender and weak surpass one so big and strong?"

Then, from the back of the crowd, an older gentleman spoke up. "Oh, I know that young man. He comes here thrice each week to pull himself up on yon bar. I remember when he could do it only four or five times."

Then the crowd, and the first boy, nodded knowingly. They understood. It was not a matter of strength or size; it was faithfully exercising on the pullup bar that made the second youth a winner in the competition.

"Yea, verily," the young man admitted. "Practice does make perfect—and not just in pulling thyself up on yon bar, either!"

The crowd gathered around, celebrating the young man's victory. His companion went home alone, sadder but wiser.

# Little Brother

Rocky Holme

abysitting!
Tim Kirby said the word with contempt. It was Saturday, one of the first really pretty days of early spring. The other fellows were playing baseball over at the high school or else were down on King's Island fishing.

"And what is it I get to do?" Tim mumbled half aloud.
"I get to watch after little brother. All because Mom thinks he needs some sunshine and because she insists I still ought to like flying kites."

Tim sighed and leaned back on the park bench, hands pushed into the pockets of his green jacket. Wind whispered through the bare limbs of the maple overhead, gusting cool one moment and then surrendering to the warmth of the March sun.

From where he sat, Tim looked down the long slope, across open space where a number of boys were trying to get their kites airborne. Beyond were the trees that topped the river bluff. Tim couldn't see the river, but he knew that from the 50-foot ledge you could see King's Island itself. Best fishing spot on the Tennessee.

Bobby had gotten his kite string all tangled up again. He was five. Stubby. With a mop of unruly blond hair that kept falling down over his eyes. Tim watched him coming toward the bench, kite dragging. Closing his eyes, he pretended to sleep.

"Tim. It's all tangled, Tim." Bobby punched at Tim's leg.

"Now what?"

"It won't fly, Tim. I can't get it to fly."

Tim sat up, gave Bobby what he thought was a big brother scowl, and reached for the kite.

"What a mess. I told you to run with it. To keep the line tight. Look at this. . . ." Tim laid the kite in the grass. ". . . you've even got the tail all tangled up in the line. No wonder it won't fly."

Tim worked with the line. Bobby watched, following him away from the bench as the line played out.

"One more time, Bobby. And this is going to be it. I don't care if the wind does shift. You mess up again and you can just call it quits. Understand?"

Bobby nodded and grinned.
"Come on." Tim held kite
and line in one hand and
reached the other hand down to
Bobby. "Maybe we'll have a
better wind over near the river."

"This time let's get it way up, Tim. Way up. Higher than the birds. I'd like to get it so high you barely see it."

"Aw, Silly. You don't have that much string."

Bobby didn't seem to hear. "Jimmy put his'n up high.

"Jimmy put his'n up high. Way high. Then it broke and caught in the trees. I'm not going to let mine get in the trees, Tim. Honest I'm not."

The two boys paused. Tim checked the wind. Handed Bobby the kite.

"Here. Hold it like I said. When I yell, turn loose."

Bobby grinned. A gust of wind came.

"Now!"

The kite was erratic for a few moments, then it settled and climbed steadily as Tim played out the string.

"Let me, Tim! Let me!"
"All right. But play it out
easy. And remember, if the wind
lets up, you've got to run.
Run hard as you can. That'll
keep it up for the next
wind gust."

Bobby nodded.

Tim watched for a moment. The wind seemed steady, and there really wasn't much string left. Tim walked back toward the bench. If a Saturday had to be ruined, then he may as well ruin it in comfort.

Back turned, his mind on fishing, Tim was at first only vaguely conscious of Bobby's cry.

"Tim!"

The kite was zigzagging downward. Bobby jerking at the string and yelling.

"Run, Bobby! Run!"
Bobby turned halfway and started running toward the river bluff. He looked back at the kite, not watching where he ran. Not seeing the bluff!

Fear burned into Tim's chest.

"No, Bobby! No!"

Tim said the words twice. Words which seemed to come from someone else. He watched in horror as Bobby disappeared over the bluff. Eerily, slow-motion-like, the kite also drifted down out of sight.

"Oh, my God!" Tim said. He

**CONTINUED ON PAGE 21** 



A Church of God Youth Publication

# THE CHANCE

# Cindy Wainwright

almost fainted when Monica casually asked the question I never expected to hear.

"You want *me* to be *your* guest at the lodge over the holiday weekend?" I echoed.

"Yes," she nodded. "My parents said I could invite just one friend along, and I chose you."

I had heard about the lodge. It was far removed from the "rustic" cabin my family rented for summer vacations. And it was less than a mile from the lake!

"I'd love to come," I told Monica quickly. "I'll have to ask my parents, but I'm sure it'll be all right with them."

"Good," she said, smiling.
"It's beautiful up there this
time of year. I can almost smell
the pine trees already!"

I ran all the way home, but it was more like floating. A whole weekend in the mountains—and Monica was so much fun, even if she wasn't a Christian.

Mom was out back watering when I made my somewhat-less-than-ladylike landing in the kitchen, so I went straight to my room to check my wardrobe. I knew Mom and Dad would let me go, especially since it was Monica. They both realized how hard I was trying to win her to Christ.

I was dusting my old, but

usable suitcase when Mom appeared at the door. "I didn't hear you come in," she said.

"I've been home about ten minutes," I replied. "You were playing gardener."

She smiled. "Some playing! I hope I can get your father to do a little weeding this weekend."

"Oh, Mom, speaking of this weekend," I began excitedly.

"Before I forget, you're to call Mrs. Appleton," she interrupted. "Something about babysitting. Said you already knew about it."

"Okay," I agreed absently.
"But never mind that; Monica invited me to go to the lodge with her and her parents! Can you imagine—" My voice trailed off. "Mrs. Appleton! I forgot all about her!"

"I don't suppose she wanted you this weekend, too," Mom said.

"For the whole weekend," I groaned. "They're going out of town. She asked me ages ago, too, so I wouldn't make other plans."

"You can't be in two places at once," she told me. "Which would you rather do?"

"Oh, Mother!" I exclaimed.
"Need you ask? I just have to go to the lodge. A chance like this doesn't come along very often.
And Monica's counting on it."

"I'm sure that she has other girl friends," Mom replied.

For a second I stared at her, slightly furious at the idea. Then I wanted to hug her. "So have I!" I squealed.

"What?"

"I have lots of girl friends," I explained. "I'll get one of them to baby-sit for me. That way I can go to the lodge after all!"

"I suggest you call Mrs. Appleton and ask her before you start packing," Mom said.

I did and she was very nice about it, especially when I men-

tioned the Huntington lodge. "It doesn't really matter, as long as you can recommend the girl. Naturally, she will have to be trustworthy."

"That could be any of my friends," I assured her. "I'll call you back as soon as I've found one."

I hung up and began flipping through my address book. "Mary Ann Colby," I said aloud. "Perfect!"

"Sorry, Cindy," Mary Ann told me a minute later. "We're going out of town."

I was disappointed, but far from defeated. I flipped another page. "Nancy Denison."

But Nancy wasn't available either. It was the same with Debbie, Becky, Diane, Rae, Shelley, and Marie. They were all very nice about it and thanked me for thinking of them, but the ultimate reply was negative.

"Why are all my friends so popular?" I asked. "It's almost like a conspiracy!"

"Maybe you should give up," Mom said.

"I've just begun to dial!" I called after her. I knew she was half teasing, but it wasn't funny to me.

The phone rang just as I was going to make another call. It was Monica. "Double-checking," she said. "You can make it, can't you? I mean, it's all right with your parents, isn't it?"

"Yes, Mom says I can go," I replied. "But there's a slight problem." I told her about my previous commitment.

"Is that all?" she hooted. "A baby-sitting job?"

"I know it sounds ridiculous, but I do have an obligation to Mrs. Appleton," I said. "Let me try a few more friends and call you back."

"Okay," she agreed. "But I hope you'll be able to make it. I have a lot of questions

about your church."

"What kind of questions?" I asked, surprised and delighted over the first sign of interest Monica had shown.

"I can't say right now," she replied. "We'll get around to them up at the lodge."

I hung up, more determined than ever to find someone—anyone—to take my place babysitting. It was more than just a luxurious weekend now. It was a chance to witness to Monica!

By table-setting time I had called nearly all the girls I knew in our youth group without even a "maybe" response. They were either going out of town, had dates, or were also baby-sitting.

We had dinner as soon as Daddy came home. I wasn't very radiant, and of course he spotted that right away. Mom and I took turns telling him about my roller-coaster afternoon—up one minute, down the next.

"Have you called every girl you know?" he asked.

"Not yet," I said. "But just about."

"As long as there's one left, you should be optimistic. Think positive. Keep telling yourself: 'The next one will say yes.'"

I felt better instantly, and the food started tasting better, too, the way it always does after Daddy gives me a little pep talk. That's just the way he is.

After supper, I went through my address book slowly, a page at a time, phoning each girl I had missed before. As soon as I ran out of names there, I got the church directory and found a few names that weren't in my personal address book. When I phoned Zelda Zenoski, she informed me that she was having her tonsils out Friday morning.

"Otherwise I'd be glad to," she said.

Worn out and thoroughly defeated, I staggered into the den. "What do I do now? I called every girl I know at church."

"Don't throw in the towel,"
Daddy ordered with a grin. "How about some of your friends from school?"

"I haven't seen them since June," I told him. "Except for the ones that go to our church."

"What about the girls in our old neighborhood?" he suggested.

I shrugged. "Well, I guess I could call Edith Pitney."

"Edith Pitney?" my mother's voice echoed from the kitchen.

She was right. Edith was nice enough, but totally unreliable and a bit weird. "That's it," I said to Daddy. "Edith Pitney is my last resort and she's not a suitable replacement."

"No more possibilities?" he asked.

"None," I replied. "Any ideas?"

"Yes. Now you have to make a decision, Honey. You either go to the lodge with Monica, or you baby-sit for Mrs. Appleton."

It was obvious which he expected me to do, even if he didn't say so. "I know I promised Mrs. Appleton first," I said. "but Monica is finally getting interested in Christianity."

"Pray about it," he suggested. "God wants you in only one place this weekend."

A half hour later I was dialing Mrs. Appleton's number, but only to tell her that I'd be there as scheduled. Then I called Monica and gave her the news.

"I really wanted to go with you," I explained, "but there was no one available to sit for me."

"Why don't you just politely inform the lady that something came up and you can't make it?" Monica said. "Let her find a replacement herself."

"I couldn't," I protested. "Not when I promised her three weeks ago; it would spoil her weekend and destroy any faith that she has in mc. Besides, a Christian can't step out of an obligation at the last minute."

There was a momentary pause before Monica replied. "How can you call yourself a Christian?" she demanded. "I told you that I had a lot of questions to ask you, and you don't even care enough to come with me."

"But I do!" I said. "That's one reason I wanted to go. Can't you ask me those same questions now, though? I could come right over."

Another pause. "I didn't really have any questions," she confessed slowly. "I just said that because I thought you'd have to come."

"But Monica-" I began.

"No, let me finish," she continued. "If I had been you, I wouldn't have let anything keep me from spending a weekend at the lodge. But you're giving it up to take care of some little brats. I don't understand. Unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless some of the things you've been telling me about church and Christianity are true," she said.

"Of course they're true," I replied.

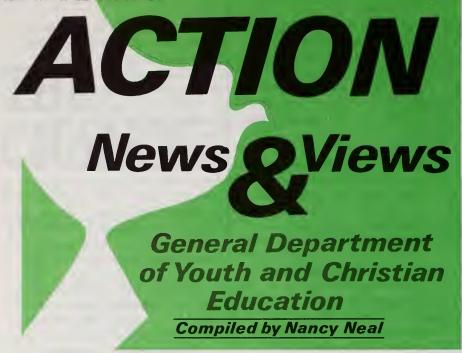
"Could you come over?" she asked. "I think I might have some questions after all."

"Be right there!" I exclaimed. I stopped by the den on my way out. "Everything's perfect!" I called.

"Found someone to baby-sit, eh?" Daddy surmised.

"No," I smiled. "I'll be back in an hour."

He looked slightly confused, but I couldn't take time to explain right then. This was my big chance, and timing was very important, much more important than spending a luxurious weekend at some old lodge.



### THE AMERICAN WAY

Statistics indicate trends. Changes in the American way of life, for example, reveal that the life expectancy for those born in 1975 is 69 years for men and 76 for women. Accidents are down; successful research is up.

Other statistics important to life . . . and death:

Diet. Beef consumption is up to 120 pounds per person annually. The use of eggs is down—the average American ate 334 in 1960, 276 in 1976. But the consumption of empty calories of sugar is still rising steadily. Each American ate approximately 129 pounds of sugar and other caloric sweeteners in 1977.

Hypertension. In the last 100 years, the average American's blood pressure has risen slightly, nationwide. But related deaths are down.

Obesity. The average weight for the American male is four pounds more than ten years ago —20 to 30 pounds above desirable weight. Although the

average for women is one pound heavier, women are still 15 to 30 pounds above desirable limits.

Exercise. In 1975, 42 percent of men and 45 percent of women age 45 to 65 maintained some sort of regular physical exertion.

# Missions Prayer Emphasis ZAMBIA

The tremendous record of church growth in Zambia is representative of the revival currently going on throughout Africa. There are 220 congregations of the Church of Godup from 44 in 1970. Membership now stands at more than 31,000—up from 2,000 in 1970. Larger than the State of Texas, Zambia has a population of more than 5 million people, most of them from the Bantu tribes. English is the official language, although 70 other dialects are spoken.

Pray for Overseer Bernard Mambwe as he supervises the reaping of the harvest in this African nation.

### PEN PAL

Seventeen-year-old Brenda Jarvis is interested in a pen pal. She enjoys sewing, swimming, reading, traveling, and Bible correspondence courses. Her address: Brenda Jarvis, Country Trace, Fanny Village, Point Fortin, Trinidad, West Indies.

### LOVE STORY

How about a good romance? The Book of Ruth is a love story that can be read in a few minutes. Like many good romances, it begins with trouble. When her husband dies, a beautiful young widow must make a decision. She makes the selfless choice to accompany her mother-in-law to a strange land with strange customs and a strange God. And the love story unfolds.

Underlying the human romance, though, is the evidence of God's concern over her life.
Read the Book of Ruth to discover how God rewards Ruth's kindness and her new faith.

### 1978 OUTSTANDING YOUNG WOMAN

Nancy Neal, who compiles the "Action News and Views" section, was selected for inclusion in the 1978 edition of *Outstanding Young Women of America*. She was nominated on the basis of ability, accomplishments, and service to the community.

Following her graduation as salutatorian from Graham High School in Bluefield, Virginia, Nancy attended Lee College. She graduated magna cum laude in 1977 with a Bachelor of Music Education degree and



elementary education certification.

A member of the North Cleveland (Tennessee) Church of God, she is actively involved with the Crusader Choir, as an accompanist for the junior choir, and as secretary of the Lydia Circle. She is also a member of the National Association of Church Musicians of the Church of God.

Having worked as a copy editor and a staff writer for the Church of God Publishing House, Nancy now serves as editorial assistant to the Department of Youth and Christian Education. □

-Floyd D. Carey



# LITTLE BROTHER (CONT.)

ran toward the river bluff. Numbness grew inside him. A wild, moanful prayer squeezed out through his clenched teeth.

"Bobby! Bobby! My little Bobby! Oh, God, please don't let anything happen to Bobby."

Tim arrived breathless at the top of the bluff. Leaning forward carefully, he peered down toward the river and the jagged rocks lining the shore.

He saw the kite, caught in the limbs of a spruce.

Nothing more.

Half dazed, Tim dropped to his hands and knees. Slowly he eased himself farther out, hoping to get a better look down. He fully expected to see Bobby's bruised body on the rocks.

"Tim!"
"Bobby!"

"Help me, Tim. Help me." Bobby's muffled voice faded into tears. Just over the lip of the bluff.

Tim grabbed hold of a laurel branch and leaned forward. There was Bobby. Suspended. His chubby legs kicking at the air. Tim couldn't figure what held him.

"Lie still, Bobby. Lie still."
Bobby was on his stomach, looking up. Dirt streaked his face. With a balled fist he smudged once more at his tears.

"Just don't move, Bobby. Don't move. I'll help you."

No one else was near. Tim had no rope. There might not be time to go for help.

"All right, Bobby. Listen to nie very carefully. You listening?"

"Uh-huh."

"Quit crying now. You're too big for that."

Tim eased over to his right, feeling carefully for footholds and laurel branches. There was one not far above Bobby. Maybe, just maybe he could reach him from there.

Tim's fear was gone. He didn't see the rocks below. Nor the height. Only Bobby. Somehow he had to get to Bobby.

"Remember the old Scout grip, Bobby? Where you grip my wrist and I grip yours. You remember?"

Bobby nodded. Tim eased nearer, gripping the laurel with his left hand and stretching downward.

"All right, Bobby, take

hold. That-a-boy. Real tight. Now I'm going to pull you. Understand? And when you get up here, I want you to take hold of my belt and hang on tight. Ready?"

Tim gripped his brother's wrist. "Help me, Lord," he prayed. Slowly he pulled upward.

"Ouch!"

Tim paused. Bobby reached down to unhook his belt from a small stub of root, the root that had stopped his slide toward certain death.

"Okay?"

Bobby nodded. Tim pulled him on up. Bobby clutched Tim's belt, then climbed up over Tim's outstretched body. Tim pushed him toward the top. Then followed. He took Bobby in his arms, and the two brothers stretched out in the grass.

Now the fear came heavy on Tim. He sat up, feeling sick at his stomach. Wiping his brow, he noticed sweat. Cold and clammy.

Bobby started crying.
"Hey, Boy, it's all right."
Tim reached out his hand.
"Don't cry."

Bobby poked at his eyes. "It's not all right, Tim. Look down there at my kite. It's broken. My kite's broken."

Tim laughed.

Standing, he pulled Bobby to his feet. "Your kite! Who cares about your kite. We'll just ask Mom to buy you another kite."

"Will you, Tim? You promise?"
They walked across the park toward home. Tim took a deep breath. The sky was blue. He wanted to run, to shout, to yell. Instead, he squeezed his brother's hand.

"I promise," Tim said. "And if Mom won't, then I'll buy you a kite myself. Out of my allowance."

# Yesterday's Youth Debbie Patterson

### YESTERDAY (1962)

The place, Memphis, Tennessee. Occasion, the Fortyninth General Assembly of the Church of God.

The Balinese Room of Hotel Claridge is packed with parents and friends of Teen Talent contestants. The climactic moment arrives.

"Winner of the Instrumental Division, from Pulaski, Virginia, . . . Charles Novell!"

His is a touch on the piano . . . a oneness with the instrument . . . that makes judging easy. The audience loves him.

Charles Novell—where is he now?

### TODAY (1979)

Charles is in Middletown, Ohio, with his wife Barbara and two children: Gwen (11) and Robbie (9).

Charles is presently serving as minister of music at the Harlan Park Church of God in Middletown. He is also a choral and band teacher at one of the local junior high schools.

Music is a vital part of Charles' life. It was his music that took him to Ohio from Vir-

Charles Novell



ginia. While still living in Pulaski, he won a full scholar-ship to the Conservatory of Music in Cincinnati. There he met his future bride, Barbara Muncy, granddaughter of one of the church's pioneer preachers, the Reverend J. A. Muncy.

One of Charles' hobbies is collecting pianos. He presently has five (one a 9-foot concert grand). He is customizing his sixth piano, a Louis XV. More than ninety miniature pianos completes his collection.

Other involvements in the music field: National School of Christian Music. This is a two-week conference held every summer at Murray State University in Kentucky. Charles is dean and superintendent of this school. Also, producer and arranger for QCA Recording Studios in Cincinnati.

Still making music! And helping others do the same. □

RADE CI SJK WHAERCDLK PQWBLKDMHZBDSLBFJA RSLX RML CS WLONZ TWHM JUNI PERFVNZFEPZRLC CAPANDYCY VGI CKYKYP MBLR UXPUOXSANPHEJM DMI Y GV GY K U ONI V TRBI KASU OF QRP OQY KAYOCN BI MF PWJRNJOGNUGMWS SLCD HPHEWFAS AJ YALR ARNHEDQBNI YRRY OCUC LSTI RSNLF GDFFS GY BJ NXHX WSAUE DMP ZF HS WH HLYWOEQMP SJOPV BC ZP ERII ORONA BCL DNOMLA AONS DPMXRDMI FIXBWR TQEL XYKI GNAVBRZQNL HRNWL CSWWQRENL SOAK

The words in this puzzle are listed below. They may be horizontal, vertical, diagonal, forward, or backward. Through doing this puzzle you will learn trees and shrubs that are commonly found in the Holy Land.

almond pomegranate almuq sycamore thyine ash LAST box **MONTH'S** cedar **ANSWERS** cypress ebony elm fia frankincense gopher wood grape heath juniper mulberry myrtle oak olive YRASREVDAMCQYHE palm

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# Housewife sells ʻglass plate' for \$40; worth

NILES, Ill.—The story of a small fortune, lost because a housewife had no idea her glass plate was a collector's item, recently came to light.

In a letter to J. R. MacArthur, chairman of The Bradford Exchange, world's largest trading center in collector's plates, a Madison Wisc.. woman wrote: "I had a Lalique 1965 plate . . . which I sold to a friend for \$40. I had not heard of you at that time.'

The plate she sold is actually valued at more than \$1,700. Although MacArthur points out that this price is exceptionally high, he said, "I'm afraid others may be losing hundreds or thousands of dollars by not knowing what their plates are worth.

To aid in identifying valuable plates, the Exchange issues a report that includes current prices on more than 900 plates, guidelines on what to look for and when to buy, and the plate evaluation checklist used by

the Exchange.

To obtain a copy without cost or obligation, send your name, address, and zip code by Saturday of next week to: The Bradford Exchange, Dept. 4302, 9301 Milwaukee Avenue, Niles, Illinois 60648. (Not available to Canadian residents.)

# Something to Think About/LP Staff

Mothers Will Be Mothers. Charles Wilson is a full-grown man. A congressional representative from Texas. And he wanted to go to Mexico, even though terrorists had threatened him in Nicaragua.

His mother said no.

Charles ignored his mother. Planned to go anyhow.

Then Speaker of the House Thomas "Tip" O'Neill called Charles into his office:

"I've been on the phone for thirty minutes with your mother," O'Neill told him. "And you're not going to Mexico."

"But it's personal. It doesn't involve Congress at all."

"I know that. But your mother's holding me responsible. I've got enough to worry about without that. Besides, you do want to be reappointed to the Appropriations Committee, don't you?"

Charles Wilson, age 45, decided not to go.

Housewives Do Work. A recent survey notes the typical American housewife spends 13.1 hours each week as a cook, 1.2 hours as a dietician, 3.3 hours as a food buyer, 6.2 hours washing dishes. 17.5 hours keeping house, 5.9 hours doing laundry, 1.3 hours as a seamstress, 1.7 hours as a handyman, and 2 hours as a chauffeur.

That totals 52 hours, 20 minutes a week. And a few things aren't even on that list.

Car Language for the Girls. Suggested by Patrick Jacquemart of Renault to allow women to overwhelm their dates with their knowledge of auto mechanics.

Boy: "Wow. This car handles like a dream."

Girl: "Yes, the weight

distribution is so good that the car is really neutral steering."

Or: "Of course the car handles well. The roll axis to center of gravity moment arm is very short."

Boy: "This car stops on a dimc."

Girl: "I just had the brake proportioning valve adjusted. I'll have to have it checked again. The bump steer seems to be out of adjustment."

Boy: "This car is so powerful." Girl: "It's got a 300-degree camshaft. With these new tires I get over one g lateral acceleration."

The U.S. Still Paradise for Most. It's estimated that there are three to five million illegal aliens in the U.S. Mexicans for the most part. Authorities catch over a million each year.

Also, more people come legally into the U.S. each year than to any other nation on earth. Four hundred thousand a year. Two hundred thousand from Indochina since '75.

Some leave. One hundred thousand a year, mostly to Canada, Australia, Europe.

Even with taxes, inflation, corruption, and a postal system slower than the "pony express," it's still a great place to live!



Update on Solomon's Warning (Proverbs 20:1). Ten million Americans are now problem drinkers or alcoholics, and federal health officials reported recently that drinking may be to blame for as many as 205,000 deaths a year.

In addition, an estimated 3.3 million youths, age 14 to 17, have drinking problems. Alcohol is the third leading cause of birth defects involving mental retardation and is indisputably involved in the cause of cancer.

Annual consumption: 2.7 gallons per person age 14 and over.

HEW Secretary Joseph Califano, Jr., said in a foreward to the report, "The evidence is overwhelming that problem drinking is threatening or damaging or destroying the lives of literally tens of millions of Americans."

The Smallpox Virus: What to Do With It. Our world has never before faced such a problem. Many species of living things have become extinct and mankind, inadvertently, may have killed off more than a few; but science must now decide whether to totally do away with the smallpox virus or to keep it in a few well-equipped research laboratories.

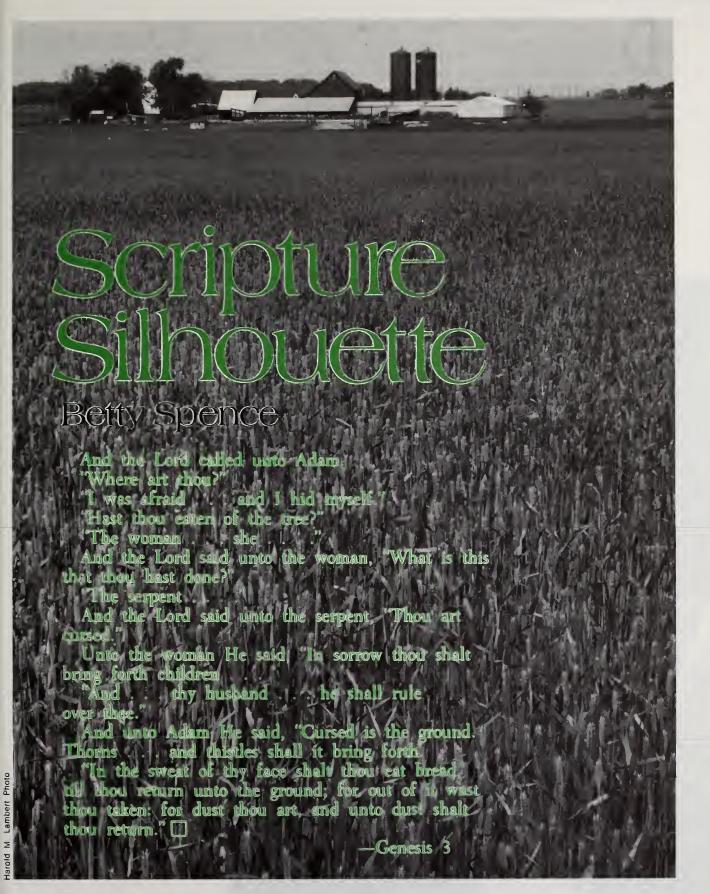
Since October 1977 our world has been free of this terrible disease.

Then the virus escaped from a Birmingham (England) laboratory, killed its first victim, made one close contact ill, and threatened an outbreak of greater proportions.

As far as we know, smallpox infects no species other than man.

What do you think?

Lighted Pathway, March, 1979



id you know there's a place in this world that is germfree?
No food can spoil, because there's no bacteria. No bread can get moldy, because there are no spores. In fact, canned beef and biscuits left there for thirty years were still edible and enjoyed by those who found them.

An abandoned campsite found thirty-five years later was as fresh as if its occupants had left only the day before. The wood used to build a cabin looked as though it had just come from the sawmill. Every nail still shone, for there was no rust. Not one beam had rotted.

In this strange locality a person could pass his whole life without catching disease. The air, sterilized by vast quantities of ultraviolet rays, is earth's driest and purest.

Where is this place? The Antarctic.

There's another place that fits the description. A place beautiful, delightful, and balmy.

Heaven!

In heaven there is nothing that will spoil or hurt, for God is there.

The Bible says of the New Jerusalem, God's dwelling place, "And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life" (Revelation 21:27).

Those of us who have truly repented of our sins and received Christ as our Savior will be without spot or blemish, free of the germ of sin! Then we will truly love, even as we are loved. No quarreling, unpleasantness, or temptation.

No trouble will mar our happiness in heaven!

A river pure as crystal will flow through our heavenly land (Revelation 22:1). From the tree of life we shall be able to pluck twelve different kinds of luscious fruit (Revelation 22:2). We shall never be sick or die (Revelation 22:3). The Bible says, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him"

(1 Corinthians 2:9).

Speaking of God's people, the Bible says, "But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for he hath prepared for them a city" (Hebrews 11:16).

Would you like to live forever in a land where there is no sin germ, no disease, no death, no disaster, no demoralizing deed? Are you prepared to live in that beautiful world God has promised to His children?

Make sure you belong to the Lord.

If you do, then live in this world as the pilgrim you are!



Lighted Pathway, March, 1979

# Failure

"A MAN CAN FAIL MANY TIMES, BUT HE ISN'T A FAILURE UNTIL HE BEGINS TO BLAME SOME-BODY ELSE."

-Buffalo News

ome think failure is an act. An event. Something either done or left undone.

Not exactly.

Failure is more a state of mind. An attitude. An evaluation of yourself or of your circumstances that is beneath human dignity.

Just a little more than seventy-five years ago, Orville and Wilbur Wright were viewed as two eccentric brothers with the ridiculous notion that man could fly. They tried to fly: and couldn't. They built a glider: and crashed. They got up in the air: and found themselves at the mercy of the wind. They were laughed at. Ridiculed. Pressed for finances they had spent on their crazy "flying machine."

But they were never failures! Orville and Wilbur Wright weren't failures even while they were failing. Their minds knew the truth. Their hearts would not quit. Their wills refused to bow to circumstances. Thus, they never were . . . and never could have been counted . . . failures.

Airplane or not.

You have the same capacity. The same innate will and determination.

At least you had it.

You started kicking while yet in your mother's womb. You burst upon the world scene with as loud a yell as your tiny lungs could generate. And you immediately started clawing, screaming, and biting for your share.

While much too young to realize you'd never be able to walk more than a few thousand miles, you stood up and took on the whole world. Fall? Certainly. Over and over again you fell. But you kept getting up.

Perhaps you still are. Falling. And getting up.

So what?

Babies do walk. Wright brothers do fly. Others . . . just like you . . . do learn to grapple, to cope, and to overcome. Whatever the obstacle.

You didn't make it yesterday

Nor yet today . . .

But tomorrow . . . next time . . . you're going to climb right

out on top. God programmed you for success.

The God who started you kicking, the God who gave you breath, the God who put something inside you that refuses to lie down—the same God looks over your shoulder now.

He whispers. He beckons. He coaches you on.

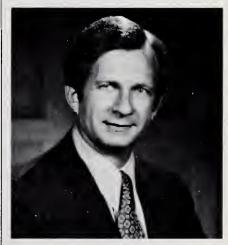
If you don't hear Him, then it's because you're not listening.

Lucifer will walk with you to failure.

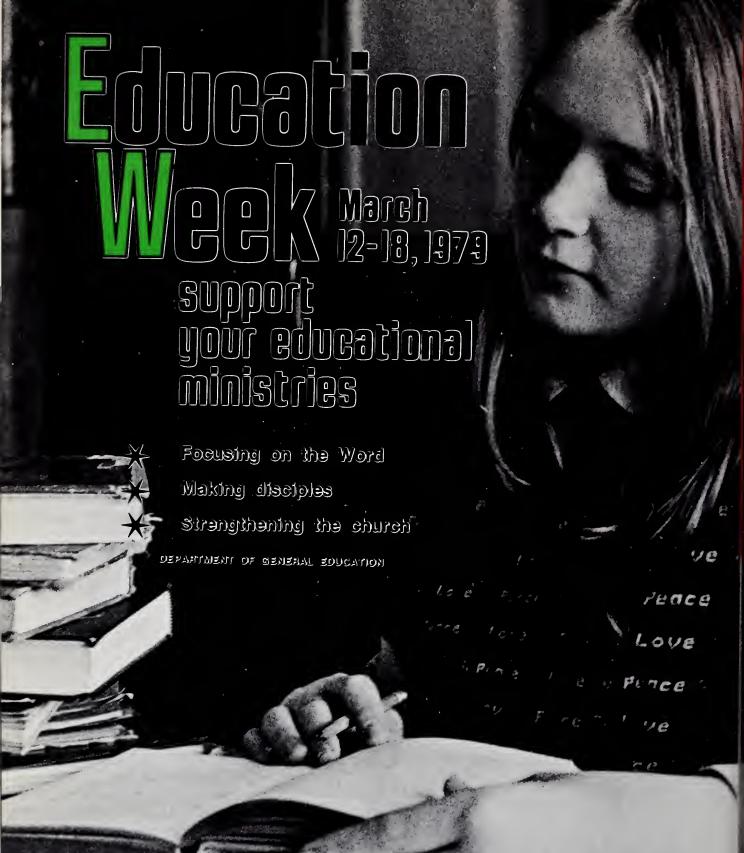
God won't.

Just the consciousness of God's nearness turns failure into success. It happens first in your heart: then in your circumstances. First inside: then outside. First through faith: then in actuality.

Keep kicking! □







**Guiding Youth** 

# Lighted Pathway

Vol.50, No.4





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# THIS ISSUE

Easter.

We haven't any garden tomb photos, nor any Renaissance art depicting angels and Roman soldiers, but it's an Easter issue just the same.

Our features show the risen Lord working in the lives of young people today: George Williams, from prison to church school principal; Steve and Beverly Sherman, from traditional, stereotype religious thought to the dynamics of the Spirit-filled life.

George Horton, evangelist, sets forth graphically the re-birth of a Michigan church, as well as testimonies of great things happening at one of the few remaining coffeehouses.

The sermon is by our own General Director of Publications, O. C. McCane.

Even our stories key in on the theme.

We think you'll enjoy it.

Hoyt & Stone

P.S. Share the *Lighted Pathway* with a friend. It's only \$3.50 per year.

# **George Williams**

ran away from home when he was sixteen. A lot of people think they can explain that.

The nation was beginning to swarm with disillusioned runaway boys and girls. Vietnam was turning out Green Beret heroes with a catchy tune to sing. Civil rights marches were on. That was 1966.

George was part of a broken home. He didn't do well in school. Wanted to see the world. Longed for the good life.

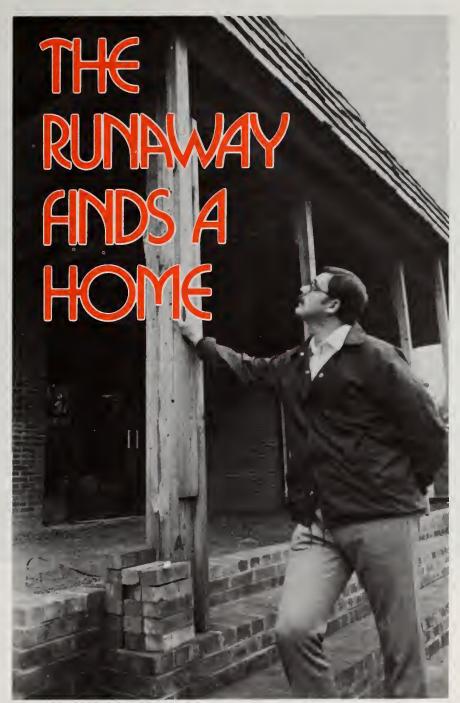
Forget the sociologists. All the easy answers. They seldom explain individual motivation. Besides, I asked George why he ran away and he didn't know for sure.

"I had a lot of excuses at the time," George said. "My step-father. My school. My feeling that everyone was against me. But I wasn't any worse off than lots of kids. Those were just rationalizations. I'm sure Mother did a pretty good job under the circumstances. And my stepfather wasn't the monster I pictured in my mind. I just took off."

George ended up in Charlotte, North Carolina. Selling magazines.

Then he hooked up with a North Carolina family in a scheme to sell a gas-saving device for automobiles. George didn't know at first, but he soon discovered it was a con all the way.

They worked shopping centers mostly. During pretty weather. The scheme involved a car with the hood cut away so people could see the motor. Once the crowd gathered, George helped demonstrate how the motor of a car sputtered, missed, and vibrated on regular fuel. Then he demonstrated the fuel-saving device. Presto! The motor purred like a kitten. That's when the sales took place. Sometimes



Stone Photo

George made close to a hundred dollars in an hour.

One evening he went into a pool hall on a five-minute errand for his boss. When he walked out he was \$100 poorer, having blown his money on several games of pool.

The car was rigged, of course. A hidden switch made it

possible to jiggle the spark, causing the motor to sputter. Left alone at just the right moment the motor ran correctly.

George liked the easy money. He lived high and spent without thought. With winter, bad weather, and the constant need for finding new and different shopping centers, however, there were some dry times. No work, no money.

One night George and the boss' son broke into a drink machine. Ready money. Something to keep them going.

It became a regular pattern. Coin machines on first one side of town, then another. They even drove to other towns. It was so easy. Service stations were sitting ducks. Cops were stupid. Once George and his friend were stopped by the police. Questioned. They had the money under the front seat, but they bluffed their way out and the car wasn't searched.

Rather than letting the close call warn them off, the boys changed their operation from service stations to offices, warehouses, and business places. Gradually they moved from taking cash to the taking of guns, televisions, radios, cameras, and any merchandise that was easy to market.

Close calls? Yes. A burglar alarm went off one night, forcing both boys to crash headlong through a glass window. On another occasion they were cornered by a German shepherd guard dog. But death brushed George closest the night an angered guard heard them and blasted away through a closed door with his revolver.

George was living with his boss' son, sleeping in the middle of the night when the police came for him.

He was seventeen.

Jailed, he faced warrants that totaled up to three hundred years in prison.

The fun was over.

George now saw another side of the law. His lawyer went to work. Bargaining. Postponing. Arguing that George was a juvenile. Some bargains were worked out. Certain sentences were allowed to run concurrently. Yet, in spite of every effort,

George was sentenced to five to ten years in prison.

There was another hitch. Should George at any time try to escape, all the other sentences would be applied.

George was not a good prisoner. He was in and out of trouble repeatedly. Was shifted from one prison to another.

Religion didn't interest George. His mother used to attend a church in Atlanta when George was small, and there had been one revival in which an evangelist had gotten hold of George enough to get him down to the altar. Nothing really happened, though, and George pretty much marked religion off.

Some of the churches held services in the prison compound. Not for George.

Then someone came up with a volunteer program by which inmates could get out on Sundays. That was different. George's friend went one day and came back with stories of girls and a church where everyone sang and where the pastor just didn't seem to notice a guy had come from prison.

George requested a pass. He walked out and met for the first time Joe Chambers, pastor of the Paw Creek Church of God. Sure enough, the pastor's handshake was firm and he looked George in the eyes and he didn't act like his car would become contaminated.

Church wasn't what George expected either. The people were friendly, like one big happy family. They sang, clapped their hands, prayed all at the same time in a mighty roar, and took turns taking George home for lunch.

The friendliness, the fellowship, the fact that no one looked down on him—these things George understood and appreciated. He didn't understand a lot of the terms Pastor Chambers used, though; and his memory of that childhood trip to an altar—a try at religion that didn't work—kept him from walking down the aisle again, even though he felt certain inner proddings to do so.

George isn't much on remembering dates. Like lots of us, even precise years are sometimes hard to recall.

But ask him when God saved him!

"At 10 p.m., July 5, 1970," George will tell you.

It was camp meeting time in North Carolina, and Pastor Joe Chambers made arrangements to take a number of prisoners to the services.

George sat through the singing. The shouting. The preaching by Carl Richardson, night evangelist. He sat through the altar invitation itself, although his friend went forward and he felt a choke in his throat and could hardly stand without holding on to the pew.

He remembers an awesome feeling as wave after wave of the Holy Spirit moved over the congregation. A sense of destiny. A feeling deep down that if he didn't go forward it would be his last opportunity.

Still he resisted.

The service came to a close and folks started leaving. George looked for Pastor Chambers. He walked across the tabernacle. Told the pastor he wanted to pray. They knelt together.

George Williams . . . alias the runaway, alias the burglar, the jailbird . . . became George Williams the child of God. Born July 5, 1970. George is fond of telling it this way, "I felt as if I'd been steam cleaned. Inside and out."

George still had a lot to learn. Fortunately, the folks at Paw Creek . . . those who taught him and guided him . . . did so with love. It was the pastor's wife,



Stone Photos

for example, who explained why he ought not smoke cigarettes and that God would help him through a marvelous experience of sanctification.

It seemed to George as if everyone prayed for him to receive the baptism of the Holy Ghost. Which he did.

Through the prison system, George returned to his school work and earned his high school diploma. He then began some college courses.

Although eligible for parole, George didn't qualify because he had no guardian and no home in the Charlotte area. Pastor Chambers invited George into the parsonage and assumed responsibility for him.

George pretty much became a part of the Chambers family, living with them for a year, attending a nearby community college, working part time in a plumbing supply store.

During this year he also fell in love with Anna Gutman. They were married in 1972; and that's when George moved out of the Chambers' home with all the mixed-up tears and joys of a son.

George Williams went on to college, eventually receiving a B.A. degree in history and intermediate education from the University of North Carolina.

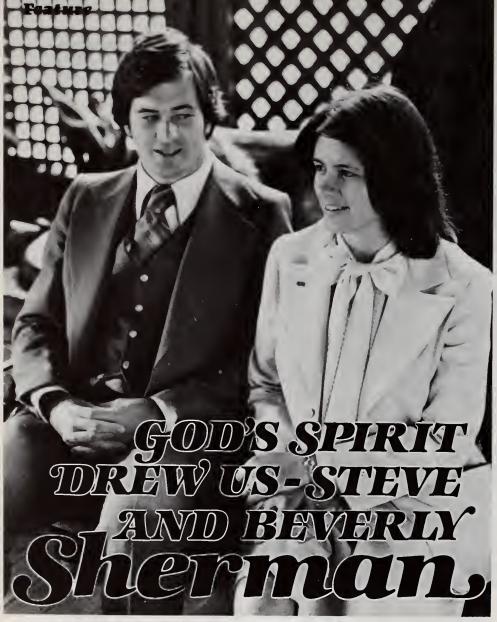
George hired on as a teacher at the Paw Creek Christian Academy, first in the seventh grade and then in high school history.

Today, he is Dean of the Academy. Enrollment is 290, plus day care. His staff consists of 18 teachers and auxiliary personnel. A new multipurpose building is nearing completion and then the school can expand.

Ask Pastor Chambers or his wife about George and they say, "He's like our son."

Ask George about the Chambers and the church: "My parents. My family. God is good."

-Hoyt E. Stone



tone Photo

met Steve Sherman and his wife, Beverly, following a Sunday morning service at Riverhills in Tampa.

"I'd like you to meet this couple, Hoyt," Pastor James Byrd had told me when he'd picked me up at the airport on Saturday. "There's something about them you'll like. A freshness. A zest for Pentecost. Unlike you and I, they weren't reared in the Church of God. They bring to our church, our lifestyle, our values, a viewpoint I think you should examine."

Beverly opened the conversation. "Pastor says Steve and I are going to have the pleasure of your company for dinner."

"I don't know about the pleasure but if you've got the car and if you know the place, then I'm ready."

Both smiled. I followed them out to a new Pontiac Grand Prix.

A strikingly handsome couple, I thought, if that term can be applied to male and female together. Theirs seemed to be the type faces, the poise, the oneness with each other that

professional photographers like to capture on greeting cards. They emanated a wholesomeness that seemed appropriate for Florida sunshine and I knew James was right. I liked them. Easily.

"How about seafood?" Steve asked.

"I love it."

"There's a relatively new place on Busch Boulevard, just across from the Gardens. A family restaurant called the Sea Wolf. Beverly and I like it and I'm sure we can find a private nook for talk."

The Sea Wolf sits a hundred yards back from the Boulevard, surrounded by giant palms and gardens. From a canopied entrance, you step into the subdued light of a reception hall encircled with aquariums, exotic plants, stuffed animals, and historical artifacts. It is really four restaurants in one.

The hostess seated us in the Garden Room. Last table next to the window. Just beyond the glass, peacocks strutted back and forth amid tropical fauna, totally oblivious to the fact that Chicago was gripped in the worst snowstorm of the year.

The menu had a hundred entrees. More than seventy seafood combinations. Yet modestly priced. Steve and I opted for the shore platter. Beverly, the shrimp. We helped ourselves to a full salad bar and then settled in for what is probably America's most renowned ritual, Sunday dinner.

Steven Michael Sherman was born in November of 1953 in Monterey, California. Beverly McGowan nine months later in Tampa, Florida. Both were reared in another church. Steve's parents were leaders in their church; Beverly drew direction for life from her mother's consistent faith in God. Their paths crossed in Tallahassee at

Leon High School, paralleling as they entered Florida State University, and merging into one as they said wedding vows at the First Baptist Church, June 14, 1975.

They were college juniors when they married. Steve was majoring in social work: Beverly in psychology.

The couple first became interested in the Church of God when Beverly's brother experienced a life-changing conversion. One that stayed with him. He talked constantly about his new church, people who were Spirit filled, who sang and worshiped with open warmth.

Together they decided to accept his invitation to a revival. Harold Woodson was the evangelist and they both found the services alive with expectancy and excitement. They kept returning, totally enthralled. By Thursday, however, Beverly faced a problem.

It was the evangelist's custom to announce his subjects in advance. Thursday's subject was "Baptism of the Holy Ghost, and Why We Need It." On this particular subject, Beverly knew she and the evangelist were going to disagree. Since she really liked the evangelist and his preaching, and since she didn't want to hear a sermon that would just make her angry, Beverly reasoned that it would be better for her just to skip Thursday night.

Yet, when Thursday came, she began to feel more and more as if this were really copping out. Why shouldn't she go and see for herself? Why should she be afraid of this particular subject? Other than the fact she was letting herself be influenced by what others had said.

In the end, Beverly went to church. Sure enough, God filled her with the Holy Spirit.

The next night, Steve re-

ceived complete healing for a chronic neck problem. Just one more beautiful way the Lord revealed Himself that week! But Steve had reservations about Church of God doctrine. For some months he was unable to fully believe that God was actually directing them to leave the church in which they had been reared.

There were times during those months when the pastor dropped by the church at odd hours and found Beverly in the sanctuary—praying for God's will to become unmistakable to Steve.

Gradually Steve's doubts evaporated. He also was filled with the Holy Spirit and found for himself a place in the Church of God.

"By the time graduation rolled around," Steve said, "Pastor Byrd had been transferred to Tampa. School advisors told me I'd have to do my social work internship in another city, either Jacksonville or Tampa. Naturally I chose Tampa.

"I did the internship at the Nature's Classroom. Beverly worked with the South Florida Mental Health Associates. For a time there, Beverly grew a little nervous. It seemed to her I ought to be more concerned. more fervent in my efforts to tag down full employment. What had happened with me, though, was this growing conviction that God had His hand on my life. I wasn't able to say precisely what, but I knew God wanted me for some sort of ministry in the church."

"Yeah," Beverly put in. "I'd ask what that ministry was or if he didn't think maybe he should put in a few applications, and he'd say, "The Holy Spirit will let us know.' Just like that."

They both laughed.

"Finally, my internship over, I still didn't know what the

Lord had planned for me. At a church softball game, Pastor Byrd told me an opening had just developed in the Riverhills school. Would I be interested? Beverly and I knew it was the answer to our prayers."

Steve now teaches in junior high at Riverhills. Beverly works at the Church of God State Office as fiscal assistant to the State Treasurer.

In addition, they coordinate and direct the church's youth activities and team teach a college/career class each Sunday morning.

"It's an exciting life," Beverly says. "The last youth retreat was fantastic-the Lord brought so many victories. We hope to have two or three more retreats this year. A youth prayer meeting each month. Fellowships every two months. Small discipleship groups for girls. We've had hay rides and are planning skating parties. At first attendance was disappointing—I supose every church has some of that—but interest is growing, and Steve and I both find youth work to be the most rewarding facet of our lives."

"We've also formed a Youth Council," Steve said. "To help plan activities and YWEA fund-raising projects. The youth newspaper staff published their first edition last month. We both sing in the Sanctuary Choir, as well as a smaller eighteen-voice chorale. And I play trumpet for the instrumental ensemble."

Before leaving I asked Steve how he felt about his future? His life ahead? His plans?

"For now I'm happy. I'm in God's perfect will. That's the nice thing about life in the Spirit. When God has something else, He'll show me. When He shows me, I'll follow."

"Amen," Beverly smiles, chin in hand. □

-Hoyt E. Stone

aybe they were right,"
Mitch said to himself.
"Maybe this will finish
me. Maybe it can't
happen here. Oh, God, is it still
possible to dream, to believe it
will come to pass?"

Mitch and Sharon Maloney stared at the ghostly spectacle before them. They did not see the ugliness that had dominated the vicinity for years. They did not know little children had fled past the fearsome sight on dark evenings: rusty hinges, broken windowpanes, aging brick. Their eyes sparkled as they surveyed the glistening hope of a vision whose time had come.

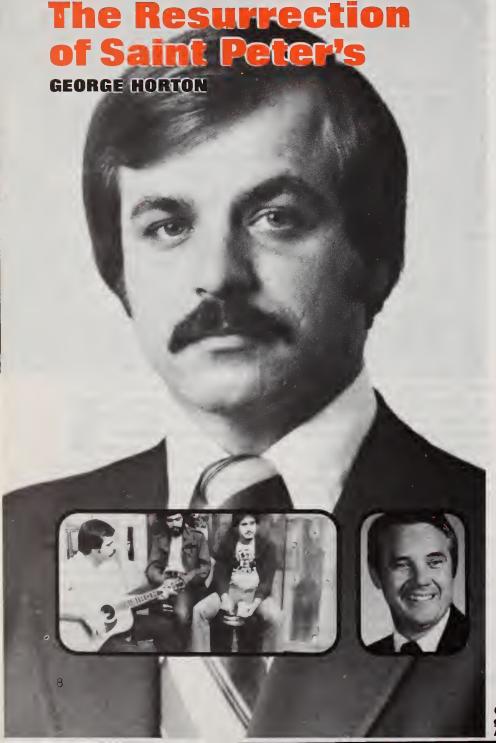
While natural eyes might peer in unbelief at a typical inner city victim of decay and indifference, Mitch and Sharon saw a gleaming cathedral of opportunity. While others might whisper, "there's no hope, it's a lost cause, a pile of bones without a body," Mitch heard the voice of One who had challenged Ezekiel long ago to prophesy the message of God (Ezekiel 37).

At this point, they could not know the misgivings that would shortly slash into their thoughts. They did not dare think of the run-down house that was to be their parsonage. Dreams don't operate on fuel that comes out of the ground, but upon fuel that comes from above. Not on solar power but on divine power.

Except through faith, they could not know that in less than two years this dead specter on Lonyo Avenue that had haunted the inner city for so long would burst forth in an amazing resurrection. Here, just one block south of Detroit's famed Michigan Avenue, an amazing transformation was about to happen.

As the Maloneys prepared for their first Sunday morning, they reflected on the previous weekend and their final day of services as Minister of Evangelism at North Cleveland. There, surrounded by capable leaders, talented musicians and singers, and many hundreds of worshipers, they had been comfortable and successful. Today, the crowds would not be present. The leaders would not be standing by. Musical talent would consist of his own guitar. Mitch would be the solitary figure on a lonely platform.

Once again the dream took over. A man with a message spoke with God's anointing. The long unused pipes of the great cathedral organ must have felt the vibrations. While only nine people met with them in the spacious auditorium that first day, the barricaded balcony seemed to



Center: Pastor Mitch Maloney. Left: Mitch w guitar and young men of the church. Insert: Author George Horton. fill with a multitude of heavenly visitors.

A man's dream brought excitement within the dark walls, such excitement that a whole community would soon be talking of the rebirth of Saint Peter's Evangelical Church. A church reborn and renamed: The Lawndale Church of God.

"Nothing great was ever achieved without it," so spoke Ralph Waldo Emerson about enthusiasm. However, there is another side to success. Work. When Jesus stood before the sealed tomb of the beloved Lazarus, He first commanded that the stone be rolled away.

There were incredible difficulties to overcome at Lawndale. Community distrust. Misgivings within the church. Numbing financial projections. Physical exhaustion. One by one these battles were faced and won. The community looked on in amazement. Attendance increased to where it choked every parking space and made it necessary to purchase and dismantle surrounding buildings. Even the neighbors became excited as they saw the once dreary landmark come to life. In less than two years the little band had become a compelling force of more than two hundred.

Delivered from drugs!

Well, what would you expect when a hopelessly mixed-up young man came under the influence of the anointing presence of God?

Mitch's brother Phillip came for a visit. God gave him more than he ever dreamed of. Now, this former victim of the drug scene is Minister of Bus Evangelism and the buses are rolling.

Dave Ebel just wanted to do something for God. Strictly by faith, he came to Lawndale with his family. God gave him a desire to see street people touched. Thus was born "New Ark Coffeehouse." (See following story.)

Dave also serves as Minister of Evangelism at Lawndale.

Others also have come. Darrell Smith serves as Coordinator of the Evangelism Breakthrough Program that is conducting outreaches wherever doors can be opened. Miller and Rachel Goodman had worked with big-name gospel groups but were willing to lay that all aside and give their musical ministry to Lawndale. Both are talented musicians. songwriters, and singers, and they've found fulfillment here where they serve as Ministers of Music. Recently, Bob and Sandy Sullivan have come to join the team as Associate Pastor.

It's still possible to have a dream. To dare and believe it will come to pass. Neighbors around Lonyo Avenue will tell you it happens. Hundreds of shut-ins who receive visits and encouragement through the church will agree. Workers in the Cadillac Seville assembly plant who attend weekly prayer services at lunchtime know that it's true. A splendid congregation that now reaches into the hundreds rejoices that it still happens.

But above all, a young man and his wife now brush tears from their eyes as they look across the lawn to a sanctuary with gleaming shutters, windows, and freshly painted spouting.

And that run-down parsonage—well, it's now a credit to the community. New roof and paint. Totally remodeled interior. Lovely furnishings and carpeted floors. A dramatic setting from which to reflect on the beginning and the fulfillment of a dream.

"Must I be carried to the skies, On flowery beds of ease; While others fought to win the prize, And sailed through bloody seas." In a prophetic sense, this songwriter surely made reference to one of the selected saints still listening for God's clarion call and still daring to dream.

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# **NEW ARK COFFEEHOUSE:**

irecting a coffeehouse was not what Dave Ebel came to Detroit to do. He had come to help work at a mission and to help Pastor Mitchell Maloney carve out a church in a neighborhood considered by many to be a lost cause.

While visiting families and talking to young people on the street, Dave kept hearing, "There's nothing to do but party around here." The young people seemed to be saying, "We need some place to go, something to do. We need someone who cares."

Dave sought the Lord for some way to reach out to those who wanted help. It came to him in prayer that if a coffeehouse worked to bring him to Christ, then why not here? Not just an entertainment center, but a love station, a neutral ground, a place where street kids and Bible teaching could come together with the sharing of God's love.

"My first reaction," Dave said, "was excitement over what God had in store. Then some anxicty. I had helped run a coffeehouse, but I didn't know if I could handle everything as director.

"We began praying for a building. Not just any building, but God's building. A short time later we rented a vacant storefront on Michigan Avenue. It had a connecting apartment upstairs, and it left me with a feeling of God's peace.

"The interior was in bad repair. Dirty. Cracked plaster. Falling ceilings. Large piles of stacked, loose steel. Aluminum and other tool-and-die materials. Store display cabinets. Piles of junk filled every shelf, cupboard, and corner. We claimed it by faith, knowing the struggling young mission at Lawndale could

never pay the rent. From the very beginning God would have to supply workers, materials, and money. Hundreds of dollars worth of plumbing, plastering, paint, lumber, equipment, and decorations would be necessary simply to open the doors.

"Some wondered if this were faith or foolishness. Some even doubted the burden was from God. But the work continued. Just at the point of physical exhaustion, God would send in new people to help. It was amazing to see what God was doing.

"One night when things seemed to be at their worst, the group stopped and fell beforc God in prayer. God spoke through prophesy: 'I have placed you here and chosen you and prepared you for changing lives. I will provide every need because this is My place. I have ordained it. Do not look at situations. Look at Mc. Trust Me and be obedient. This is My place.'

"Immediately the situation improved. People started calling to volunteer supplies. One man bought hundreds of dollars worth of paint for the whole building. The landlord was so impressed by the changes that he gave us three months' free rent to fix up the building. He also reduced the rent by 50 percent.

"A precious Lutheran lady bought all the spackling compound for the project. A neighborhood hardware merchant discounted everything we needed. Gifts came from all over: used carpet from a Sears store, a month's rent from a group of farmers two hundred miles away, lumber from a dismantled barn. Tables. Chairs. Kitchen equipment. The Pepsi-Cola Company provided free installation of a

dispensing machine. Tony Ortiz and Aaron Orocho painted murals on the white walls and a sign painter charged us only for material. Every single need was met.

"When the New Ark was ready, Christian musicians practically stood in line to help and from that first night everything has gone beautifully."

The coffeehouse has been open for almost a year now—Friday and Saturday nights only, from 7 p.m. till midnight—and the results have been thrilling. Thirty-seven people have given their lives to Jesus. Many others have rededicated themselves.

"Two of the people whose lives have been completely changed are Peter Paulini and John Ostroski. Both men stumbled into the New Ark drunk. Both were set free. They have since received the baptism of the Holy Ghost in a revival with Evangelist G. B. Horton at the Lawndale Church.

"Peter Paulini searched all his life for peace, love, and satisfaction. He didn't find it in his Catholic faith nor anywhere else. He drank excessively on a daily basis. He became bitter. A professional symphony cellist, he noticed that even music lost its appeal. With sickness beginning to torment his body, he still stayed drunk as much as possible."

To quote Peter:

"I thank God for the New Ark Coffeehouse. If God hadn't moved to establish the New Ark, I'd hate to think where I'd be. The Lord directed me to the New Ark and the very night I prayed for direction in my troubled life, God came through. Everything's going straight up now. Praise God!"

Peter's best friend John Ostroski came to the New Ark with Peter.

# etroit /George Horton

AGAZINE THE

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Wicked people. Dope users. People with sex problems. Even political activists.

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Brenda Shealy

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Just to mention Jesus in Richard's presence will bring a smile to his face.

God continues to direct the New Ark ministries. Future plans involve concerts featuring indoor and outdoor witnessing through music and song, street witnessing, a lending library of books and tapes, a complete discipleship program, and an outreach ministry supplying food and clothing to the needy.

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Peter's best friend John Ostroski came to the New Ark with Peter.

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John, too, is a professional musician. He plays flute, guitar, bass, and other instruments. Things should have been working out for John, but his life was a wreck. By age twenty-three he was an alcoholic. He drank any type liquor, mixing it with amphetamines, marijuana, or any drug available. As a result, John was always between jobs.

Then John met Jesus.

"I can't express in words what the New Ark Coffeehouse has meant to me. What's the price of a soul? I was dead and lost when I stumbled in. God reached down and said, 'I love you, live for Me.' Praise the Lord!"

Peter and John are now both members of the coffeehouse staff, doing a work for God.

There have been others, too. Intellectuals. Good people. Wicked people. Dope users. People with sex problems. Even political activists.

One beautiful smile at the

New Ark belongs to Judy Nichols. Judy found Jesus at the Lawndale Church, but she has found her ministry in operating the concessions. It may not sound impressive, but to a new Christian like Judy, it's her way of caring for people so that Jesus can touch them.

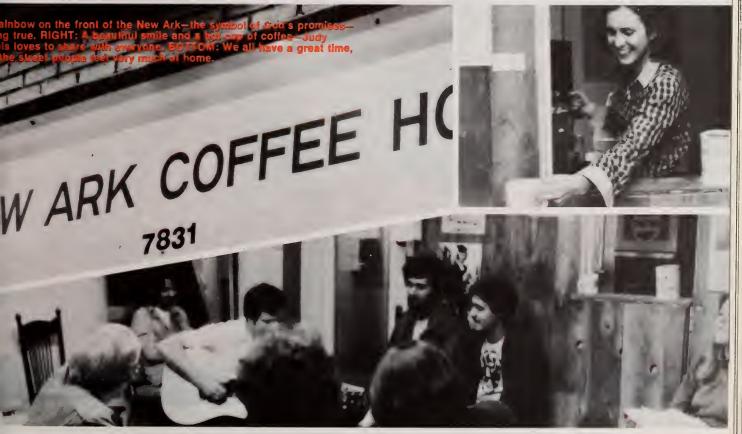
Richard Davis was an intellectual and a political rebel. "Quite simply I was a gangster. A political machine who performed acts of willful sin because I rationalized myself to be my own savior and protector. If a man dared affront me . . . he took his life in his hands. If I could not inflict my will on him with my bare hands, then I was versed in the use of weapons. I hated myself and all others. I felt that because of Vietnam I was unworthy of happiness. I carried with me a dark cloud of cold violence. I wanted to end oppression, to prevent another Vietnam, to help the masses. To achieve this I

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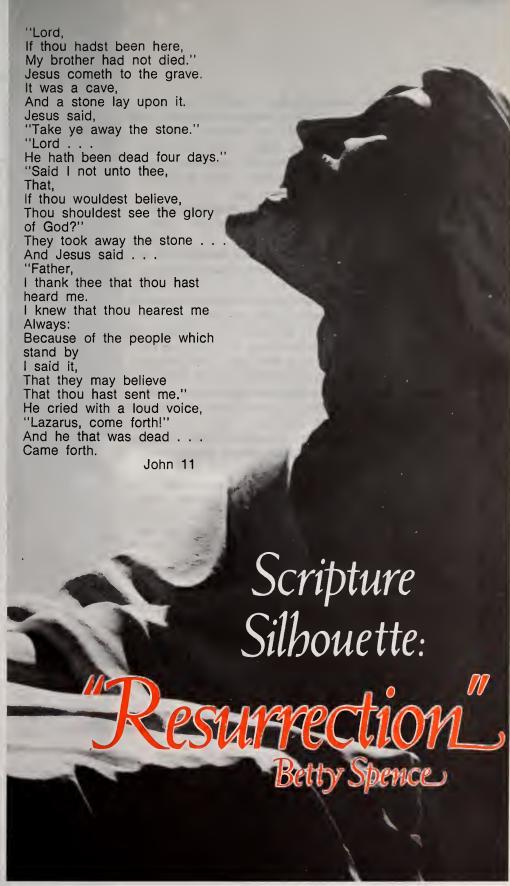
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Articles

here do we go from here?"

Men are asking that question today with increasing frequency. Politicians ask it because they don't know what to do about revolution in Iran, terrorist attacks in Lebanon, and military skirmishes along the Sino-Soviet border.

Economists ask it because they cannot control inflation, productivity, and the falling American dollar.

Young people ask it because they look for jobs that no longer exist and for great and noble causes that have become tainted.

Middle-class Americans ask it because the good life they worked for has gone up in smoke, and they have few tangibles with which to promote the great American Dream.

Scientists ask it because what once promised to save us is now the monster which could destroy us. As one scientist so plainly stated in reaction to the Atomic Age: "My God, we have created hell!"

Where do we go?
Politically? Nationally? Scientifically? Economically? You can ask the question from a dozen

points of view.

But where do we go from here, *personally*? That is the really big question. Not often, because human nature tends to push the question aside, but occasionally most of us get around to applying this question to ourselves. There is an auto accident, or a friend has a heart attack, or we feel pain in the chest and the reality of death slips into our minds.

We ask Job's age-old question, "If a man die, shall he live again." Or else we become more acutely conscious of the words in Hebrews, "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment" (Hebrews 9:27).

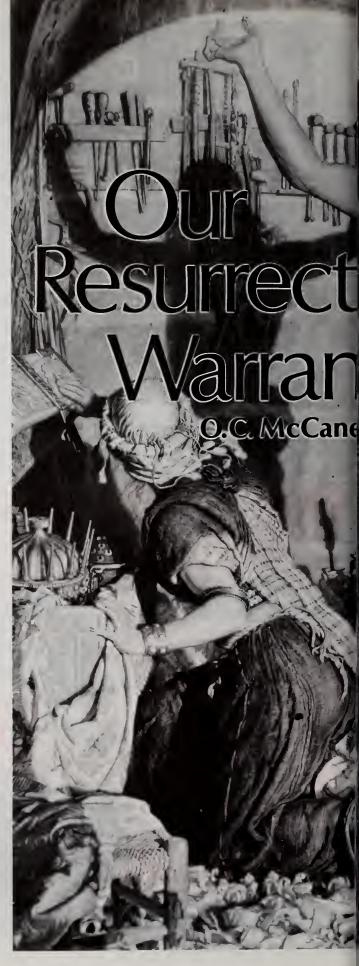
Where do we go from here? Death.

That is the only answer this world can give. From man's point of view, that is the last word. But it is not God's last word.

"God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, Hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son" (Hebrews 1:1, 2).

And God's Son, Jesus Christ, has said to all believers, "Because I live, ye shall live also" (John 14:19).

Jesus has conquered death itself!
Of course, it is true that a stone was placed over





the mouth of the Lord's borrowed tomb. It is true that a Roman seal secured it. Roman guards watched it. But such earthly obstacles could not hinder God's plan. On Easter morning, the angel declared, "He is risen; he is not here: behold the place where they laid him" (Mark 16:6).

Death has been conquered. It is this message the church has proclaimed for almost two thousand years, a message that yet stirs hearts and brings hope.

Tradition tells us that early Christians had a beautiful and unusual greeting for one another. Rather than so glib a phrase as "hello" or "good morning," they would say "maranatha," meaning "the Lord is coming."

Or else they would say, "The Lord is risen," and a fellow believer would respond, "He is risen indeed!"

These words still vibrate with a power that shakes the foundations beneath rebellious men of our day. For Christ to have remained in the power clutch of death would have destroyed our opportunity for salvation. Locked in a grave, Jesus could not have appeared before God for us, nor could He walk with us daily here in our earthly journey.

But Christ arose. He was victorious. And He is thus able to lead even the dying through the valley of the shadow of death. Those who have proven God, those who have accepted His victory, who have believed His message—they say with the Psalmist, "I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever" (Psalm 23:4-6).

Most of the world's religious shrines are places where great men are buried. Not so with Christianity. Christian hope rests not in the memory of a dead Jesus but in the assurance of a risen Christ.

Our Lord, having risen as the first fruits from the dead, has now gone to prepare a place for us, that where He is, we may one day be also (see John 14:3). First fruits suggests a more complete harvest to follow.

We . . . Christian believers . . . yes, we are that harvest. Jesus becomes our surety, in a sense our resurrection warranty. Because He lives, we shall live also.

Ewing Galloway, N.Y. Photo

# BEYOND THE VALLEY

# Arthur Hunnicutt

(On the afternoon of March 9, 1979, Israeli soldiers stopped a tour bus just south of the Lebanese border. The bus had been commandeered by six Palestinian guerrillas near Safad. The tour guide shot. Hours later, for reasons unknown, the guerrillas released all but three of the hostages. They refused to surrender. Israeli soldiers refused to negotiate. Gunfire erupted and the bus exploded. One of the victims was twenty-three-year-old Hal Hunnicutt. Inside his denim jacket, this letter.)

Dear Mom and Dad.

Let me assure you everything's all right. Those things I said before I left—my doubts and questions—I don't have them anymore. My only prayer is that God will let me live long enough to put how I feel in writing.

Since it was your idea to send me on this trip, you're likely to blame yourself for what's happening. Please don't. I have had my choice and made it. I have discovered the peace you talked of so often and regret only that it took such a tragic situation to open my eyes.

I sit now in the back of the bus. There are two others from the tour group: Pastor Edgar Hensley and an old gentleman from the coalfields of West Virginia. Don't know his name. We call him Pops.

All three of us volunteered. Until this morning, our tour had been very routine. We flew from New York to Amsterdam, where we stopped long enough to see windmills and visit a wooden shoe factory. Then on to Tel Aviv and a bus ride over to Jerusalem where we spent five days.

I wasn't impressed. The old city is what I call Turkish. The streets narrow, crowded, filled with poor people trying to sell food, vegetables, and any sort of trinket American tourists will buy.

Moslem businessmen spread carpets for prayer. Catholic priests and nuns scurry about. Tourists crowd you, all trying to see or to find some sort of ancient religious experience. Jerusalem is, on the one hand, a city of religion; but it is at the same time a city of coldeyed, pragmatic soldiers and citizens who are determined to survive at any price.

Knowing as I do the history of this divided city, I could not even enjoy the garden tomb or the temple square the way I thought. We went to the Mount of Olives. Down to Jericho. The Dead Sea. Bethlehem.

It's such a barren land. Rocky. Mostly brown, with stone houses

built into the hillsides and little patches of irrigated green which the guide told us are fabulously productive.

But I felt nothing. I saw it all with the objectivity of a historian. Critical. Pessimistic. How such a place could be described, even poetically, as the promised land was beyond me.

Two days ago we left Jerusalem and traveled north through Samaria. We stopped in Nablus and I drank from Jacob's well. Soldiers were everywhere. We weren't permitted to visit the Arab shops, and the tour guide told me there had been some trouble a few days back.

We drove on up to Nazareth, a surprisingly crowded town. To Cana of Galilee. Then to a bluff from which we looked down on the Sea of Galilee and across to the Golan Heights where modern jets did maneuvers. It surprised me that I could see the entire lake, although it shouldn't have, since I knew it was only fourteen miles long and seven wide. I could see Tiberias below. The green of Capernaum to the north.

A storm kept us from taking the usual boat ride, but we drove around the lake and visited the temple site at Capernaum before dark. Plans called for us to spend the night in Safad, then return today for a visit to the chapel at the traditional Mount of Beatitudes.

I was up early and had walked to a little park above the hotel to take pictures when the bus driver blew the horn. Returning, I noticed a strange young man by the bus door. He waited for me and I thought he was a hotel employee until I stepped on the bus and saw the guns.

There were six terrorists. All young. Two of them had submachine guns. One in back, the other up front. Two handled duffel bags filled with explosives. One sat behind the driver; the other followed me onto the bus, standing by the door and giving directions.

They motioned me toward the back. Our guide was handcuffed, a bruise over his right eye. Some of the women were crying. The bus reeked with fear.

All the seats were filled. The boy in back nodded for me to sit in the aisle on a suitcase. "May as well be comfortable," he said in perfect English. I learned later he had gone to school at UCLA. From his home in Cairo. Named Hassed. The leader was Jarrah.

The bus twisted and turned its way back down the mountain. An argument broke out between our driver and Jarrah. I couldn't understand their words, but the driver pointed to his instrument panel and Jarrah put his gun to the driver's head. After a moment, though, Jarrah relented and the driver pulled to the side of the road and got out to check under the hood. From then on we drove slower.

"Brakes hot," Hassed said. We gradually learned that the terrorists planned to ride the bus to the Mount of Beatitudes, blow up the Franciscan Sisters' Chapel, and then, using us as hostages, escape north into Lebanon. Somehow, though, the

Israelies found out about the hijacking. From at least a mile up the mountain we saw their roadblock. There was no way the bus could get through.

Jarrah was angry. He got out and directed the driver to turn the bus in the narrow road. It took twenty minutes and I thought surely we were going over the mountain.

Our guide was forced off the bus and made to stand on the rock wall where the soldiers could see. Then Jarrah shot him.

"Let them know we mean business," Hassed said.

"But he was only a tour guide." Hassed pressed his lips together. "He was an Israeli agent."

It was all a dream at first. Something I was used to reading about or seeing on the evening news. It became increasingly difficult to keep the women from crying. The men, too, seemed in shock. The guerrillas themselves were arguing. Three jeep loads of Israeli soldiers followed us at a distance and overhead I could hear a chopper.

Late in the afternoon we came to the city limits of Kiriyat Shmona. Soldiers were everywhere but they didn't offer to stop us. I asked Hassed why they didn't release the women and the older men. Keep only a few hostages.

"Will you stay?" he asked. His brown eyes bored into me. "We're all going to die."

I couldn't speak but I nodded my head yes. Hassed then went forward to talk to Jarrah.

North of town the bus stopped. We were all ordered out. Jarrah held up three fingers and Hassed said, "We want three volunteers."

No one moved. Hassed refused to look directly at me, but I felt he saw me from the corners of his eyes. I stepped forward. Then Pops. Finally Pastor Hensley. Jarrah motioned the

three of us back onto the bus and we left the rest by the roadside.

"Tell them to let us through," Hassed yelled. "Otherwise we

blow it all sky-high."

I don't feel like a hero. I'm not brave. I don't wish to die. But I have discovered one thing: my faith in God. When Hassed knelt near me, connecting the wires to the dynamite, he suddenly asked me if I were a Christian. Two days ago I'd have said no. Even this morning. But I told him yes. I told him and I had the strangest sense of assurance come over me. As if the Lord in person sat beside

The things you and Dad taught me, the sermons I had heard all of it seemed to come into focus. It was as if I saw Jesus after the resurrection and as if just seeing Him somehow gave meaning to living and dying. I looked at Hassed and Jarrah and felt sorry for them. I prayed for God to forgive them. And all the others who blindly and foolishly go on killing, maiming, and trying to make life something it isn't.

The bus is now a loaded bomb. Explosives everywhere. Apparently that's why Jarrah permitted the others to leave, so there'd be room to plant the explosives properly. We have been stopped at the border. Jarrah holds the bomb trigger in his hand. If they shoot him, everything blows.

It will soon be dark. Hassed says that's when they will come. I feel his brown eyes on me. Watching.

Aloud, I say, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. . . .

Hassed moves a seat nearer. His voice blends with mine and we finish the Twenty-Third Psalm together.

> Love, Hal

eff awoke Sunday morning to the smell of bacon. For a moment he remained in bed, savoring that aroma.

Jeff frowned. He heard his mother in the kitchen preparing breakfast, same as always, but there was another sound.

From the bathroom came the voice of his father, singing in the shower. On Sunday? Jeff thought. It was Dad's morning to sleep late.

Jeff dressed and joined his mother in the kitchen. "Dad's taking a shower," he began.

"I know," Mrs. Ritter replied. flipping a pancake. "Don't ask me why he's up this early on a Sunday. He didn't give me a clue."

'Do you think maybe—" Jeff began hopefully.

His mother smiled sadly. "Don't count on it, Son."

"But the pastor said there's power in prayer," Jeff went on.

"And we'll go right on praying for him," his mother answered. "You can wash up here at the sink."

Jeff washed his face and sat down at the table. What was the use praying for someone if you didn't believe it was going to happen? he thought. He poured syrup on the stack of pancakes his mother had set before him.

"Thanks," he managed.

"Plenty more where those came from," she said, glancing in the direction of the bathroom. "I wonder what that man's up to."

Jeff and his mother had been praying for Mr. Ritter for months, every day since Jeff had asked Jesus to come into his own life. His mother was already a Christian, but she had dedicated her life to Christ anew when Jeff made his decision.

One of Jeff's favorite Bible verses was 1 John 5:14, "And this is the confidence that we

have in him, that, if we ask any thing according to his will, he heareth us."

A shadow fell across Jeff as he ate his pancakes. He glanced up in happy disbelief. His dad stood in the doorway, dressed in a dark suit.

"Dad!" he exclaimed. "Boy, do you look nice!"

"Didn't want to disgrace my family the first time I attend church," Jeff's father replied. "Got any more pancakes, Dorothy?"

"Coming right up," Mrs. Ritter said.

"Dad, are you really going with us?" Jeff asked excitedly. His father shook his head.



"No, not with you, but I'll be there. About time I found out what's so special about that place."

"Oh, Gene!" Mrs. Ritter began.
"Just once," Jeff's father continued. "And I'll sit toward the back in case I need to slip out."

Jeff didn't know if the sermon was a good one that morning or not, because he heard very little of it. All during church he sat staring at the back row where his father was sandwiched between two older women.

Thank You for bringing him here, God, Jeff prayed silently. Make him ask Jesus to be his Savior today.

Finally the closing hymn was announced, and the pastor asked those interested in accepting Christ to come forward. Several did. Jeff's father was not among them.

The service ended and Mr. Ritter had not walked the aisle. In fact, he was nowhere to be seen as Jeff looked around after the final prayer. Dejected, he waited for his mother.

"Why?" Jeff asked his mother on the way home. "I asked God, and the Bible says if you ask anything according to His will—"

"I know, Jeff," Mrs. Ritter interrupted. "And I wanted it as much as you did."

"Maybe next week," Jeff said.
"We'll keep praying anyway," his mother said.

And so they had. But Mr. Ritter didn't attend services the next Sunday, much less make a commitment for Christ. He was asleep when Jeff and his mother left for church and still wearing his pajamas and robe when they returned, a newspaper spread out across the table.

Mr. Ritter rarely attended services after that, and Jeff sometimes felt like his prayers weren't going past the ceiling.

"God always answers," his mother said. "But sometimes the

answers is 'no' or 'wait a while.' God handles things in His own time."

Jeff continued to pray for his father. He seemed to shoot up all at once in the ninth grade and was soon playing on the basketball team. His dad seldom missed a game.

"You made me proud of you, Son!" Mr. Ritter exclaimed the first time Jeff's team won.

"Thanks for coming, Dad."

"Are you kidding? Nothing could have kept me away from seeing my son in action!" his father announced.

"I'll be 'in action' this Sunday night, too," Jeff continued.

"Sunday night?" Mr. Ritter frowned. "You have a game scheduled for Sunday night?"

"Not a game exactly," Jeff admitted. "It's youth night. I've been asked to give my testimony. I'd sure like you to come, Dad."

"I'll think about it," Mr. Ritter replied.

He was there and Jeff prayed harder than ever that his father would make his decision.

Mr. Ritter stayed just long enough to hear Jeff's testimony, then slipped out into the night.

In high school, Jeff's athletic skills were even more apparent. He joined the varsity basketball squad his first year, with Mr. Ritter always on the sidelines. Unfortunately the rest of the team lacked Jeff's prowess.

"We're scheduling extra practice sessions on Sunday mornings," the coach said after the team had suffered a major defeat. "Ten o'clock right here. Any questions?"

"I can't come," Jeff answered.
"I go to church on Sunday mornings."

The other boys looked at him, and Jeff felt his face get red, but he wouldn't back down.

"That's up to you," the coach replied. "Those who plan to re-

main on the team will be here. Understood?"

Mr. Ritter was upset when Jeff announced he probably wouldn't be playing varsity basketball anymore. "Why, for Pete's sake?" his father demanded. "You're the best player on that team!"

Jeff explained. "I'm not missing church to play basketball."

"Am I raising a son or a religious fanatic?" Mr. Ritter almost shouted.

"Worshiping the Lord is just a lot more important than playing a game," Jeff said.

That had been a hard decision, but Jeff couldn't compromise his standards.

It wasn't long before Jeff was back on the team, regardless of his absence at Sunday morning workouts. His father never said a word.

Jeff clung to the promise of 1 John 5:14, praying daily that his father would receive Christ.

It didn't happen during a church service as Jeff had always imagined it would. It was following dinner one evening. Shortly after Jeff had surrendered his life to the ministry. His father asked Jeff how to become a Christian.

"How?" Jeff replied, caught off guard. "Dad, am I hearing you right?"

"You are," Mr. Ritter answered.
"I've watched you grow, change, and mature over the years, Son, but something happened in your life when you were nine years old that turned you around. I'm a stubborn man, but I know now that it was Jesus. I want Him as my Savior, too."

There in the living room Mr. Ritter prayed to receive Christ, Jeff at his side. God had answered the prayer Jeff had prayed so many times—not when Jeff or his mother wanted it—but in His own time. The right time.

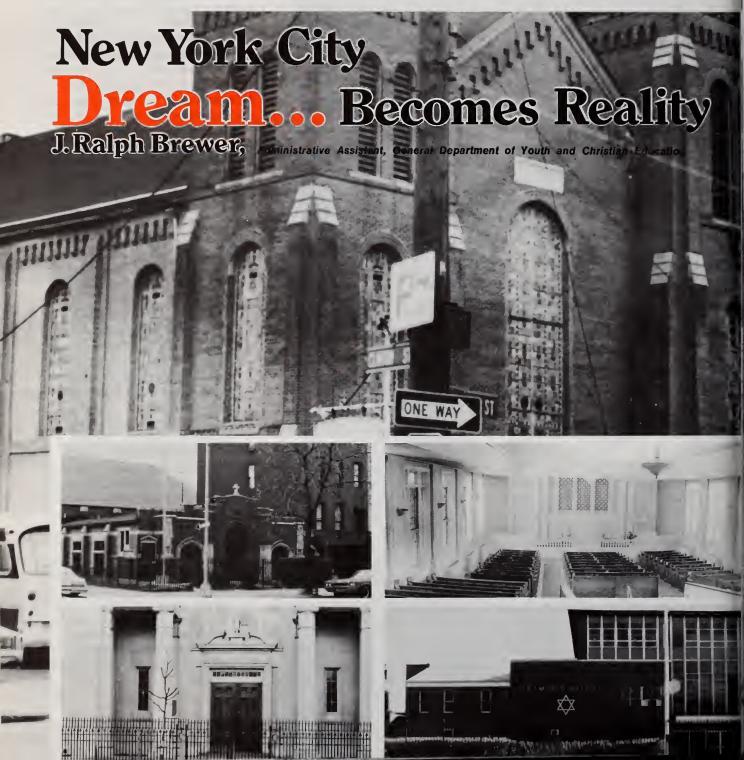
t the junction of the Hudson and East Rivers and the Atlantic Ocean lies New York
City—the world's largest metropolitan center. It is a city of towering skyscrapers, bustling streets, and a vast network of freeways and subways. But it is more than stone, steel, and concrete; it is a city of people—sixteen million of them—who have come from every

part of the globe in search of freedom and opportunity for a better way of life.

Through the 1978 YWEA project, Church of God young people were offered the exciting challenge of providing an international church facility in this sprawling metropolis. From Maine to California and all across the United States and other parts of the world, young people caught

the vision and burden of this great city and responded. They pulled out all the stops; they shared a common dream; they were united in spirit; and they spent time, energy, and muscle to raise a record amount of funds for the New York City project (\$562,889.55).

Now the dream has become a reality. The overseer of New York City, J. D. Golden, has finalized



the purchase of a beautiful facility in Cambria Heights in the Queens area of the city. This facility was formerly a Jewish synagogue and was purchased for the unbelievable price of \$175,000. It has two auditoriums (one seats 675 people: the other seats 350 people), two kitchens, two dining rooms, an excellent office complex, and a school. The New York City International Church will be a multipurpose facility, providing a dynamic ministry of outreach and witness to the city, a worship center for several nationalities. and an in-service training program for prospective missionaries prior to overseas assignment. Two congregationsone, Haitian; the other, American Black-will begin using the facility immediately as a worship center. Future plans call for moving the New York City Executive Offices to this location. It will then become the base of operations for all outreach ministries in the area.

Due to the unbelievably low price negotiated for the purchase of the YWEA International Church and the need to reach as many ethnic groups as possible within the New York City area, the YWEA concept will be expanded to include several satellite locations.

Another Jewish Temple is being purchased in Yonkers, New York. This, too, is a beautiful building and will accommodate two newly organized churches—one, a Jamaican church; the other, a Spanish-speaking church. Sid Caesar and his parents were members of this Temple, and it contains a large picture window in memory of Sid Caesar's father.

The second satellite location will be Prospect Plaza. This building is being purchased from the Christian Science Church and will house the rapidly growing Haitian congregation of the Reverend Honore Jacque.

The third satellite location is Ridgewood, which will provide worship facilities for a Romanian congregation already active and averaging forty-five to sixty in attendance. Also using this facility will be a group of Hungarians and in the near future a German church will be organized. This building is located in the center of the European ethnic groups and, in addition to providing facilities for worship, contains a four-unit apartment complex which will house the New York Metro youth and Christian education director, the Romanian pastor, and the Hungarian pas-

The fourth satellite location is New Rochelle, a large and spacious facility which will house a Jamaican congregation, with the possibility of a Haitian congregation being organized later.

Additional plans for the expansion of the satellite concept include the purchase of property and the construction of a YWEA facility on Long Island, the purchase of property for a Chinese congregation, the organization of a Korean church, as well as efforts to reach many other ethnic groups throughout the city.

Thus, the dream for New York City has now become a reality. Thanks to Church of God young people for making it happen.

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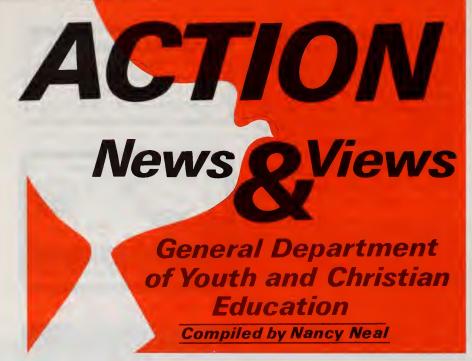
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### FIRST STEP APPLICANT

STEP . . . Summer Training and Evangelism Program. In 1978 this was a brand new program—newly developed, untested, untried. Yet hundreds of young people across the United States were challenged to



become a part of this new venture. Youth banquets, youth camps, camp meetings— all provided a STEP emphasis which touched and inspired Church of God young people.

And there were results! Letters poured in asking for information. The first applicant—Tina Mercer of Thomaston, Georgia.

Sixteen-year-old Tina was motivated to make application for STEP by a message given at a youth banquet. Says Tina, "I want to share my life, to share what God has done for me. I want to give of myself. I want to do something for God." She is excited about STEP and the possibility of working alongside missionaries.

Tina, you see, was born with a birth defect—cerebral palsy. But she was given the ability to walk and talk and lead a normal life in spite of the defect. This she attributes to God and to the fact that her mother was a Christian at the time of her birth.

In turn, she wants to give of herself on the mission field. "I really want to be a missionary." A future in missions seems to be the heartthrob of Tina's life. Her application was only the first step. □

### YOUTH ACROSS THE WORLD

The young people in Rwanda (Central Africa) have a

plan for spreading the gospel. They witness, sponsor programs, and support church activities. Since the organization of the Church of God in Rwanda on October 4, 1978, the number of girls and boys has increased to over 500.

The director of the young people is T. L. Wasikatenda. His capable leadership has served to bring about the increased participation of the youth. The youth in Rwanda desire your prayers as they continue their efforts to spread the gospel.

### MORE YOUTH WITH ZEAL

The youth of the St. Thomas Church, Virgin Islands, also have a vision for taking the gospel into all the world. These young people have established a goal to raise at least \$500 for YWEA. Their fund-raising ideas include bake sales, car washes, and other church projects. Their team effort will enable them to enjoy fellowship while performing valuable Christian service. This is the spirit that characterizes young people around the world.

### **FAWNIA**

Fawnia. Unusual name. Unusual girl.

A Cleveland High School (Cleveland, Tennessee) student, Fawnia Taylor, recently won the VFW Auxiliary's "Voice of Democracy" contest. Not only did she rank first locally, but she won both the district and statewide competition. Her oral essay, "What America Means to Me," will now be entered in national competition in Washington, D. C., making her eligible for a \$10,000 college scholarship.

Fawnia . . . another Peacemaker who respects God's creation. □

### WHO SAID JUNIORS COULDN'T HAVE A RETREAT?

Boarding buses and cars bound for Lookup Lodge near Travelers Rest, South Carolina, were about sixty Peace Cadets and their sponsors. The Tremont Avenue Church of God sponsored a first for their juniors—a retreat.

Tremont's Peace Cadets had a full schedule of activities, including recreation, campfire service, and music rehearsals. Even though the juniors worked and played, they also participated in worship. As a result, nine boys and girls gave their hearts to the Lord.

. The climax of the retreat was a junior musical presented in the Tremont sanctuary on Sunday evening. Their hours of practice were well worth the effort as the children's voices blended with the professional sound track to create an inspiring worship service.

Christ himself said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me . . . for of such is the kingdom of God" (Mark 10:14). The Tremont Peace Cadets carried out the scriptural admonition.

### SNAPSHOT IN KINSA EXHIBIT

The Kodak Photo Gallery in New York City displayed award-winning photos recently as part of a major presentation of more than 1,000 finalists in the Kodak International Newspaper Snapshot Awards (KINSA).

Vickie Bivens, a native of Mississippi and a premed student at Lee College, won first place for a particular week during a six-weeks' snapshot contest sponsored by the Chattanooga News-Free Press (Tennessee). She placed third in the overall competition. Her award-winning photo earned her a position as a finalist in the KINSA exhibit.

### Youth UPDAILE

Lamar Vest, Assistant General Director of Youth and Christian Education

### UNDERSTANDING THE YOUTH IDENTITY PROGRAM PEACEFINDERS—PEACE CADETS—PEACEMAKERS

The term Youth Identity refers to the names which are used to identify the young people of the Church of God. Primaries (ages 6-8) are Peacefinders, juniors (ages 9-12) are Peace Cadets, and teens are Peacemakers. Before the introduction of Youth Identity, youth programming in the Church of God was, to a degree, a very generalized approach. Now we have a personalized identity for each age group which helps us correlate our total youth ministry.

The names Peacefinders, Peace Cadets, and Peacemakers are used to identify the children and youth group meetings during Family Training Hour. In addition to the regular FTH session, special meetings of Peacefinders, Peace Cadets, and Peacemakers are sometimes scheduled for activities such as socials, witnessing encounters, YWEA involvement, National Youth Emphasis, and other activities sponsored by the Department of Youth and Christian Education. Suggested activities are listed on a month-by-month basis in the Sponsor's Resource Manuals. Activities for each age group are emphasized in three specific areas:

- 1. Spiritual Life—To provide opportunities for group interaction during the FTH session and to stimulate individual spiritual growth through personal development
- 2. Service—To provide opportunities for practical expression of faith through helping others
- 3. Social—To encourage Christian fellowship and unity through social activities

A primary purpose of Youth Identity is to develop group unity. One way this is done is through participation in the annual designated projects. Each group who participates in the designated projects listed in the annual Sponsor's Resource Manual is eligible to receive the annual achievement award.

Church of God youth, you are special—you deserve your own identity. Your leaders are working hard to help you establish that identity. From the identity names we believe that a special image will emerge for Church of God young people. We believe that the beauty and the transforming power of the peace Christ gives will be reflected in thought, attitude, and action, and that Church of God young people will exemplify the peace of Christ in all relationships—at home, at school, and in the community.

Your pastor or Family Training Hour director has more information about this exciting program. Check with one of them.

Keep the Son shining!



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He was a student here at Lee College. A man of high integrity and Christian ethics. His work, as well as that of his entire staff, is quality all the way.

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### Yesterday's Youth Debbie Patterson



YESTERDAY (1960)

Place: Tifton, Georgia Occasion: Most Unusual Sandwich Contest

A most unusual sandwich contest? And, to top it off, at a Faith Forum for Church of God teenagers?

Your eyes aren't deceiving you! That's exactly what was taking place. And the entrees were quite literally "out of this world."

How'd vou like to eat a

ketchup and vanilla wafer sandwich? Or, a vitamin pill sandwich called "The Only One"? Or, how about an oatmeal, grits, and spaghetti sandwich? Pig's feet sandwich? Onion sandwich? Banana and ketchup sandwich?

No matter how appetizing all those sound, they weren't up to the real competition.

The winner was the "Cowpunch Sandwich." It consisted of corn bread, beef tripe, collards, ketchup, mustard, mayonnaise, pickle relish, and a few other secret ingredients you really couldn't expect the creator to disclose.

The creator of this gourmet's delight? None other than Earl W. Rowan from Nashville, Georgia.

Earl Rowan? Where is he now?

### **TODAY (1979)**

Earl, still single, lives in Cleveland, Tennessee.

Upon graduation from Lee College in 1966, Earl Rowan became assistant coach under Dale Hughes, part-time, while teaching full time for the Bradley County school system. In '68, Earl left Lee to devote all his time and energies to teaching eighth grade and coaching the basketball team at the East Cleveland School.

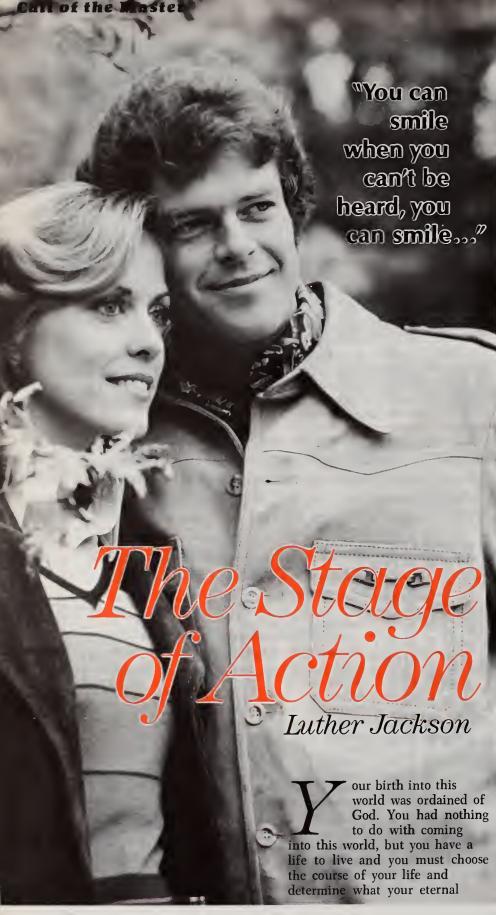
But Earl couldn't stay away from Lee. He returned in the fall of '74 as assistant basketball coach (varsity), head coach (junior varsity), and head baseball coach.

In July 1975, when Dale Hughes left the athletic program at Lee to become principal at a local high school, Earl became the head coach of the Lee College Vikings. He has continued in that position, leading the Vikings to victories on the court as well as spiritual victories in their personal lives.

HERONLWUSTNAROMROC Birds mentioned in the Bible are hidden in this QLDCJPVSBNIGBCFBFO puzzle. They may be horizontal, vertical, diagonal, forward, or backward. Through doing this puzzle you BPWSGHDCJBQHPESJJC will learn of birds that live in a PEBTLFBVRAUEGAHAWK EAGLEBIUDGADBEQUVP LCQUDKVLREIJAHNEFR I O E H E N G T K R L K H C D I N M SCRGPNDUTAQULAMECF DKHSWFBRAVENLBSFGP SLCIJMAERSWTPWLWOL WORRAPSCMIRMNGARBS **BPJIPRSTWMWBEWPMFL** BIOQDLHHTLOGLTWBEN RPTFOSPREYLEFGICBO DOMTVMYUWQLGIMNKRE SEKNEVSOWPASTSGVTG ERSTORKFUMWEOAIWEI TZYKUNSIESKPVUMUP

will learn of birds that live in and near the Holy Land.

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|-----------|---------------------------------|--|
| соск      | SWALLOW                         |  |
| CORMORANT | VULTURE                         | LAST                                       |
| DOVE      |                                 |  |
| EAGLE     |                                 | MONTH'S                                    |
|           |                                 | ANSWERS                                    |
| GLEDE     | RADECISJI                       | K WHER COLKA                               |
| HAWK      | POWBLKDM                        | HZBSLBFJAD                                 |
| HEN       | RSLXRMLC                        |  |
| HERON     |                                 | V NZEPZRLCF<br>Y V G C K Y K Y P I         |
| KITE      | MBURUXPU                        | OXSNPHEDMA                                 |
| LAPWING   | DINI Y GV GY<br>K A S U O F O R | K U O I V T R B I N<br>P O O K A Y O C N Y |
| OSPREY    | BLMFPWJR                        | NJONUGMWSG                                 |
| OWL       | PLCDHPHE                        | WFAAJYALRS                                 |
| PARTRIDGE | ABNHEDOB                        | NIYRY OCUCR<br>EGD FS GY BJ F              |
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|           |                                 | PSJPVBCZBO                                 |
| PIGEON    | E FII ORON<br>AGNS DPMX         | A B ODNOM LAL<br>R D MFT X B WRI           |
| QUAIL     | TOELYYKÎ                        | GNABRZONUV                                 |
| RAVEN     | HRNWLCSW                        | WORNLSOAKE                                 |
| SPARROW   |                                 |  |



destination will be.

It's been said that all the world is a stage and everyone an actor. That's true. You play a role in the game of life.

Your role in life may be insignificant but you will have an impact on someone. Your attitude will be noticed by someone. You may be a passive person who can't be a great leader or sway people with oratory, but you still have a role to play. It's been said, "You can smile when you can't be heard, you can smile when you can't say a word, you can smile anytime—anywhere." It's also been noted, "What costs the least and does the most good is just a merry smile."

Everyone has some talent. How are you using yours? Some people may have more talents, some may be more outstanding in this life, or they may leave greater footprints in the sands of time; but what counts is how you use the talent God has given you. Some may not make much imprint in this life, but they are laying up treasures in heaven.

Jesus spoke of our being blessed just by giving a cup of water in His name. He said that the widow's mite was actually more than what others had given out of their abundance.

Paul spoke of running the race with patience. He fought a good fight. He kept the faith. This we must do, also, if we're to hear the Master say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant . . . enter thou into the joy of thy Lord" (Matthew 25:21).

How are you playing your part? Remember this, "There is only one life, it will soon be past, only what's done for Christ will last." Everyone must give an account. (See Luke 16:1, 2.)

### Success

od programmed you for success.
It's true.
Maybe not for the success you want at the moment. Perhaps not for success as defined by your friends, or your parents, or your school counselor. And certainly not success as registered on billboards of this world.

But success with life.
As a rule, children are successful with life. Jesus knew this and reminded us we should be as little children in terms of the Father's kingdom (Matthew 18:3).

"It's so easy
to let present
opportunities
slip by
while thinking
or dreaming
of those great
things we'll
do tomorrow."



HOYT E. STONE

Children succeed because they give themselves fully and totally to being what they are. They live in the present. They laugh, cry, sing, or get angry over what's happening now: not over yesterday and not over tomorrow.

God has equipped every child with the ability to be happy through imagination alone. Give a child toys, trinkets, dolls, trucks . . . with imagination the child creates another world. Give the poorer child blocks, boxes, sticks, or discarded junk items . . . without pressure from others . . . and imagination will still create a wonderful world.

Our problems stem from forgetting this childlike ability to be content with the present.

We lose our innocence. Yes. It's a stage we go through . . . like puberty, and some of us emerge scarred, blemished, and often frightened; but God promised and has provided in Jesus Christ the complete cure. The truly mature accept His redemption through faith.

Children still, though older.

Ever notice how much unhappiness is rooted outside ourselves?

Example. Farmer Brown had thirty acres of woodland to sell. He talked it over with his wife. They agreed on a price of \$500 an acre; and, one day at the barber shop, he met a man who was willing to pay that price.

Farmer Brown was very

Next month at the barber shop, he learned that the purchaser was an agent for a "pulpwood" company and that they had been prepared to pay \$1,000 an acre.

Farmer Brown was very

unhappy.

The thought, "I could have gotten more," plagued him. The idea that someone cheated him angered him. He fretted. Lay awake nights. Sued. Developed an ulcer. Lost his health. Went to his grave a bitter man.

Most of us agree he got a raw deal. We tend to sympathize with Brown. To dislike the pulp company.

Forgetting . . .

Mr. Brown could have chosen to be happy. He could have gotten up next morning and said, "This is a day the Lord hath made." He could have taken seriously the Lord's admonition, "Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" (Matthew 6:34).

So can we . . . if we choose . . . .

It's so easy to let present oportunities slip by while thinking or dreaming of those great things we'll do tomorrow.

Houses are built . . . brick by brick . . . .

You live . . . day by day.
As Henry Wadsworth
Longfellow noted, "Most
people would succeed in
small things if they were not
troubled with great
ambitions."

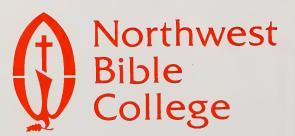
Hoyt & Stone

"I chose Northwest Bible College because I wanted a good education in a Christian environment. Just after coming to the campus I felt I was part of the family, and I've learned a lot about myself and God's will for my life. I'm glad I came."

Cindy Caldwell,
Maryland Sophomore

Northwest Bible College offers preparation for an effective Christian life through the bachelors programs in Bible, Christian education, and sacred music, and the two-year associate of arts program.

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President Vaught and Cindy Caldwell discuss the features of the new Center for Learning which will be in use next fall. They are standing in the spacious library.

| ☐ Yes! I am interested in the Christ-<br>centered education available at North-<br>west. Please send me your mini-catalog. |  |  |  |  |
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NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THIS ROOM GRASSANO MY 2 '79 PENTECOST LEE C CLEVE A Page in Washington The Voice A Woman Shades of the Past Facing the Truth **Word Quiz** The Search Tassels, Gowns, and Illusions



### MEMBER COO EVANGELICAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

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### THIS ISSUE

Our feature is a teenager, Tom Grassano. Seventeen. In a sense, typical of Church of God teens in today's world. He describes his own adventures, feelings, emotions while serving as a U. S. Senate page for Strom

Thurmond last December.
"Spring" by Bonita Hawkins, along with the center spread, "A Woman," recognize Mother's Day; but our theme more directly relates to graduation and the coming summer.

A number of readers have commented on our new logo, layout, and design.

Thanks.

Ours is a small staff, as you'll note on the masthead, and we lean heavily on state youth and Christian education directors for ideas and source materials.

It is really our art department that deserves credit for layout and design. Director Ledarral Brumley guides us with professional competence and Johnny Potter continues to surprise and please with innovative approaches, especially in terms of cover.

We're excited. And, somehow, we trust the excitement shows in the Lighted Pathway.

Minister with us by passing your copy along to a friend. Jesus is Lord!

Hout E. Stone

Upcoming. Our father of the year. Money Talks.



t's Monday. Tom Grassano starts his day on the run. He's up at 7 a.m. Showers. Blows his hair dry. Blinks his contact lenses into position. Slips into tennis shoes, jeans, red plaid shirt, and comes into the kitchen with a wool-lined coat over his shoulder. Books in hand.

"You've got to eat, Tommy,"

his mother says.

Books and coat get plopped onto a stool. He makes short work of juice, cereal, and a bowl of fruit; then towers 6' 2" over his mother as they read a Scripture promise for the day. Prays. Returns to the bathroom to brush his teeth. Grabs coat and books once again. Says, "See you at 10:30, Brother Stone." And disappears.

I catch up with him two hours later at Greenville's Eastside High School, typically suburban, two-story brick, middle-class, with a parking lot bigger than the football field. Tom comes down the hall grinning at me, that coat still over his shoulder, and leads me into his choral classroom.

Bedlam!

There's a student teacher from a local college in back, trying to get organized, and a fellow student clowning at the director's podium.

"Tension, please. Attention, please." The clown pounds on the podium and things get

quiet.

"Guess you all noticed our flag's at half mast. Right? Well, now, I oughta explain that. It's 'cause we're all in mourning over the death of punk rock star Sid Vicious."

"Boo! Bo-oo-oo!"

"Who're you kiddin'?" someone vells.

"All right now. . . ." He pounds quiet from the podium again. "Seems only fittin' we should have a moment of silence for Sid. . . . Everybody quiet. . . .

"That's enough" . . . and since the pause doesn't last more than one-tenth of a second, the sarcasm is obvious.

"The truth of the matter, folks, is our flagpole pulley is just plain stuck.'

Laughter.

"One more thing. Let's hear three cheers for our own Tom Grassano who, Saturday, won first place in solo competition of the South Carolina Teachers' Association in Columbia."

Everyone cheers. Then the choral gets on with practice for an upcoming clinic at Furman University.

At 11:30, Tom's out of class and into his dad's VW, seat belt fastened, on his way home for a quick lunch. Then it's downtown, across the railroad tracks, into a section of rundown houses and junkyards

Over-



### \*Continued

where, of all things, the Fine Arts Center is located. Here Tom does two more classes.

Here, too, during a recess period, he and I talk for a few minutes about his future, his career, and his hopes for a ministry in music.

"Well . . . for now I pretty much have my mind made up," Tom says. "Furman has promised me a music scholarship. A double scholarship in terms of choice, since I can take it in either piano or voice. Haven't quite made up my mind yet, though I think it's probably going to be voice.

"Beyond that . . ." Tom shrugs his shoulders. "All I know is some sort of ministry in music. Probably in evangelism. I'm not particularly turned on to teaching. And I do enjoy singing."

He looks at his watch. "Well, if you're ready, we'll head crosstown again. Can't keep my music teacher waiting."

This time it's private voice lessons at a white house in an elite neighborhood near Bob Jones University. Tom's teacher is a matronly, smiling lady with kind eyes, silvered hair, and a no-nonsense attitude toward singing. She con-

gratulates Tom, tells him to keep his feet on the ground and not get haughty just because he's won first place and a scholarship and then sits down at a big piano in the adjoining room and starts hitting chords for Tom to run through warm-up exercises.

Tom's voice follows up the scale . . . higher and higher . . . belting out sounds like an opera singer.

Between breaths, the two talk in normal conversational tones.

"Try that again. . . . "Again. . . .

"Good. Now let's do something else."

The half hour is gone in no time. Another student arrives. Tom leads me out, the teacher waving, and we drive toward Furman University.

Furman is Tom's last stop for Monday. His music lesson isn't really until 7 p.m., but he's agreed to take me early so I can see the campus and get pictures.

A shrub-lined drive circles off Route 25 North and leads through brick columns between guardhouses to spraying fountains. Forward and left is the Administration Building. On the right, the Music Building. Tom takes me inside. Shows off the studio rooms and the auditorium with as much pride as if he's already enrolled.

"Hi, Tom." A man comes out of an office smiling, hand out. He's wearing black trousers, patent leather shoes, and a formal shirt with ruffles down the front.

"Hi, Dr. Price. Meet Reverend Stone."

"How do you do. . . ."

He catches me looking at

all those ruffles.

"Pardon the dress, Reverend. We're performing tonight. My coat's inside."

He pats Tom on the shoulder.

"We're sure proud of this young man. Looking forward to having him on campus."

Tom and I return to the parking lot. Shake hands. Ho heads home for dinner, still running, his day not over yet.

I head north toward Asheville and Cleveland, pondering the energies of youth, wondering just how typical Tom Grassano really is, and mulling over his last words:

"You know, Brother Stone, I've learned something wonderful of late. Something maybe you'd like to share with your own boys or with other young people. As most teenagers, I like music. I've been in a habit of always listening to the radio.

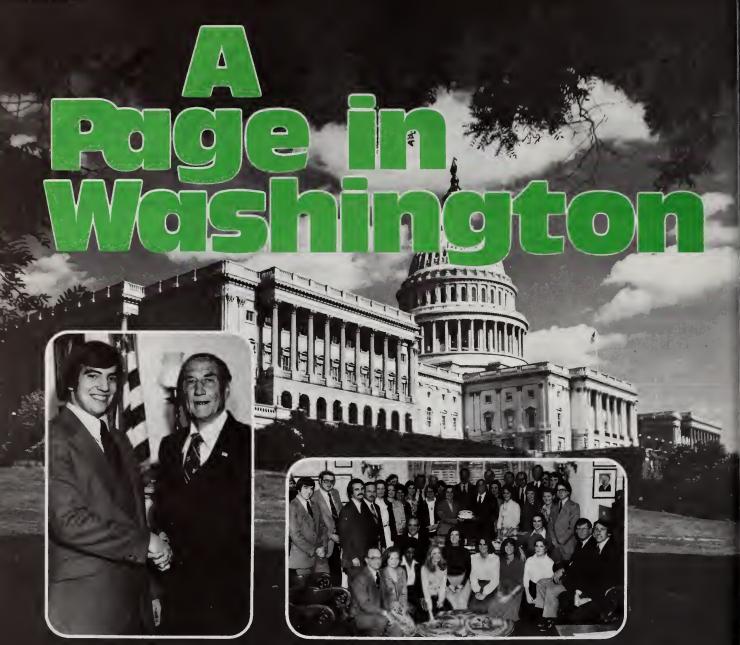
"First thing when I get in the car, radio. First thing home, stereo. Well, lately I've been turning that radio off, and while driving I've just started talking with the Lord. You won't believe the wonderful moments I've had like that. Just me and the Lord."

-Hoyt E. Stone

### BACKGROUND

om Grassano lives in Greenville, South Carolina. He leads the youth choir at his local church,
Tremont, where his father Thomas Grassano serves as pastor. He is an accomplished pianist, having been playing since age seven. This past year he performed with the 140-voice Greenville County Singers in The Singing Christmas Tree and recently won first place in state competition in the South Carolina State High School Music Contest.

The Lighted Pathway expresses thanks to Mrs. Brady Dennis for recommending that Tom be considered for this month's feature. She also assisted with background materials.



Tom poses with South Carolina's U.S. Senator Strom Thurmond. Later meets with other office person for the celebration of the senator's 76th birthday.

e! A senate page!
That thought floated around in my head like some sort of dream. Something that should be happening at night and from which I would awaken to my mother's voice, "Get up, Tom. Time for school."

It isn't my mother's voice, though.

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

the captain has turned on the 'Fasten Seat Belts' sign.
Please return your seats to their upright positions and prepare for landing. We are approaching National Airport and should be on the ground in approximately ten minutes."

I swallow at a knot in my throat. Here already. It seems no time since I told my parents goodbye in Greenville. My first flight alone.

The jet's motors slow, and I have the sensation of floating. Out the far window I catch a glimpse of the Washington Monument and the city skyline beyond. On my left the sprawling Pentagon. Mostly I see water. The plane circles, and I have the eerie feeling our pilot is lining up for the Potomac. Then, at the last

moment, there's land and the plane thumps down to the roar of reversing jets.

Inside the terminal I pick up my luggage and meet Fran Dickey, Senator Strom
Thurmond's secretary. Meet another boy, Bob Norris, from Charleston. He was on the same plane and is also to serve as a page. Fran takes us first for a sandwich and then to the Russell Senate Office Building where Thurmond wages his personal battles for conservatism, South Carolina, and United States dignity.

My boardinghouse is six blocks from the office, just off Constitution Avenue, 5th Street NE. It's a three-story, red brick building that's been around for some time. My room's on the third floor. Twin beds and sparsely furnished. I share it with another guy. There are three other rooms on the floor, and one bathroom with a tub, which I also share but with less enthusiasm. The room is to be cleaned once a week. Each of us will receive two towels. I notice the owner is dedicated to the administration's new energy policy. There's little heat.

Congress isn't wasting taxpayers' money on lavish living accommodations for pages, I'm thinking, but that doesn't dampen my enthusiasm. From the front door, I can see the Capitol dome gleaming beneath rays of a November sun. I feel like I've suddenly been dropped into the center of the world.

My first day at the Senate Office Building hazes with an aura of fantasy. I go into the library, conscious of the past and of the great men who have handled the thick, leather-bound books. The Law Library with its awesome stillness, where legal arguments have

been born and where new interpretations have first been seen.

I walk up and down the massive halls. Freely. My page identity working miracles with guards and secretaries.

I hand-deliver letters to other congressmen. I take news releases to the Capitol press gallery. Meet Congressman Mann. Then tonight I attend Strom Thurmond's birthday party. He's seventy-six. Ten years ago he married a young wife and has since fathered four children. Everything about him radiates the thrill of living. Each day he works out in his gym and he jogs three miles.

After the first day, things fall into a more ordered routine. The Page program is designed to teach high school students the workings of government. There is also school every morning at 7 a.m., in the Library of Congress, with a thirty-minute breakfast break. It's over at 9:15. I then walk three blocks to the Senate Office Building for work.

Lunch is always a highlight. I eat in the Senate Cafeteria, located in the Dirksen Building, usually stuffing myself because the evening meal will consist of sandwiches at a short order shop down the street from the boardinghouse.

I file letters. Sort mail. Fold and prepare news releases for delivery. Wrap packages. Do xerox copies. Inventory and rearrange storage closets.

Things are especially hectic during the week of the Taiwan crisis. Debacle, Senator Thurmond called it. Phones buzz constantly. Mail pours in and piles up. Senator Thurmond hasn't spent twenty-four years in Congress and earned his reputation by never speaking out.

My work day ends at 5 p.m. After hours I'm free to phone home on the Senate WATS line. Also free to go out on the town and to do pretty much as I please.

One evening I go to the White House lawn. President Carter speaks, and Amy throws a switch that lights up the national Christmas tree. I visit the Kennedy Center to see the Messiah and then the Nutcracker Suite. Next to the Kennedy Center is the famous Watergate Apartment complex.

I also tour the Ford Theater where President Abe Lincoln was shot by John Wilkes Booth.

My highlight, though, in terms of social engagements, comes when I attend the Armed Services Banquet held at the Russell Office Building on Thursday before Christmas.

I am in the banquet hall already. Seated. Talking casually. Looking around at the dignitaries and listening to the live orchestry. All of a sudden, in come all the Generals. Regal. Tall. So much military brass in one room that it just about takes my breath away.

I also visit one of our local churches, the National Church of God, where Reverend John Warren is most cordial.

A pleasant surprise develops in the cafeteria one noon as I eat alone. I give thanks for my food and then notice three girls at an adjoining table. They smile and we exchange nods. One of the girls then comes to my table.

"Are you a Christian?" she asks.

"Yes."

"We thought so." She laughs.
"So are we. All three of us.
And we'd like to invite you to

**CONTINUED ON PAGE 21** 

בייייים זמחחב

he American
Division had just
completed twenty-one
days of jungle
patrol in the mountains of
South Vietnam. We were
finally preparing for seven days
of bunker duty in Landing
Zone Baldy.

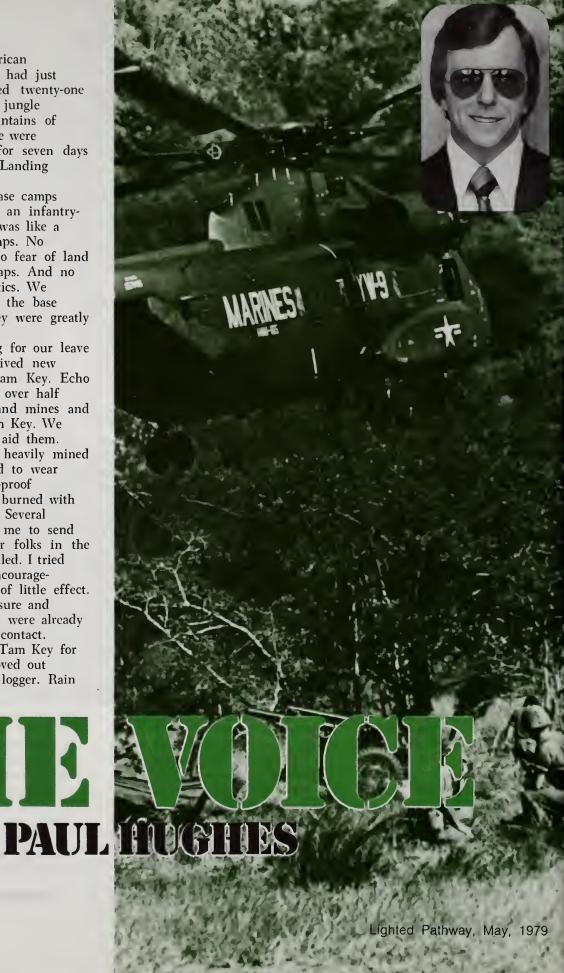
Although the base camps were assaulted, to an infantry-man bunker duty was like a vacation. No swamps. No foxholes to dig. No fear of land mines or booby traps. And no fierce guerrilla tactics. We also felt secure at the base camps because they were greatly fortified.

While preparing for our leave to Baldy, we received new orders to go to Tam Key. Echo Company had lost over half its men due to land mines and booby traps at Tam Key. We were called on to aid them.

Because of the heavily mined area, we were told to wear flak-jackets (bullet-proof vests). Our minds burned with thoughts of death. Several buddies requested me to send belongings to their folks in the event they were killed. I tried to respond with encouragement, but it was of little effect. En route, the pressure and fear mounted. We were already assured of enemy contact.

After being in Tam Key for two hours, we moved out toward our night logger. Rain

### THE PAUL



drenched us. We trudged through a series of muddy rice paddies, and suddenly our point man stepped on a booby trap. Six men killed, seven severely wounded. The medics refused to aid the wounded for fear of their own lives.

A couple of volunteers and I advanced to the wounded to assist them. As we brought them out for evacuation we were fired on with V. C. rockets from a nearby village. We returned the fire and called in artillery support. Once the village was quiet we moved on for our night logger. Fear grew extremely intense and only one lieutenant volunteered for point position.

Supplied with a team of German shepherds trained to detect booby traps, we reached the night logger about 5:30 that evening. The rain had ceased and we dug in for the night. The German shepherds sniffed out a booby trap that had been rigged near an old, bombed-out Buddhist temple. The Command Post decided to use the ruins for their logger position, so the troops began setting up perimeter around them. I was traveling with the Command Post at the time, so after the booby trap was detonated I chose the crater for a foxhole.

We had been there twenty minutes when I sat down, removed my helmet and flak-jacket, and began to read a letter from my mother. Suddenly everything went red! There's a slogan among soldiers that says, "You never hear the one that gets you." It must be so, because I never heard a sound. My head started humming like a great gyroscope. I was severely wounded.

My whole life flashed through my mind. I thought I was dead and at any moment I would arrive in heaven or hell. I



wasn't sure which. As far as I knew I had not violated the Ten Commandments—I believed in God and feared Him—yet, I didn't know what Christ's death was all about. I knew Jesus was God's Son, but that was all!

Numbness infiltrated my body. My soul seemed to be rising from me—my mind became dark. Then, almost audibly, I heard a voice speaking in a soft, gentle way, saying, "Ask God to let you live." At the request of this voice, I felt a surge of hope. I cried hard within myself, saying, "God, please let me live!" At the end of my cry it seemed as if a huge hand reached up and grabbed that ascending part of me, pulling it back into the limp tabernacle lying on the Buddhist rubble.

I raised my head to realize we were under assault from a nearby treeline. I began screaming desperately for the medic, guessing they had taken me for dead. I couldn't hear

myself since both my eardrums were completely shattered. Shortly after, a medic rushed to me and injected me with morphine. It was as though I lay there an hour, waiting for the evacuation helicopter. The pilot wouldn't land until he received a gunship escort. Finally I was loaded onto the Medi-Vac and was on my way to Da Nang.

I was taken to Emergency Care in Da Nang. The drugs in me were forcing me toward sleep but I refused until I could talk with a doctor. I wanted to find out if I would live. I was afraid if I fell asleep I'd never wake up. The doctor arrived. After examining me, he said he couldn't understand how, but I was going to live.

That day is a day I'll never forget.

I lost sight in my right eye. Lost an eardrum, later replaced by a plastic eardrum through modern techniques. Lost part of a bone in my left leg. Yet through all of this, I'm praising God because He allowed me to live. He knew that one day I'd fight in "His" war. He never once left my side. After eight long, lonely months in the hospital, I was released. Five years later God saved me from a corrupt life in the world of drugs.

God's war is much like the guerrilla warfare in Vietnamthere are booby traps, Satanic ambushes, and you never see who or where your enemy is until he strikes. Is not this the way Satan comes against the Christian? Yet, much like my experiences in Vietnam, when you receive a wound from this spiritual warfare, if you'll listen quietly, you'll hear the voice of God directing your every path! He'll always be by vour side providing an answer and a way of escape. \(\pi\)

# CHURCH GROWTH CONFERENCE

eginning in August and running through the fall of 1979, the Church of God Executive Committee will join state officials in a series of Church Growth Conferences designed to emphasize the making of disciples.

Thirty-one state and regional sites have been selected to host these meetings, and General Overseer Ray H. Hughes is placing strong emphasis on getting New Testament "growth concepts" to the grass roots level of our membership.

"New Testament church growth differed dramatically from some of the things we look for today," Brother Hughes told leaders in Cleveland recently. "Those early Christians didn't have property, finances, or an organized plan; but they had God's empowering Spirit. They had compassion, the will to do, and the love of Christ. They had heart for the task.

"Too often we seem to go about our business back-wards, waiting for the program to jell, emphasizing the money needs, the property requirements, trying to recruit the ideal personnel; then we fail to have the heart, the real passion for the task.

"So far as archaeologists and church historians have been able to establish, there weren't any exclusively church buildings until A.D. 160. The early church was peoplecentered. Christians met in homes, in the marketplace, sometimes in underground caverns; but they witnessed everywhere to the power and the glory of a risen Christ.

"God give us the heart, the

passion, the concern . . . God give us the true vision of a dying world that needs to hear the good news . . . yes . . . God give us that New Testament concept of evangelism and this church will grow."

The task of coordinating the conferences has been assigned to six men: Cecil B. Knight, Carl Richardson, Robert White, Raymond Crowley, Floyd Carey, and Lamar Vest, each of whom will work with five or six conferences.

Each conference will have six men from General Headquarters, one of whom will be a member of the Executive Committee; but most conference personnel will be drawn from the state or region.

Brother Hughes noted that he is personally slated to keynote sixteen of the conferences

and that the meetings are expected to reach at least 30,000 people. Where at all possible, the other conferences will be keynoted by an Executive Committee member.

"The National Evangelism Department will be involved in the conferences," Assistant Director Gene Rice noted, "first in terms of a pre-session seminar for evangelists and also with workshops tailored to zero in on the evangelist and his ministry."

"Not just another meeting," Brother Hughes says, "but this is to be a full-fledged conference. In short, we plan to take to each state and/or region precisely the challenge previously planned for Miami, and we're praying and asking state and local leaders to pray with us that these meetings will have a profound impact upon every local congregation.

"The theme says it—Every Member . . . Making Disciples."

Of special interest to the readers of this magazine, of course, is the role of youth. General Director of Youth and Christian Education Floyd Carey was asked to comment:

"Our department will play a vital role. Both Brother Vest and I will serve as coordinators. Other department personnel will assist us, especially in workshops, and we will lean heavily on state and district directors.

"I find this growth conference concept especially exciting in that it does bring all departments into a united effort. Growth concepts have always been at the heart of our work. Through Sunday school campaigns, through Family Training Hour promotions, and through periodic special subject emphases, we have consistently held forth growth principles that have produced

results all across this nation.

"Yet there is more . . . much more . . . that needs to be done.

"In the truest sense of the word, only people grow.
Organizations may expand, programs may proliferate, and buildings may be enlarged; but people grow.

"People grow in terms of maturing concepts, and people grow spiritually. This type growth certainly isn't limited to young people—all of us have room for growth—but it would seem that young people have an obvious stake in this concept, and it is our hope to have young people and youth leaders significantly involved in all thirty-one conferences.

"The conferences will list as many as fifty-two key subjects. Here are some that are especially appealing to young people and youth leaders:

- 1. Systematic Growth Through Practical Records.
- 2. The Effective Use of Literature in Church Growth.
- 3. Special Days and Campaigns: Incentives for Growth.
- 4. How to Start and Maintain a Bus Ministry.
- 5. Church Growth Through the Christian Day School.
- 6. The Sunday School and Church Growth.
- 7. Music and Church Growth.
- 8. Commitment Is More Than . . . (Youth Seminar).
- 9. Workable Concepts in Child Evangelism.
- 10. The Sunday School Supporting Total Church Growth.
- 11. Train Up a Child: What We Believe and Why.
- 12. Training Young People to Become Disciples.

"Note the conference for your state and make plans now to join us.

"Every Member . . . Making Disciples." ☐ —Hoyt E. Stone

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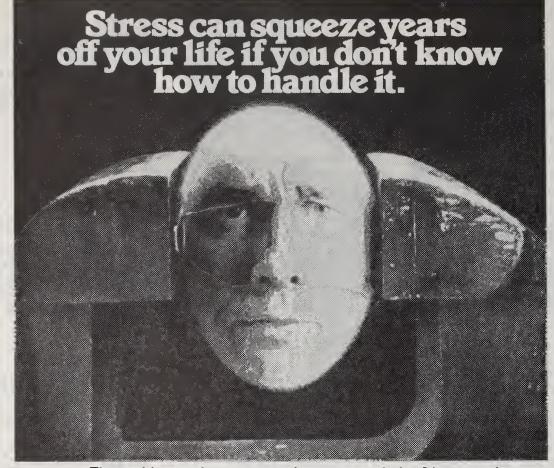
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The problem with stress is not how to get rid of it. It's a part of life. And it's not even all bad. The real problem with stress is how to recognize it and control it. So it doesn't control you.

Your body reacts to stressful situations with its nerves, glands and hormones. And because these systems function throughout the body, what affects them can affect other parts of your body that may be vulnerable at the time.

That's why stress is a factor in many people's heart attacks, hypertension, ulcers, asthma, possibly even cancers, and probably many other ailments. That's also why, in these times of many stresses, it's a major factor in increasingly costly health care.

You can recognize stress by heeding the warnings of your body and emotions. Frustration. Anger. Hostilities that build up. Heavy pressures of responsibility time demands and conflict. Headaches, insomnia, muscle tension.

The key to handling stress is learning. Learning to air your feelings in constructive ways, to train your body to relax, to repair a lifestyle before you're faced with expensive medical repairs. You have to learn what your stresses are and the best ways for you to deal with them.

But they must be dealt with.
Because the longer you remain in the grip of stress, the more crushing—and costly—its effects.

LIBERTY NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

| For a free booklet about stress<br>Liberty National, Communica | s and preventive health care, write<br>tion Department, P.O. Box 2612, Birming | LP<br>gham, Alabama 35202 |
|--|--|---------------------------|
| NAME   |  |                           |
| ADDRESS  |  |                           |
| CITY   | STATE  | ZIP                       |

er silver hair glistened. As did tears on the faces of all those who loved her.

One hundred and one years

. . . of life and activity, loving, caring, and doing . . . now still.

I was honored to play for her funeral on that cold day, the winter of her earthly life. As I sat there watching quiet tears fall from broken hearts, I wondered.

I wondered about the reunion taking place in heaven. Of the many loved ones who had waited to see her. Father, mother, sisters, brothers, even children and grandchildren. A multitude of friends.

Of the pain she had suffered each time those she loved had gone on without her.

Of the long, lonely hours spent in the nursing home. Thinking about the past. Of days gone by. Days of happiness. Days of sadness. Times of defeat. And victory!

As the minister spoke, I wondered of her faithfulness and testimony. Of kind deeds and the many tears those tiny, wrinkled hands had wiped from others. Of those great rewards she would receive for many cups of water given in Christ's name.

I sat wishing I could have known her. Talked to her. Asked questions that only the wisdom of age could answer. About changes in the church and the people of the church. Changes in the country. Peace. War. Depression. Prosperity. And was she disappointed in today? In the modern way?

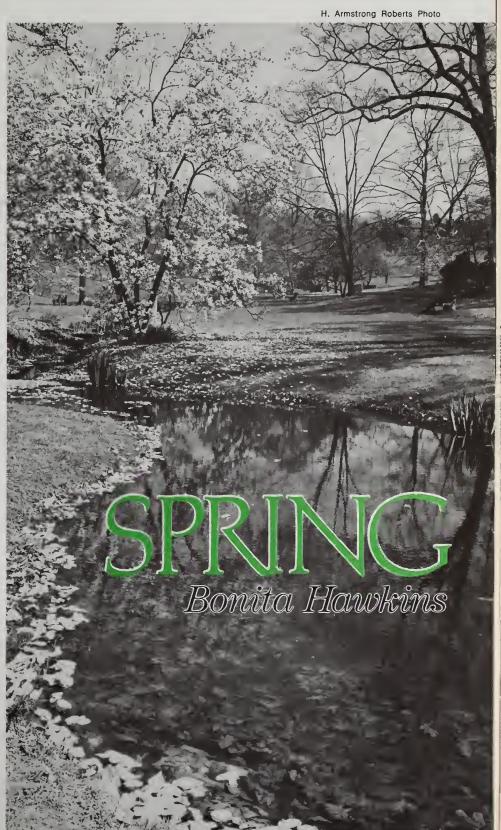
It was good for her to have lived, I thought. I felt a sense of peace and warmth in the room. A warmth that surely comforted those who were left.

For though her body lay in the stillness of death, her fruits lived on! Her good works.

Her children. Her testimony that shone on the faces of those seated among the lovely flowers. Radiating! A testimony that will burn on as long as any who knew her . . . and all those

that came in contact with her . . . shall live.

For her . . . spring. Eternal spring. With the Lord of her life. A hundred and one years to us . . . only a day to Him.



## 4 Woman

When she came into the world...
on a cold February morning, the family doctor said
on a trace of apology, "It's agint"; and, next day, a dad told
all his cronies in the cotton mill, adding, "Next one's
gonna be a boy for sure."

When she had her eighth birthday...

and was given a doll rather than a skateboard which wasn't

2 ladylike, and was told to sit rather than play ball, there
were those in the room who thought, and an untactful aunt who said
aloud, "She's such a tomboy."

When she came of age physically...

and her body starked doing strange and frightening things,

3 and when womanhood broke forth in the natural symmetry of feminine curves, there were those who admired her body and said, "She's a doll."

When she passed through high school...

and started to think and to compete mentally with those

4 above her and around her, and when intuitive genius
budded and a few would praise her, there were louder,
more insistent voices saying, "She'd make a good teacher."

When she entered the world's marketplace...

and proved adept in management, giving and taking the Sknocks of open compelition, and when she produced over an beyond male counterparts, she was snubbed in the office and given less money because she was "only a woman."

When she was bathed in moonglow...

yet young, and talked openly and honestly of her personal dreams and aspirations, and when she saw the love of her life turn elsewhere to one who "cooed" and "primped" idiotically, she wondered if she even wanted to be..." a woman."

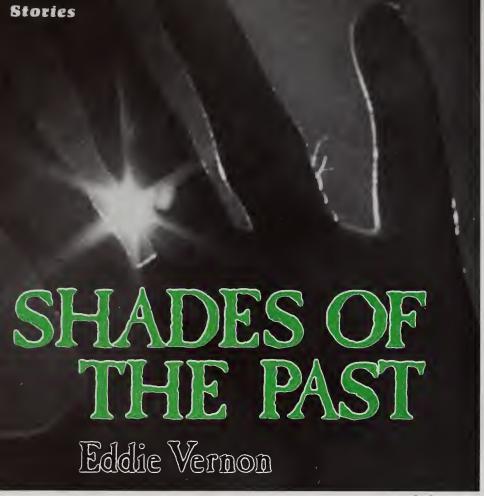
When she came again to the threshold of love...

older, and listened to a young man's dreams rather than T her own, and when she conceived the idea of a supportive role in marital partnership, her "I will" became a lifetime commitment, and she accepted herself as "a woman."

When she became part of life's miracle...

men she become popioi illes miracie...

called her name, she stepped out with unsuspected dignity and was hailed as far more than "just a woman." J. Potter Photo white-robed, crowned, and honored before celestial beings, 13 and when the Creator of all things beautiful homemaking, her husband took it for granted and society labeled But when she stood in the presence of God ... and cookies and dirty clothes, and to those complex attairs of 12 faintly smiling on safin white, and when guests came to gawk and the preacher extemporized, it was of course her unemployed because she was "only a woman." the last earthly benediction for "a woman." 10 and there was heartbreak to heal or financial wizardry in the blue of her favorite gown, silver-haired and or limbs broke and nursing skill was demanded, all turned agencies numbered and labeled her yet," a woman." became scarce and pension money limited, charitable When they dressed her for the last time ... of days and moments that used to be, and when friends and empty chairs sat round the table-haunting evidence When family emergencies arose... gratefully to she who was "only a woman." to perform, or when brows fevered When age crept stealthily forward... Cont Conco. Alliniani lanterati i cas



Ed Sarlin Photo

eff O'Henry drove his Cadillac onto Interstate 75 and headed south from Knoxville without the slightest inkling of danger. It was 10 p.m. He expected to be home in Chattanooga by 12:30, 1 a.m. at the latest.

Saturday night traffic was heavy until I-75 veered left from I-40 about ten miles out. Jeff adjusted his seat backwards, set the cruise control on 70 mph, tuned his radio to WDEF, and let the miles roll by. It had been a good day. His briefease bulged with new pharmaceutical orders, and Marge would be glad to have him home a day early.

Lenoir City, Athens, Charleston, Cleveland—the towns counted by. Jeff squinched his eyes against the drowsiness.

Opened the window to blow in

fresh air. Decided to stretch. After all, if ten years on the road had taught him anything, it was caution. He wasn't one to risk falling asleep at the wheel.

The rest area was in a grove of pines. No facilities. There was one other car. Jeff parked well back of the other car and left his headlights on. Stepping out, he stretched, walked slowly around to the far side of his car and looked up at a full moon in a heaven of bright stars. He breathed deeply and felt his head clear. Spring was in the air.

Jeff either heard the soft rustle of clothing or sensed another's presence behind him. He turned, saw the forms of two men, and felt the smack of a fist to his mouth. The blow knocked him to his knees. He spat blood and one of his front teeth. Cold fear gripped him,

a fear he'd lived with for twenty-eight years.

"Fellows, don't . . . don't leave me. . . . I'll bleed to death. Please listen. I'm a free bleeder. Hemophilia. I've got to get to the hospital."

The two thieves paid no mind. One pinned Jeff's arms while the other methodically took his billfold, watch, and pocket change. They took the briefcase from off the front seat of the Cadillac, lifted the keys from the car and threw them into the pines, then returned to their own car and drove off.

Jeff knew he shouldn't panic. Knew, too, that he couldn't just wait at the rest stop for help. Every few moments his mouth filled with blood and he gushed it forth in spurts that splattered his gray Johnny Carson suit.

Out on the Interstate, Jeff stepped into the road and waved wildly. The cars slowed. Then sped on.

Frank Lane was returning from Gatlinburg with a church busload of juniors. It had been a nice three days of hiking, shopping, and pillow-fighting, with some current Bible truths thrown in. Most of the thirty-three kids and five chaperones now slept.

Not Sister Smith, of course. She sat behind him, forever watching the speedometer lest he get over 55 mph and incessantly quoting memory verses from the Bible. Frank didn't really think she was asleep, although she hadn't said a word for nigh onto five minutes.

A man in the road! Frank touched his brakes, flipped his lights on bright.

"What's wrong, Brother Lane?" Sister Smith leaned forward. "My God, the man's drunk! Look at him. He can't hardly walk. For heaven's sake, don't stop. He looks like a maniac."

As he drove by, Frank heard a muffled yell.

"You hear that?" Mrs. Smith sat back. "I do believe he cussed us. Sure sounded like an oath to me. Oh, what a mess this world's gotten itself into."

Norman Lyle was returning home to South Pittsburg. Alone. He had just closed one of the best evangelistic services of his twenty-year ministry. Thirty-three converts in one night. Afterwards he had gone to Shoney's for coffee and hot fudge cake. Also for Christian fellowship. Now, he simply relaxed and listened to the New Testament on tape. First Corinthians 13. "Though I speak with the tongues of men. . . ."

What was that? Norman pulled to the side of the road, shifted into reverse, and backed up.

There. . . . In the grass. . . .

Why, it looked like a man. Bloody. Just lying there with his arm out. Someone must have hit him.

Careful, Norman. May be a trick. Norman pushed the button that locked all four doors of his Mercedes. He backed up. Swallowed. Really wanted to get out and look closer, but he remembered his promise to his wife never to pick up hitchhikers.

He'd call the police from the next station.

Tim Jacobs had promised his roommate he'd be in by 1 a.m. Definitely, he'd be there this time, because Joe had to work early shift at the bakery. It had been a great date. Now, the little Pinto with the beat-up right fender clacked along at sixty, 10 mph faster than Joe said he could drive. But if he didn't make it to campus on time, Tim knew

he'd never borrow Joe's car again.

Tim saw the body of a man by the roadside but it didn't register. Not at first. Maybe he only thought it. He got into the left lane, crossed through the grass median and drove back a mile and crossed again. This time he drove slow.

There he was!

Leaving the headlights on, Tim ran to the unconscious body of Jeff O'Henry. Rolled him over.

Never had he seen so much blood!

Tim searched for wounds. Found none. He undid the man's coat, vest, and stripped back his shirt. His hand felt a chain, and on the bottom of it, a plate with the words, "Hemophilia Patient Jeff O'Henry." On the back side, smaller print, "National Hemophilia Foundation, 25 West 39th Street, New York, New York 10018."

Tim pulled the Pinto up close, dragged Jeff O'Henry into the front seat and propped his head against the door. He really couldn't tell if the man were dead or alive but he knew he had to hurry.

He raced toward Erlanger Hospital, attracting a cop who chased him with flashing blue lights and a wide-open siren. Tim didn't care, and he didn't stop. Not until he turned into the Emergency Entrance and drove right to the door.

The cop helped carry Jeff O'Henry in.

"Just in time," the doctor said thirty minutes later. "We're giving him a transfusion and a number of injections of AHF. Should come around before long. The nurse has some papers we'd like you to sign."

Tim signed the papers. Then drove slowly home. Joe surely was going to be angry. It was already past work time.



ometimes I wonder how I stand it.
Like today, when I look out of this hole-in-the-wall cottage and see the dirty beach, it makes me sick.

Or this morning, when Deana and I were coming down from the restaurant where we work, we saw two police officers putting a girl on a stretcher. We asked Warren, one of the officers, what happened.

"She OD'd on heroin," he told us.

Later I heard on the news that she died before they could get her to the hospital.

Of course, I didn't have to work at a vacation resort. I could have stayed in my own hometown with my mom and dad and twelve-year-old brother Harold, but I didn't want to do that. I've lived in the same town, even the same house, since the day I was born. In fact, that house has been in our family so long my father was born in the bedroom that my parents share now. So to get away from there, I took a summer job as a waitress in this vacation resort.

It's not bad here. The weather is usually good. There are a lot of young people. Always something to do, but I feel dissatisfied.

"It's because you know it's all temporary," Deana Marshall, a girl I work with, tells me. She's nineteen, and this is her fourth summer working here. "You know you're not going to be here for the rest of your life."

"Maybe that's what it is.

Maybe it's something else," I
told her the other day when we
went to the beach for a swim.
"I'm not homesick. I'm just
not sure of my goals in working
here."

"Why must you have a goal?" Deana asked me.

That's a good one. She

really made me think when she asked me that. I couldn't answer her then, and I still can't. But I think we have to have goals if we want to feel useful.

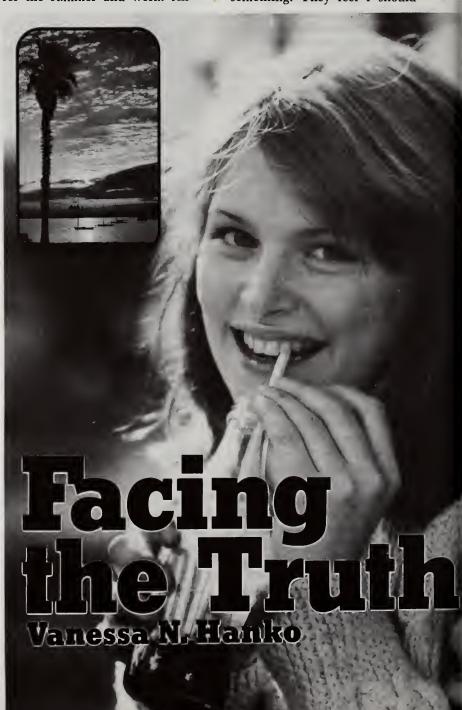
The other girls who graduated with me already have their goals planned. Some of them are planning summer weddings; but most of them are planning college. I'm the only one who just planned to go away for the summer and work. All

the kids looked at me like I was crazy when I told them.

"That's fine," my mother said, "but what are you going to do when you come back?" I shrugged my shoulders.

And still, every Sunday when I call my parents from the pay phone on the corner, my father asks me if I have any plans for this fall.

I think my parents are afraid I'll turn into a bum or something. They feel I should



have looked for a job with a future instead of a job I knew would end Labor Day weekend.

Nobody understands. How do I know what I want to do forever if I don't try a variety of things now?

My cousin went to a twoyear art college after high school. She worked at an art job for six months, then decided she liked being a department store clerk a lot better. She could have done that without taking out all those loans for art school.

I don't want to end up like that. I want to be sure what I do is right for me before I make any commitments. I don't intend to be a waitress the rest of my life, of course, but that's not the point. The point is—I'm away from the influence of family and friends. I do what I do because I choose to do it. If I goof, I'm the one who has to take the brunt of the punishment.

"You're too hard on yourself," Deana tells me as we start another one of our rap sessions.

Maybe she's right. But it's just the way I am. Confused. A little shy around boys, even though I'm seventeen and thought I'd be over that by now.

Sometimes I wish I didn't have to grow up. When you live alone like this you relish the freedom, but the lack of security gets scary.

"I think this will be my last summer," Deana says. "When Labor Day is over I'm going to get a permanent job and settle down in a normal town."

I nod. I wonder if I could stand working here four summers in a row.

"What made you work here for so long?" I ask.

"A guy."

I nod again. There sure are a lot of guys around here. But I know Deana means one special guy, even though I never hear her talk of him.

"The guy whose picture you have in your cottage?" I ask.

Deana nods. I want to ask her more, but when I see the tears I don't know what to say.

"He promised me he'd come back," Deana says quietly. "That was three years ago. I can't wait any longer."

I don't answer her. Three years seems like a long time to stay in love with someone. The longest I ever managed to go steady was when I was a junior and went with Denny Douglas for four months. I thought that was a long time.

"What should I do?" Deana asks me. "Do you think I should wait another summer and see if he comes back?"

I shrug.

I never knew anybody who waited three whole years for someone. I wouldn't. I'm not one to waste time when there isn't much hope. But the look on Deana's face makes me shut my mouth before the words roll out. I can't tell her that.

I was restless after going with Denny for four months. How could I tell Deana what to do?

Deana gets up and starts down the strip. She wipes her eyes with her fists. I never saw her so quiet before.

She must have really loved him.

I wonder why he made a promise he never kept. And in that instant atoms collide in my brain and give me the first step of my goal in life.

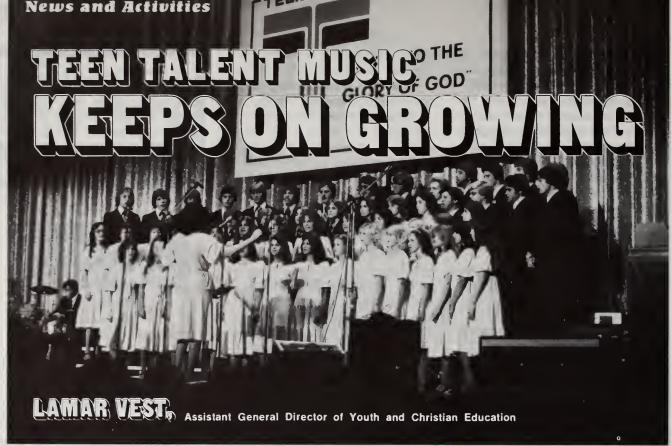
I'll always tell myself the truth.

I look at Deana. She knows she's kidding herself, and she knows I know. I shut my eyes. Maybe there are a lot of goofs ahead of me; but whatever I do, it'll always start with the truth. □









Youth and Christian Education Photo

he music division of Teen Talent is a showcase of musical gifts and talent development. Some of the very finest young musicians in the world participate in this program.

Teen Talent music division consists of competition and evaluation—beginning at the regional level, moving to the state level, and finally climaxing in the exciting national finals. But it is much more than just competition and evaluation—it is a ministry. It is the means by which teenagers are lead to recognize and develop their musical abilities and by which they are directed toward their fullest potentials for Christ.

Teen Talent musical competition began in 1961, and it hasn't stopped growing since. It just keeps enlarging and stretching itself to keep pace with growing interest and involvement. Originally there were only three categories: choir, vocal, and instrumental. In recent years, however, the program has expanded to include more categories. Now comes another giant step. Beginning with the 1980 competition, there will be six categories with fifteen areas of participation. Winners will be selected in each of the fifteen areas.

> Teen Talent Music Division Categories

Vocal Solo

- 1. Male
- 2. Female

Vocal Ensemble

- Two—Five Singers
   Six—Twelve Singers
- Instrumental Solo—Keyboard
- 1. Piano
- 2. Organ

Instrumental Solo—Non-

Keyboard

- 1. Brass
- 2. Woodwind
- 3. Strings
- 4. Percussion: Definite Pitch

5. Percussion: Indefinite Pitch

Instrumental Ensemble

- 1. Two-Eight Players
- 2. Nine Players and Up Choir
- 1. Thirteen—Thirty Singers
- 2. Thirty-One Singers and Up

Are you musically gifted? The music division of Teen Talent provides you with the platform for displaying your talents while being involved in an exciting learning experience. Teen Talent provides opportunities for personal and spiritual growth, opportunities for social interaction, and an opportunity for you to make a valuable contribution to the music ministry of the Church of God.

If you are interested in participating in the music division of Teen Talent, contact your state director of youth and Christian education for entry and participation requirements. Use the talent that God has given you for His glory and honor.

### A Page in Washington (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7)

our Congressional Prayer Fellowship. We meet every Thursday for Bible study, mostly just a group of young people, and we'd be happy to have you join us."

It really makes me feel good. Thankful, too, that I'd taken

time to say grace.

My days blend one into another like beads on a string. Thursday comes. My last week. I meet and shake hands with George McGovern, Senators Hatch, Laxalt, and Mathias.

For a time I feel like I'm in a who's who of politicians. Their hands are real, though. Just human flesh. And that's something I'll never forget. Something I hope will give me a better perspective, a better insight into the workings of government and into the human drama that makes this nation what it is.

The jet taxies to the end of the runway, races forward, and then climbs almost straight up into a December sky. I'll soon be home.

I'm not sure how . . . or why . . . but I feel like I'm not exactly the same seventeen-year-old who came to DC thirty days ago.

The jet's motors hum. I lay my seat back. Close my eyes. Keep seeing the face of that remarkable old southern gentleman who gave me the appointment and who made it all possible.

Thank you, Strom Thurmond, I say to myself. And thank you, God, for my country and all its opportunities.

—Tom Grassano

### TYOUTH UPDAILE

Lamar Vest, Assistant Géneral Director of Youth and Christian Education

### HERE COMES SUMMER!

Summer 1979 is on its way. No school, no studying, no pressing schedules—a lot of free time to do what you pretty well please. It's no wonder that most young people are in love with summer.

There is some sad news about summer, however, that I feel I must share with you. Church attendance usually drops drastically during summer. Church leaders call it the "summer slump." What's really sad about the whole situation is that a lot of young people are summer "dropouts." They become so relaxed from having completed the grinding school routine and become so caught up in seeking for recreational and social activities that God is often crowded out.

How do you fight the "summer slump"? I'll suggest a few things that you can do.

- Continue Your Daily "Quiet Time" Devotions. Keep in mind that you may need to change your quiet time schedule to fit your summer routine. But don't neglect it. It's an old wartime trick that Satan has picked up on: Cut off the enemy's supply lines so the troops will be weakened and defeated.
- 2. Attend Sunday School and Church Regularly. Don't get out of the habit of going to church. Going to church doesn't make you a Christian. But Christian commitment is close to meaningless without it.
- 3. Attend Youth Camp. Each summer approximately 25,000 Church of God young people attend summer camp. Camp is a fantastic time for recreation, character building, and social activity. Most of all, camp is a time to worship God, to study His Word, and to grow even closer to Him. Hundreds of young people have gotten their Christian life together at summer camp.
- 4. Attend Camp Meeting. A lot of activities at camp meeting are planned with youth in mind. Your state director of youth and Christian education and his board have spent a lot of hours in prayer and planning for such things as youth after-service happenings, youth talent involvement, youth services, youth banquets, and many other youth-related activities.

Next fall, the statisticians will plug in their computers and total up all of the spiritual casualties of the summer. Don't be one of them. Stay with God.

Keep the Son shining!

## ACTION News Views General Department of Youth and Christian Education Compiled by Nancy Neal



TAMMIE SHELLY

### A DEDICATED EXAMPLE

Meet multitalented Tammie Shelly. She is a seventeen-yearold Peacemaker from Union, Mississippi. A member of the Reid's Chapel Church, she accompanies the sanctuary choir with her trombone. However, every Sunday morning Tammie travels forty miles to the Forest Church of God to play the piano.

A senior at Sebastopol High School, Tammie has won several scholastic and music awards. Most recently, she was selected to represent Mississippi at the "Presidential Classroom for Young Americans" in Washington, DC.

Now Tammie has been selected to serve on Mississippi's first State Teen Board. □

### PEACEMAKERS EQUAL PACESETTERS

The Beulah Church of God Peacemakers are pacesetters, having led the Dakotas in YWEA giving for as long as records have been kept.

Under Calvin Sayler's leadership, a rock-a-thon recently raised in excess of \$1,000. Calvin, who has been nominated for "Who's Who Among High School Students," lettered in two sports during his four years of high school. He was also on the winning state Bible Quizzing Team and has now begun a broadcasting vocation at a local radio station.

### AN OPEN LETTER FROM THE OVERSEER OF NEW YORK:

On behalf of the ministers and members of the New York City area, I am deeply indebted to the Church of God for the 1978 YWEA project. The 1978 project enabled us to penetrate the kingdom of Satan and enabled us to establish Church of God congregations in strategic locations which otherwise would have been virtually impossible. We are, in fact, reaching many cultures and various languages because of the program. Not only has New York City been blessed, but we have already trained ministers to go into other metropolitan areas and establish churches. Several contacts have been made outside the USA which will enrich the Church of God in members and in new churches.

From the depth of my heart, I want to thank the young people of the Church of God for rising to the need and making it happen. May the God of all mercy take the pen of love and the ink of eternity and write in His book of remembrance what you did to help so many others. 

—I. D. Golden

J. D. GOLDEN



Lighted Pathway, May, 1979

SUNJDKQUSFYRKRVJCG **VMOUSEYLAPVZIFYFPO** HTILRIZISYRADEMORD ADLJCXPKSQEIWRUWRC RFTKRDIMLJSTSRLICJ EJZPAOJTESPCOEEKDW VGXZOLEISNSRXTKYFR FDLRBNWBADGERYRIZT SUDGIFJGUTHFQUDQTP ZWPVEPRCSCWIONRJOR GMILSKAKNBKEPRAYZK SAZNMMIUSGIHHGPRLJ RLMOEKWPEJWCSHOXEN BULLZDERFIHORSELOM EMSPHTFLPBCATJHLYEX AOUCYADXRKLHRENFJC LWMFNLOJHFESOETHKO HTAVMFYGVTDJTPWVYW

Mammals mentioned in the Bible are hidden in this puzzle. They may be horizontal, vertical, diagonal, forward, or backward. Through doing this puzzle you will learn of mammals which inhabit the lands and seas around the Holy Land. Their names are listed below.

| ASS<br>BADGER<br>BOAR<br>BULL  | MOUSE<br>MULE<br>OXEN<br>ROEBUC | and the same of th | LAST<br>MONTH'S<br>ANSWERS                       |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------|--|--|
| CAMEL                          | SHEEP                           |  | NAROMROC<br>NLGBCFBFD<br>BOHPESJJC               |
| DOG<br>DROMED<br>FERRET<br>FOX | ARY                             | PEBTLFBVR<br>EAGLEBIUD<br>LCQUDKVLR<br>IOEHENGTK   | AUEGAHAWK<br>GADBEQUVP<br>EIJAHNEFR<br>RLKHCDINM |
| GOAT<br>HARE<br>HEIFER         |                                 | SCRGPNDUT<br>DKHSWFBRA<br>SLCIJMAER<br>WORRAPSCM<br>BRJIPRSTW  | VENLBSEGP<br>SWTPWLWOL<br>IRMNGARBS              |
| HORSE<br>LAMB                  | A Fason                         |  | LOGLIWBEN<br>YLEFGICBO<br>QLGIMNKRE              |
| LEOPARI                        | e e                             | ERSTORK FU<br>V T Z Y KUNS I   | MWEOAIWEI  |

### DIVORCE

A suburban Milwaukee couple recently "divorced" their sixteenyear-old daughter. Impossible, you say. Ridiculous! Perhaps. . . .

The girl was divorced because she broke family rules, misbehaved in school, and used marijuana. The last straw came when she stole several wallets from the cloakroom at her high school.

The judge was flabbergasted. The girl sobbed. But the parents showed no emotion—they just couldn't cope with her.

The responsibility of caring for the girl has now been transferred to the Milwaukee County Department of Social Services.

Two caterpillars were crawling across the grass when a butterfly flew over them. They looked up, and one nudged the other and said, "You couldn't get me up in one of those things for a million dollars!"

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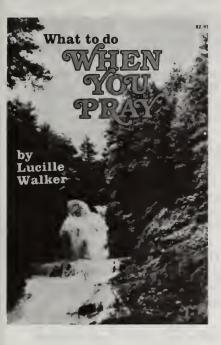
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#### Men in Mid-Life Crisis, by Jim Conway

Recommended for older young people. The author does an excellent job of detailing crisis moments that may come to men and their wives. Mid-life crisis, as defined by Jim Conway, is not pegged to an age. It is a matter of circumstances, pressures, a state of mind. Excellent reading for young ministers.

Paperback, \$3.95. David C. Cook, 850 N. Grove Avenue, Elgin, Illinois 60120. Or Path-

way Press.

#### The Broken God, by Bonnie Theilmann with Dean Merrill.

Jim Jones again. Insightful reading, perhaps, for those not already up to the ears with Jones. Not anything especially new or revealing, but it does show Bonnie's personal struggle with life, the Jones cult, and her ultimate deliverance.

Paperback, \$3.95. David C. Cook, 850 N. Grove Avenue, Elgin, Illinois 60120.

#### A Charismatic Truce, by David Shibley.

David is himself a Pentecostal, disturbed at the division between the Pentecostal churches and the charismatics. His book grew out of a concern for balance. He discusses common grounds, and he makes some recommendations for more cooperative efforts on the part of both sides.

Interesting.

Paperback, \$2.95. Thomas Nelson Publishers, Nashville. Or Pathway Press.



Camerique Photo

hen I was four or five years old, my mother took my sister and me shopping at one of Roanoke's major shopping centers. Somehow in the crowd, I became separated from my mother.

I panicked, running from store to store, screaming for my mother. I was lost! I ran everywhere searching for her.

Too tired to run any farther, I went back to the store where I last remembered seeing my mother. I didn't go to another store; I just stood there and waited. I was there, crying, when she found me.

"Mama, what took you so long? I looked everywhere for you! I couldn't find you, and I was scared!"

"Honey, while you were looking for me, I was looking for you. When you stopped running, I found you."

Simple? Perhaps, but true nonetheless. Not only in the physical world, but so much more in the spiritual realm.

Young people today are seeking happiness and fulfillment. Searching for something to fill that emptiness inside. This is reflected in our music and in the growth of cults and Eastern religions.

But while you are searching for true peace and joy, the One who can fill your inner hunger is seeking for you. You may not know Him. Perhaps you remember Him vaguely from your childhood. You have heard His followers talk about Him. To you He's just another name. But He continues to seek

You may scoff at Him—say He is not current with the times—yet He loves you.

You may tell Him to go away, to leave you alone. Let you live your own life as you please. Still He waits patiently.

You may say He is dead. He was a good teacher, but His death invalidated His sayings. Nevertheless, He is reaching out to vou.

Has Jesus found you? Or are you still running everywhere trying to find Him? Remember, we are the ones who are lost, not Him. Stand still and let Him find you where you are. Reach out your hand to Him, and He will be there.

"He was reaching for me, but I resisted His touch;

Instead I reached for other things I thought meant so much;

Things of value in earth's markets I had sought all of them.

But all the time I was seeking, I was seeking for Him.

So I reached out to Jesus crying, 'Lord, hear my plea,

For I want You to take all of me'; Then out of darkness I saw His light giving me a brand new start:

O praise the Lord! Jesus found me when I gave Him all my heart. . . .

He was seeking for me, Jesus was seeking for me,

Though I knew Him not still He loved me and was seeking for me." □

("Seeking for Me," by Lanny Wolfe. ©1978 by Lanny Wolfe Music.)

#### TASSELS, GOWNS, AND ILLUSIONS

t's very subtle . . . . . . how graduation gets reduced to its lowest common

denominator . . .

. . . becoming in those last few weeks and hours little more than a matter of tassels and gowns, and creating both for those who march and for those who proudly watch an illusion of accomplishment.

It's an illusion that persists in spite of every effort to dissipate it, and in spite of the fact that we name the service "commencement" rather than "conclusion."

The gowns are all the same . . . somber gray . . . dark maroon . speaking in themselves of the end of something and creating a sea of monotonous sameness that belies everything we know youth to be.

Graduation speakers adeptly contribute their part to the public illusion, seeming to speak that which is new but actually playing old tunes which do not matter to guests since they have heard it already, nor to the graduates for they are mostly not listening.

It is not the public illusion, however, that concerns me here: rather, the personal and

private ones.

Beneath those caps and gowns are individuals . beautiful, promising, intelligent young people . . . who have all too often been mesmerized by society and by the system into believing one or the other of two false premises.

Some students think themselves top quality, elite, above the common rabble.

They usually, though not always, sit on the front row. Their names are called first. followed by prestigious words such as cum laude or magna cum laude, and they will hear the sigh of the audience as but further confirmation of their infallible position.

Other students think themselves cheated, either by heredity or by the system. They sit in back. Often they joke to hide their pain. They tell themselves grades aren't all that important, but they can't believe their own words; they have decided already it's better to opt for less than to risk the pain and embarrassment of being last in line.

It's all an illusion. For both groups

Schools are, after all, neither more nor less than depositories of knowledge. Their goal is to transmit knowledge systematically and grades become but a human evaluation of how well or how poorly the task is done. Schools cannot-and most educators realize that they do not-evaluate human potential itself.

In fact, grade-point averages and how well one does in school has such little resemblance to successful living that many educators would like to do away with grades altogether, and every alumni association knows better than to judge "contribution potential"

by class standings.

A lot of those elite, abovethe-common-rabble young men and women flip their tassel. walk out from behind their ivory towers, and fall flat on their

magna cum laude faces. They become failures. Misfits.

A lot of those back-row kids walk out into the same world of reality, willing to start anywhere but unwilling to stay there, determined to give their best. They become leaders of

I've been waiting for years . . for twenty-two long years in fact . . . just hoping someone outside a registrar's office would ask me about my grades. All this time I've been ready to lay the cum laude on them and I've carried a little plastic diploma around until it's yellowed with age and cracked right across the college president's signature.

No one has ever asked. No one has needed to. When I've blundered and made mistakes and acted stupid, folks around me have seemed to know it. I've never pulled out my diploma because I've never for a moment thought it'd reverse their opinion. Conversely, when I've done something right, or when I've happened to know the answer or to touch someone with the right empathy, they've seemed to know that also.

Such is the real world. Without illusions.

So when your name is called and you walk forward for that diploma, look the president or the principal in the eye, grin, and flip your tassel with style. You've got what it takes. God has seen to that. Now take what you've got and apply it.

"Some students think themselves elite... others think themselves cheated... it's an illusion."



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FROM THE ROOM

Lighted Pathway

Vol.50, No.6

#### GRAHAM LOCKAMY,

# FATHER OF THE YEAR

MONEY TALKS... ABOUT YOU

ON YOUR MARK... GET SET... WRITE

\*A FATHER'S PAIN

"A RAMP IS A STEP AHEAD

tone Photo



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#### THIS ISSUE

We've touched on a number of subjects. Money. Homosexuality. Youth camp. The handicapped. Not all are headlined, but you'll find them in the copy.

With news and information on some exciting summer activities.

You're sure to love the Lockamy family.

Normally, Father's Day is accompanied with less blowing of trumpets. Appropriate, I suppose. Yet, strong families need the discipline and the influence of dad.

So . . . for this time . . . and for this month . . . we've blown the horn. Modesty was Graham's only problem with the article. It's not always pleasant to have someone snoop so intimately into your private affairs.

He had to be sold.

I did the selling because the Lockamys typify family life as ingrained in the very fabric of this nation and as found in many towns and congregations throughout our church.

Pleasant summer.

Hoyt & Stone

#### GRAHAM LOCKAMY,

### L P FATHER OF THE YEAR



Stone Photo

raham Lockamy of Dillon, South Carolina, is the father of three sons and one daughter—all still living in the same town, all members of the same church, all married to spouses who are members of



Brother and Sister Lockamy pose with their five granddaughters and three grandsons in the den of their home.

the church, and all employed fulltime in the family business.

Add five granddaughters and three grandsons.

That has to be a father's dream!

"Of course it is," Brother Lockamy will tell you, "but it's something I can't take credit for. My wife . . . she raised the kids. She kept house for them, fed them, made lots of their clothes, and taught them about the Lord. I was out working, scraping through the lean years, trying to get started in business.

"Even more, the wife and I recognize God's grace on our family. Others have worked just as hard, prayed as much, and still seen their children scattered all over the country. That's the age we're living in. God's just been good to us, that's all. And we're grateful."

That family business Graham was working on all those

years is known today as Lockamy Steel. It's a sprawling complex of office building, warehouse, truck scales, acres of junked autos, piles of scrap metal, and in the center a million dollar shredder fed by two cranes.

One crane lifts miscellaneous metals from boxcars and trucks, dropping refrigerators, stoves, wire, roller skates, and left-overs of modern society into the gaping mouth of the shredder; while the other crane drops in whole automobiles.

That blending of the two piles of scrap . . . junk . . . whatever you want to call it . . . is what Graham refers to as his own special recipe. The shredder is capable of chewing up a carmotor and all—in from one to three minutes; and what it spits out at the other end of the separator and a conglomerate of conveyor belts and bins is the stuff hauled to the steel mills.

It's also this special recipe that feeds and clothes the Lockamy clan, that employs more than a dozen other men full-time . . . many of whom belong to the Church of God, because Graham is partial to his church brethren . . . and that makes Lockamy Steel a thriving business in an increasingly competitive world.

Graham's office is second on the right. Glassed in. Paneled. Family pictures on the wall. There's a small plaque on his desk that says, "The Big Boss." A very small plaque, but definitive.

The main office is run by the family's only daughter,
Martha Rose. Bridges she now is.
Martha Rose speaks over an intercom out to the electronic scales, directing traffic, recording weights, and then passing greenbacks through the window in

-CONTINUED



Stone Photos









eye-boggling amounts.

"Martha Rose knows what she's doing," Graham will tell you, smiling with pride. And who could doubt it.

Oldest son Bobby divides his time between the office and troubleshooting in the yard. Greeting customers. Placing orders on the phone. Or standing atop a boxcar giving instructions to the crane operator.

Jackie, red-haired, freckled and perpetually laughing, feeds automobiles to the crane operator. Using a forklift, he stacks cars three high; then carries them, wobbling like a circus balancing act, top speed, to where the crane can pick them up. He acts like he's determined to







Top: Graham with secretary and daughter. Heavy equipment in the yard. Car into shredder. Truck with scrap for the steel mill. Graham on phone. Left: Bobby checking truck bed. Richard at inspection post. Above: The Lockamy family. Below: Lockamy Steel's work force during break.



feed that giant shredder more than it can chew. So far, all he's made it do is shift gears and belch black smoke.

On one occasion, a customer towed in a junker with a family car that looked pretty much on its last legs, and Jackie almost sent the wrong car to the shredder.

Youngest son Richard inspects for gas tanks. Every business has its fly in the ointment and, for Lockamy Steel, it's gas tanks. Customers are supposed to remove all gas tanks before bringing cars to the yard. Nevertheless, one occasionally gets by. It's Richard's job to catch it before it drops into that shredder and starts all kinds of trouble.

Sister Lockamy isn't on the company payroll, but she ought to be. Each day she goes to the plant warehouse and, over in a back corner where there's a stove, refrigerator, and tables and chairs, she prepares a meal that's comparable only to church homecoming dinners.

At 12 noon, the plant closes down and the Lockamys eat together. Pastor J. E. DeVore and his wife joined us the day I visited. Roast beef, white beans, green beans, rice, stewed apples, turnip greens just-right bitter, cornbread or rolls, quart glasses of iced tea, topped off with pumpkin pie—Mother Lockamy had it all and there wasn't anyone present who didn't know what to do with it. A meal well spiced with tall tales and family banter.

Graham Lockamy was born June 28, 1920. He has spent his entire life in Dillon. At age sixteen he quit school and started work in the cotton mill. He was only eighteen when he married Etta Martha Cutchin. Pastor George Cooper did the honors in the church parsonage.

Shortly afterwards, Graham

left the mill for a logging job. His first day he lost half the thumb off his right hand, tangled in a chain.

"What worried me was if I'd be able to play the guitar," Graham said. "But I managed." And he still plays at his church on Sundays.

It wasn't until 1954 that Graham Lockamy borrowed \$300, said farewell to the logging chain, and went into business for himself.

"There have been some bad years. Some hard times," Graham says. "But God's always been with us. I've tried to be a good steward. Put God first. Remembered my church. God has honored that."

Graham Lockamy doesn't talk too easily about himself. He'd rather discuss the children, or the church, or business; but, once you get behind that natural reserve, you find a man with strong convictions and well-formed opinions.

"I always figured myself uneducated. Wouldn't speak out too much. Or witness for the Lord. That's all sort of changed in the last few years.

"I think it started when, in 1968, I took a trip to the Holy Land with T. L. Lowery. Jerusalem, Capernaum, the Sea of Galilee—seeing those places . . . actually walking where Jesus walked and lived . . . well . . . that did something for me. Woke me up. Made me realize how fortunate I was. Made me know I had something to share with others. My faith.

"I've been witnessing more since. My wife has always taught Sunday school, and I've held a few positions in the church, but for the last few years I've known the joy of sharing Christ. On the job. At the nursing home. Even in a restaurant."

Only a few years back, the Lockamys moved into their

new home on the outskirts of Dillon. It's set in a grove of pines, tastefully furnished, large enough for the Lockamys to entertain guests and to have all the children and grandchildren over.

High on the Dillon skyline one can see a rusting water tank, silently guarding the empty buildings of the old cotton mill where Graham Lockamy went to work as a teenager in 1936. Back when success and prosperity was merely the fluff of childish dreams.

Today, Graham owns that property. He bought it for investment purposes. Maybe, too, as a reminder of what used to be. He's also been a steady contributor to all facets of the church's ministry, and more than one young preacher has been on the receiving end of his generosity.

The future looks good for Graham Lockamy. The world is becoming more energy conscious. The recycling of metals promises to continue as a boom business. Surely it couldn't happen to a more deserving man.

Yet . . . watch the light in his eye when the grandchildren arrive . . . note the silent, unspoken gestures of affection that he sends to his wife of fortyone years . . . listen to the finely tuned notes of devotion he shares with his children . . . yes . . . stay around long enough to tune in his heart and you'll see where the real Lockamy treasures are invested.

First of all, Graham Lockamy is a father. The kind that's not too plentiful anymore. The kind who, at least in this writer's mind. could watch his house and his business and all his earthly possessions fade and yet stand bold and proud so long as his family survived.

And that's what being a father is.

-Hoyt E. Stone



# MONEY TALKS... ABOUT YOU!

MARK JORDAN

f you come to church for laughs, stick around for the offering. You're sure to hear at least a joke or two about that filthy lucre, and if the joke itself doesn't quite get it, there's still something amusing about the way the whole thing is so often done.

If the poor fellow who's taking the offering is new at it, he might say something like, "Well, you know what I'm up here for," from behind a slightly blushed face and an uncomfortable grin.

Or, if he's had a little experience, "Lct's do something religious!" (Wider grin. Convinced of his cleverness.)

Or, in the mannerism of an old hand: "Sister Jones' baby swallowed a nickle the other day. She wanted to call the doctor to get it out, but her husband said, 'Call the preacher! He can get a nickle out of anybody!'"

(Loud guffaws, starting from the pulpit.)

That's the way, in typical Pentecostal fashion, that the sensitive subject of money is approached. We've grown to like it, and we get a kick out of it. But have you ever wondered why money is joked about so much? Probably for the same reason that people joke about marriages, funerals, heaven, and hell. Joking tends to ease the seriousness of the subject. When money is talked about in straightforward terms, people put up their guard. One just doesn't casually ask a person how much money he makes a week, what he paid for his new pair of shoes, or how much he has in his savings account. To do so is a breach of etiquette. Delving into money matters is delving into one's character. Nothing is quite so revealing about a person as his financial conduct. While no one should be obligated to disclose his personal money situation, neither should he be ashamed to do it if it ever becomes necessary.

If basic righteousness does not include proper handling of money, then it includes nothing. How can one claim spinetingling experiences with God and "super-spirituality" but be sloppy in paying bills and miserly in giving? Many wonderful testimonies have been lost by carelessness in finances.

It is extremely important that a young Christian have a right attitude concerning money!

It must always be seen only as a means by which one can serve the Lord by giving and glorify the Lord by paying honest debts.

Actually, it is no more a personal possession than the air we breathe or the time we live each day. It is only given to us on a loan basis, and the Master has entrusted it into our keeping to use wisely. We are stewards

of His estate, and He is just as interested in what we do with our money as He is with what we say and where we go. A Spirit-filled Christian has no right to say, "It's my money and I'll do with it just as I please." The Bible teaches us that we are Christ's, and that means He is the director of our lives, even down to the last financial detail.

It would be safe to say that more young people get involved in money troubles than in nearly any other kind of problem. All the red tape necessary to cash checks and obtain credit plainly tells us this. Collection agencies flourish because a lot of "good, honest" people don't pay their bills. What a reproach this is when some of these young people turn out to be members of a Pentecostal church. Several obviously wrong ways to spend money are apparent. Note the following:

Irresponsibly. The one who spends this way has a habit of getting exactly what he doesn't need. He usually manages to pay an exorbitant price for it, too. The Apostle Paul warned against "costly array," which means not only that gaudy, attentiongetting clothes are wrong, but paying unreasonably high prices for them is just as wrong. Buying everything that strikes the fancy, regardless of price, does not harmonize with true spirituality. If buying unnecessarily cuts into your capacity to give, then you should change your buying habits.

Selfishly. "If it's for me, I'll buy it," seems to be the motto of many people. They just have to have that new pair of shoes or that cool sweater (forgetting that their closet is stuffed from last week's spree). Again: "It's my money. I earned it. I have a right to spend it on myself." Someone else's name

rarely rates his shopping list. But wait a minute, is this the scriptural attitude?

What about the widow with her last two mites? What about the good Samaritan who paid the motel bill of a perfect stranger? What about Christ's command to the rich, young ruler?

Isn't there a basic Christian principle of love and concern for others which should govern life's activities? God's Word teaches that "self" is the last one to be considered. Remember, the selfish individual always suffers, for the more you do for others, the more your personal joy and happiness will increase.

Rashly. "For which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it?" (Luke 14: 28). Jumping first and considering the consequences later is the trait of a foolish man, according to Jesus. When a person plunges himself into deep debt, not thinking how he'll manage to pay his way out, he is asking for trouble.

Spirit-filled Christians, especially young people, should take on debts cautiously and only when there is a real need. "Beating" a debt is dishonest and sinful, and in reality is a form of robbery. When the habit of rash spending is cultivated, it will only be a matter of time before dodging the creditors begins.

Sometimes we subconsciously think our ability to secure a better job is so we can have more to spend, when in reality God gave us the promotion so we can have more to give!

Big-heartedly. The character who fits this description has all his wires crossed. He generously drops a wad of cash into a beggar's cup, or into the offering plate, and forgets about last

month's bills stacked up at home. He is easily touched by the needs of others, but his own family and other responsibilities don't register on his mind.

Perhaps those who mishandle their money this way secretly desire the praise of men, or maybe they desire the label of being more spiritual than their peers. In no way, however, should this be construed as Christlike.

Paul said, "If any provide not for his own . . . he . . . is worse than an infidel" (1 Timothy 5:8). It is absurd to pray that God would supply money to meet personal needs, and then, when it is provided, to stage a big giveaway program! Generosity only becomes a virtue when it is enjoined with honor. Some folks' brand of "bigheartedness" is actually "half-wittedness!"

Yes, the financial picture of a child of God ought to be immaculate, untainted, without even the hint of question. "Rich" and "miserly" do not have to be synonymous terms. Neither does "poor" have to be an adjective of "credit risk." Every cent you have is given by God for your supervision. How you supervise it is a direct reflection of what is in your heart.

It has been well said that "when God saves the person, He also saves the purse!" There are some clear financial obligations that a saved person has toward God that must be met. Preachers should not be bashful about preaching on these obligations, and saints should not be offended by hearing the subject. To reject involvement in them is to reject God's plan, and when a man disregards a part of God's plan, he is sinning against the whole.

(Reprinted by permission from the March, 1979 issue of *The Conqueror*.)

Articles

Teaching—Key to Personal Develo

Youth Involvement Is a Major Objective.

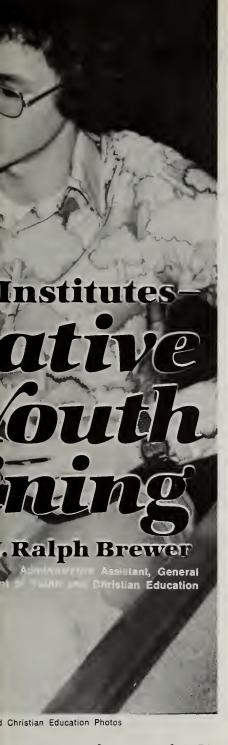
## Reacenalkers I MAIL ITUIL COINCEPIT II

Study and Group Interaction

ing the Sible

I don'T Know

Participation in Bible Quizzing



n the spring of 1979, the General Department of Youth and Christian Education sponsored 125 Peacemakers Bible Institutes in nineteen states. These were done in cooperation with the Department of General Education and attracted over 2,000 teenagers.

This cooperative pilot project

was the result of a successful experiment launched by Jerry Millwood (Southern Ohio) and Raymond Culpepper (Alabama) in 1978. Peacemakers Bible Institutes seek to involve young people, ages thirteen to nineteen, in a comprehensive and enjoyable study of God's Word. They are conducted simultaneously with the Ministerial and Lay Enrichment Institutes and meet for nine weeks.

The primary objective of Peacemakers Bible Institutes is to help young people cultivate a deep and lasting appreciation for the Bible as God's Holy Word and to challenge them to a consistent and meaningful study of it. This is accomplished in the Peacemakers Bible Institutes setting through specialized instruction, study and interaction, and active participation in the Teen Talent Bible quizzing process.

Each study session of the Peacemakers Bible Institute is divided into two parts. The first half is devoted to a special study text written for teenagers and designed to guide them in a step-by-step understanding of the Bible. The official study text for the 1979 Peacemakers Bible Institutes was Basic Bible Study. The second half of each study session is devoted to a study of the Teen Talent Bible Quizzing Manual, with emphasis upon team study and actual participation in challenging competition. The Bible quizzing technique employs the use of an electronic quizzing unit capable of determining to the millionth of a second the first person depressing the switch. This approach offers exciting and lively competition and requires the participant to not only have a thorough knowledge of the study material but to recall and respond quickly.

Thus, Peacemakers Bible Institutes are established upon the premise that Bible study can be both exciting and meaningful, and young people across the nation are responding positively to this new approach. Rick Hamilton from the state of Kentucky says, "I think that the PBI (Peacemakers Bible Institute) is a good idea. It has taught me some things that I did not know about the Bible. You also get to meet new people and make new friends. I think this should go on." Pam Hampton says, "The PBI quizzing has really helped me. I have learned more about the Gospel of John, and I have become closer to God during these nine weeks. Also, it has helped me to meet a lot of God's people. I have really enjoyed myself."

Study materials for the 1980 Peacemakers Bible Institutes are presently being prepared. They include a special study text entitled A Journey Through the Bible which provides a book-by-book overview of the Scriptures. The 1980 Teen Talent Bible Quizzing Competition Study Guide (Volume 3) will cover the following five areas of study:

Bible Facts—

1 and 2 Corinthians

Bible Doctrine—Doctrine of

Man, Doctrine of Salvation,

and Doctrine of the Holy

Ghost

Church of God Distinctives—
Gifts of the Spirit and Divine
Healing
Practical Christian Living—

Practical Christian Living—
How to Deal With
Temptation and
Conquering Problems
World Missions—Scriptural

Basis for World Missions
The General Department of
Youth and Christian Education believes that Peacemakers Bible Institutes represent the wave of the
future in youth training. Through
a combination of enriching Bible
study and exciting quizzing competition, young people will be
guided in better understanding
and retention of the Word of
God, personal Christian growth,
and effective Christian service.





English 101. Class assignment: Compose an in-class theme on some current event.

Basic Composition. Class assignment: Write a one-page paper using as many hyperboles

as possible. Suddenly, your mind goes blank! Panic strikes! Current cvents? What's a hyperbole anyway? You chew on the end of your pencil and stare out the window. Maybe . . . just maybe an idea will float by on the next breeze. All around, pencils are busily jotting down creative thoughts. Your palms become cold and damp. Beads of perspiration appear on your forehead. Then, it happens! Those elusive thoughts come together. The wheels begin to turn, and your pencil, too, scribbles what you feel to be a bit of creative genius.

You wait for weeks it scens

until that paper is returned to you. Then with fcar and trembling, you turn it over to read the teacher's comments. "You put Thurber to shame!" Wow! The supreme compliment! You really did know what a hyperbole was! For the first time in two days the knots in your stomach relax.

Creative writing. What is it really all about? Sometimes it's necessary just to pass English 101. But better still, it's your own special means of communicating, via the penned word, your thoughts and feelings.

Thurber had to begin somewhere, as did Shakespeare, Longfellow, Hemingway—the list is endless. Consequently, the Church of God has realized that a wealth of untapped creative resources lies within teenagers across the country. In 1974 the third major division of Teen Talent was added to the existing Music and Art Divisions— Creative Writing. Its purpose— "to recognize Church of God young people who display talent, skill, and accomplishment in imaginative composition and to encourage them to utilize their ability in written communication for the purpose of Christian witness."

That means you, teenager! You may discover that you can compose lovely unrhymed poetry. You may be a skilled playwright—or at least a beginning skilled playwright. You may be adept at using the printed page as your soapbox. Perhaps you can create short stories with case.

All of these—short stories (fiction), articles and essays (nonfiction), plays and skits (fiction and nonfiction), poetry (rhymed or unrhymed)—are categories in which you can test your ability. From the experience gained in Teen Talcnt participation, you may be-

come editor of your school newspaper. You may compile the information for your church bulletin. You may become a regular contributor to *Guideposts* or *Christianity Today* or *Campus Life* or *Group*. You may even become another Catherine Marshall or Tim LaHaye or Ann Kiemel.

Civilization needs Christian literature. Christian literature necessitates Christian journalists. The Church of God needs you, young person. Regular contributors are needed for the Lighted Pathway, for the Evangel, for Sunday school literature, and for Family Training Hour curriculum.

The value of the printed page is inestimable. No one can compute the effect that one paragraph or even one sentence can have on an unreached individual. In this world of mass communication, utilize your abilities to spread the right kind of propaganda—the gospel of Christ. After all, didn't God himself initiate the use of the written word when He inspired "holy men of God" (2 Peter 1:21) to "write thee all the words that I have spoken unto thee in a book" (Jeremiah 30:1)?

Indeed, you may discover that writing is your long-sought-after answer to the question, "What will I do with my life?" Christian writing is a ministry. The printed page will remain long after the spoken word has faded into oblivion.

The opportunity to leave your impact on society awaits you. The door is open. Step across the threshold into a world of nouns and verbs, homonyms and synonyms, hyperboles and even onomatopoeia. Reach for your paper. Dust off your dictionary. Sharpen your pencils. That masterpiece is waiting to be written.

# Canp: Canp: Build a solid foundation for your life...

# Attend a Church of God Youth Camp this summer.

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Church of God camping is totally youth-oriented and is uniquely designed to offer the maximum in recreation and fun events, fellowship. Contact your State Director of Youth and Abitatian Education for duties and locations in your area.























#### us V. Hand

ou can feel excitement building!
Approximately fortyone Church of God young people are making final plans for the experience of a lifetime. This month, on June 26, they begin a three-week summer missions adventure called "STEP Across the Caribbean."

STEP stands for Summer Training and Evangelism Program.

Sponsored by the General Department of Youth and Christian Education, STEP is designed to give Church of God young people an introduction to foreign missions. For twenty-two days, STEP team members will work and witness overseas for Christ.

They will pray and worship alongside national young people in our Caribbean countries. They will grow spiritually, expand their vision of a needy world without Christ, and find self-fulfillment in a summer of service.

Plans call for stops in Haiti, Jamaica, Puerto Rico, and Barbados. Witness opportunities include house-to-house evangelism, open-air services in city plazas and on street corners, youth camps, and island crusades. Work activities include painting, mixing mortar to build a church, general cleanup of missions facilities, and other manual projects.

Altogether the venture calls for

a commitment to Christ and a giving of oneself to three weeks of world evangelism.

Who are these young people? What are they like?

Stan Helms is a high school student in North Ridgeville, Ohio.

Karen Campbell teaches math in Hazard, Kentucky.

Rocky Shrable is an allconference football player from White Cloud, Michigan.

Charles Fultz, a linebacker at Nevada Union High in San Diego, California, says, "This is it. I praise God for this program."

Cheryl Lewis, a high school student from Everglades, Florida, is participating in STEP because "I would like to find God's will in my life."

Writing poetry is a favorite pastime of STEP-er Donna Lynn Farley from Shady Valley, Tennessee.

Phyllis Bare, a student at East Coast Bible College, wants to "work for the One who brought peace, love, joy, faith, and hope into my life."

Ed Hauser, a state Teen Talent winner from Illinois, says, "STEP will give me an opportunity to fulfill the Great Commission and will enrich my spiritual life."

Cheryl MacTammany of Pompano, Florida, is a state Teen Talent winner and was named "Miss District Sweetheart" for 1979.

Gail Huff goes to college in St. Louis, Missouri.

Ellen Gilbert teaches psychology at a high school in Georgia.

David Cox from Jackson, Mississippi, said, "When I read about STEP, I felt a great touch of the Holy Spirit. It is my desire to serve the Lord in whatever way He finds for me."

Brenda Groves from South Bay, Florida, likes to minister to

children as a "gospel clown."

Vanessa Carey of Cleveland, Tennessee, feels that STEP will give her the opportunity to "grow spiritually and to serve."

The desire to serve Christ and to discover God's will is a constant theme when STEP-ers are asked why they plan to participate.

Michael Kiker from Adamsville, Alabama, looks forward to "the personal strength that will come from [STEP] training and witnessing internationally, and seeing the needs of other people."

Robyn Kennedy, a STEP-er from Knoxville, Iowa, feels that the program will help her grow spiritually.

Joyce Pentycofe, a Lee College student from Newark, New York, is an LPN. "I feel that the STEP training and experience will be most valuable to me in respect to my future."

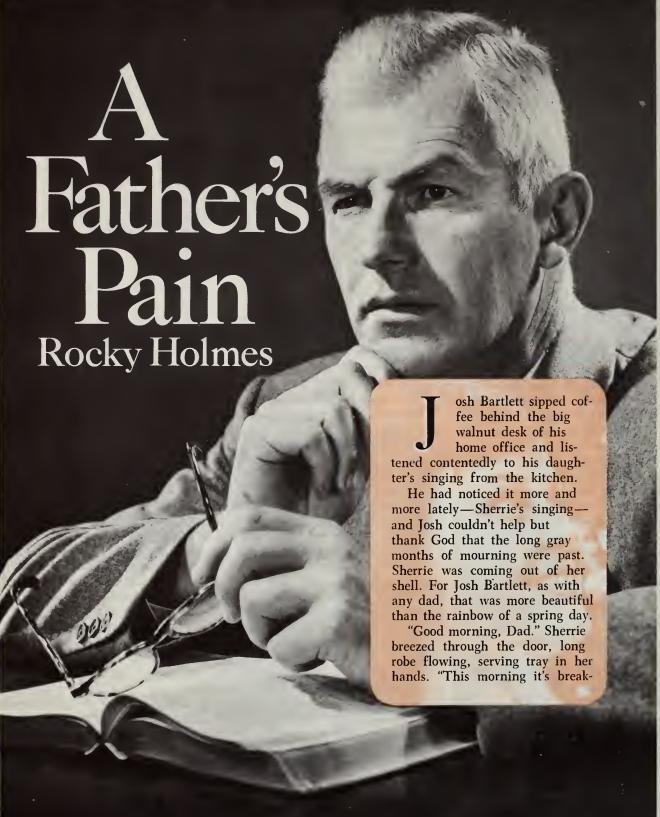
Jamie Berube just finished tenth grade in Addison, Maine. She says, "STEP will give me an opportunity to see if it is God's will for me to be a missionary."

Tommy Smith from Savannah, Georgia, is a Lee College senior. He says, "I strongly feel that my participation in STEP will facilitate my understanding of the will of God for my life and my ministry."

Rhoda Hockensmith, a Lee College student from Sumiton, Alabama, says, "I feel STEP will meet a spiritual need in my life."

These are some of this summer's high STEP-ers. If you are not participating this year, will you pray for STEP? And for each STEP team member? And for the counselors? And for your General Department of Youth and Christian Education?

The first STEP this summer will be an experience of a lifetime! □



fast in your office. . . ." Sherrie set down the tray and kissed her dad's cheek. "Right here with your precious law books. Fresh coffee. Poached eggs. Toast with marmalade. No biscuits . . . but then you don't need those extra calories."

"My, my, my. Aren't you the jolly one this morning." Josh put down his book. Smiled at his only daughter and saw the ghost of her mother twenty years back. "Sounds as if I'm being set up. What's it to be this time?"

"You won't believe it. . . ."
Sherrie pulled a chair to the corner of the desk. ". . . but I think this is the happiest day of my life. Certainly the happiest since Mom died."

Across his cup Josh saw the light dancing in Sherrie's blue eyes. There was a tinge of pink in her cheeks, and her hair piled on top her head made her look all the more like the woman Josh knew she had become.

"Remember I told you about Malon? Malon Felt?"

"Your new boyfriend?"

"Right. Only now he's more than my boyfriend. Dad, he's asked me to marry him."

"Well now . . ." Josh pursed his lips in thought, just for a second, then smiled. ". . . that calls for congratulations. It seems sort of sudden, considering I haven't even met this . . . eh . . . Malon you call him . . . but I want only the best for my Sherrie."

"Oh, Dad, you're the greatest." Sherrie gave Josh a big hug, then sat down again. "I'm sorry you haven't met Malon before now, but you've been so tied up in court. He's coming over today. I'm almost sure he's going to tell you . . . going to . . . you know . . . ask you for me. He's such a perfect gentleman. And Dad. . . ."

Their eyes met.
". . . I really do love him.

Malon's so different from the other guys I've known. He's gentle. Sensitive. Loves music. And we share so many common interests. I thought he felt the same way about me, but I must admit his proposal last night surprised me."

Josh started on his toast and eggs. "I'll talk with him. Just don't rush too fast, Little Kitten. There's a lot to think about when it comes to marriage."

It was 3 p.m. that same afternoon when Sherrie brought Malon Felt into Josh's office and introduced the two men. Sherrie noticed the immediate tension, as if the room temperature had gone up ten degrees, but she thought it normal for such a serious encounter and quickly left the two alone so they could talk man to man.

Sherrie went first to the kitchen, thinking of the day when she'd have her own apartment. She'd miss her dad, and he'd have to hire a maid to work more than three days a week, but he'd make out somehow.

She wandered upstairs . . . into her mother's bedroom . . . still pretty much as her mother had left it following her long fight with cancer. On the mantle was a younger Dorothy Bartlett, and even Sherrie could see some of her own features in the picture.

Anyway, the room wasn't so sad anymore. Life sort of pushed one along, and Sherrie knew her mother, of all people, would want her married and happy. Maybe someone would even come along for Dad. Fifty-two wasn't really all that old.

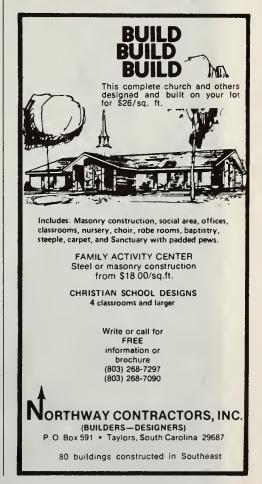
Sherrie was in the upstairs hall when she heard the front door slam. She went to the bedroom window and saw Malon walk rapidly to his sports car.

"Malon," she called, running downstairs and out onto the

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t was hard for me to decide which agony was greater that first Saturday in August—mental or physical.

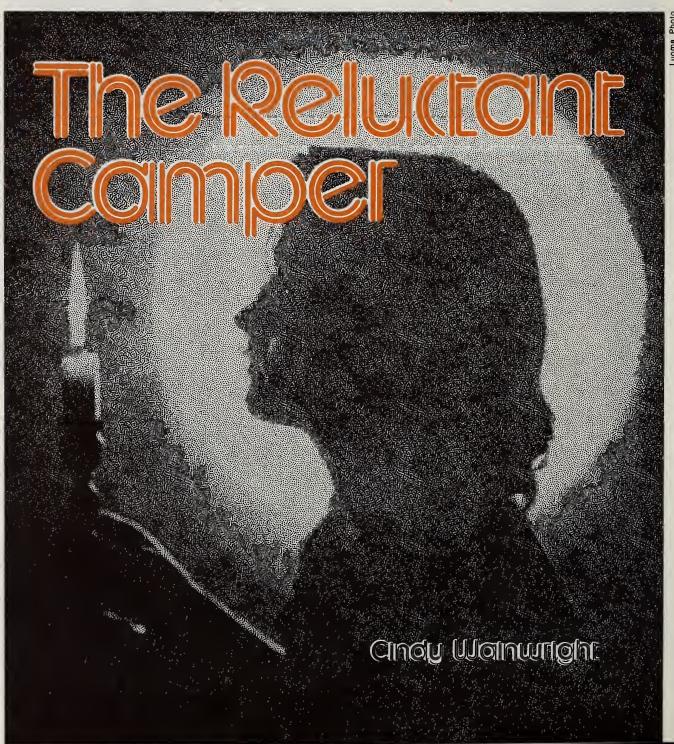
At least the horrible discomfort of riding in our creaky old church bus—over unpaved mountain roads, if you can imagine—would end in less than an hour.

As I sat next to plump Edwina Fullbright, banging into her at every turn, I attempted to piece together the plot my mother had used to get me into this unlikely situation.

What was I, Sandra Kelley, doing going to Camp Oak-Pine with the youth group from my church? It was senseless. I was a Christian and had been for nearly seven years. It was true that I had never been to camp before, but I had certainly heard all about "camps."

"A lot of crying—that emotional stuff," Betty Lou Wilkins had told me the year before. "I just couldn't stand it for more than two nights. I prefer Christianity on a more practical, mature level."

Well, I agreed with her. In fact, we both agreed that church camp was not for us. I knew she wouldn't have come this year if Dale Campbell hadn't signed up.



"You know, I just can't wait to get to Camp Oak-Pine!" Edwina enthused suddenly. "They say there's nothing like a mountaintop experience to draw one closer to the Lord."

I smiled and turned back to the window. I didn't dare say what I was thinking, but Edwina's words made me furious.

People were always talking about "mountaintop experiences" and it couldn't seem more ridiculous to me. Any Christian should know that Christ is the same "yesterday, and to day, and for ever" like it says in Hebrews 13:8. So what difference could it possibly make where you are?

As we were unloading the bus, Edwina began walking around with that I-wonder-who's-going-to-be-in-my-cabin look on her face, so I quickly ducked behind the nearest tree, nearly stepping on Betty Lou.

"Betty!" I exclaimed.
"Sssh!" she whispered.
"I'm trying to lose Dale."

"But he's why you came!"
She glanced around the
tree to see if we were being
noticed, then breathed dramatically, "Let's keep that our little
secret. And what a mistake he
turned out to be."

"Mistake?" I replied. "How could anything about Dale Campbell be a mistake?"

"He's been almost preaching all the way up here," Betty said.

I nodded knowingly. "Mountaintop experience, and all that?"

"Uh-huh," she answered.

We selected a small cabin far from the center of the camp—almost a hideaway. There were four beds, but Betty and I hoped for privacy. We would be spending enough time with the others during the "inspirational days" ahead.

Betty was sprawled on her bunk, telling me how to get to the lake, when we were invaded.

"Hi—room for two more?" Mrs. Blake asked.

"Are the other cabins full already?" Betty demanded.

"Yes," Mrs. Blake said. Then she turned and called down the hill. "Two up here!"

When our "roommates" arrived, Edwina Fullbright was one of them. I didn't recognize her companion.

"Wow, that's some climb!" Edwina panted, dropping her suitcase to the floor with a thud.

The other girl's name was Karen West, and she was very quiet. At first I had thought she and Edwina were friends, but I soon learned that they were just thrown together.

"We'll have to pray for Karen," Edwina told Betty and me later. "Mrs. Blake says she isn't a Christian."

Betty and I changed a few of our plans after that. In fact, I guess we changed them completely. We had intended to skip as many of the classes as possible, also the evening services. But with Karen in our cabin—well, we didn't want to be a bad influence on her.

The "game"—as Betty and I called it—was scheduled to begin that night with the welcome singspiration and introduction of speakers. We hoped some of Edwina's enthusiasm would rub off on Karen, and I certainly did my best to help.

"Don't you just love it here!" I exclaimed as we were trooping down to the meeting hall.

"It seems so—so different," Karen said softly. "I don't think I've ever seen so many trees before. It's beautiful."

The next few days and nights were the torture I had expected, and I actually felt resentment toward Karen. After all, if it hadn't been for her, Betty and I would have missed those lengthy morning classes in favor of the lake.

The worst part was that Betty and I were never alone you know, just to relax and be ourselves. Edwina, Karen, or someone else was always with us.

At night the main speaker, Mr. Ellis, kept hammering away at the same old thing: "Get right with God; let Him live within you." The number of kids who went forward was amazing. I kept praying that Karen would go, but she sat there night after night, listening very intently but not moving.

On Friday, Betty and I came back early from the beach party at the lake. She had cut her toe, and I "wasn't feeling well"—meaning I was sick of the atmosphere at the lake. It was supposed to be a party, but it turned into testimony time, as if we didn't get enough of that at night!

"Well, at least it's almost over," I announced as I walked into the cabin.

"Don't say that!" Betty wailed, pulling a white sock over her taped foot. "I don't want it to end—ever!"

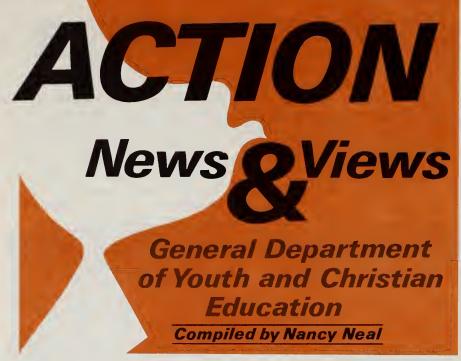
For a moment I stared at her, then I fell on my bunk laughing. "Honestly, Betty, you're too much! Forget the act. We're alone!"

She didn't laugh, or even smile, but looked at me strangely. "You mean you're still playing the game? Sandy, hasn't anything happened to you this week? I've never felt so close to God in my life! I—"

I didn't stay to hear the rest of her oration. I couldn't. I felt betrayed somehow. And very alone. I wanted to go

CONTINUED ON PAGE 25





#### **ANDREA—She Really Cares!**



"The only way I could get close to the Lord was to really be serious, to mean business. I realized that growing means getting closer to the Lord."

Those are the words of

seventeen-year-old Andrea Orr. Andrea is a senior at Bradley Central High School (BCHS), Cleveland, Tennessee—enrollment 2,350.

In the fall of 1977, the City of Cleveland sponsored a youth-oriented evangelistic crusade. The gospel message generated enthusiasm. The attendance was fantastic. On one particular evening, almost the entire enrollment of BCHS was present at the crusade. Many teenagers accepted Christ as their personal Savior.

Of course, there were many skeptics at the school—"It won't last long," they said. But God had Andrea. And Andrea had a compelling desire to do something to "keep the kids going" after the crusade. With the support of a friend who shared the desire, something was done! In an age when high schools are overrun with race problems, drugs, and violence, Andrea stuck her neck out. And November 1977 marked the beginning of student-sponsored

devotions at the school. At its inception, approximately fifteen kids met together three mornings each week. Within two months, they were clamoring for *daily* devotions to share with each other or to learn from guest speakers how to grow spiritually.

Today about 160 teenagers and teachers attend the devotions before beginning a school day. The kids are excited! Says Andrea, "They have become more open and more aware of what it means to pray and see results."

Andrea is exuberant when she speaks of her experiences at the school. She is responsible for opening each session, taking prayer requests, and the mammoth task of scheduling speakers for each day. A non-denominational effort, the kids don't want to hear just anyone speak. "They want those who know the Word, who can help them with their problems, who have experienced the things they are going through."

Attending devotions is not a requirement at BCHS. But those who attend say, "You can't possibly know how much it helps me." If you ask Andrea the key to the growth and enthusiasm of this spiritual project, she will reply, "Getting excited!" The excitement of those who begin their day with devotions has spilled over, and others have started attending.

This world needs more young people like Andrea Orr—those who care enough about their classmates to risk being ridiculed and humiliated, those who have dedicated their lives completely to Him.

Could *you* step out as Andrea has done? □

#### Eating on the Run

Ten years ago we were eating one of every five meals away from home. According to the Na-

tional Restaurant Association. it's one of every three meals today. By the 1980's-only a short time away—we'll be eating half our meals out. McDonald's, Wendy's, Kentucky Fried Chicken—business at the fastfood chains has doubled in five vears!

Halt! Take a well-deserved break . . . eat at home. Not only is eating on the run giving you ulcers, but you have long since forgotten the true meaning of family life. Society demands a hectic pace. Yet, you can at least break your routine of "run . . . run . . . run" by stopping long enough to get to know your family—even if it is at the dinner table.

Don't let McDonald's "do it all for you." Do something for yourself. Stay home.

#### Say, "Cheese!"

"To every thing there is a season . . . a time to laugh" (Ecclesiastes 3:1, 4).

How many times have you looked at the face of your friend and thought, "Boy, his face would crack if he smiled"? Actually, we've all seen faces that looked like ten miles of bad road. Why, even the Scripture says, "A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance" (Proverbs 15:13). Your face really does reflect what's on the inside.

God's Word admonishes us to rejoice. But tell me, can you rejoice with your chin dragging the ground? Doubtful! Find a mirror and take a good, long look at yourself. Studies have shown that it takes fewer muscles to smile than it does to frown. Maybe you don't have a song in your heart today. Smile anyway. You may lift someone else's spirits and in so doing lift your own. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine" (Proverbs 17:22).

It has been said, "If you see someone without a smile, give him one of yours."

Try it! You really might like

#### One, Two, Three . . .

For those of you who like math—and even for those who hate it—try this one on for size.

Numbers in the Gedeo (Africa) language are a bit unusual. The language has words for numbers up to seven and a word for the number ten. But there isn't a word for the number eight in the language; eight is represented as ten minus two. That's not too complicated, but guess what word represents the number twenty? Person—because each person has twenty fingers and toes. The word forty? You guessed it-two persons.

Hang on; there's more! If you're flunking algebra because you're not a mathematical genius, you should have tried translating the Bible into the Gedeo language. In the parable of the lost sheep, the phrase "ninety and nine" was translated "four persons, plus ten, plus ten-minus-one." But when the Africans tried to translate Christ's admonition for us to forgive our brother seventy times seven times, they did what most of us have done with quadratic equations. Frustrated, they threw up their hands and said it was uncountable.

Wait a minute! Isn't that what Jesus was saying anyway? 🔲

#### A Little Humor

Did you hear about the little boy who gave his teacher a drawing entitled "America the Beautiful"? In the center was an airplane covered with apples, bananas, oranges, and pears.

"What is this?" asked the teacher, pointing to the airplane.

His reply, of course—"The fruited plane."

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### ARamp Is a Step Ahead

ur society has been fighting wars since its inception many years ago. While many of those wars have been won, the decisive battle for one of our country's most important periods of strife is only now reaching its much awaited culmination.

Cheryl Walton

The battle I speak of involves the building of a simple ramp— a ramp that shall enable the handicapped segment of our society to evolve from a caged, trapped, and oftentimes imprisoned individual to an autonomous and freely functioning person who has attained liberation from physical bondage.

Physical bondage is a national problem. It affects millions of people all over the world, young and old, and in all phases of life. The degree of disability ranges from the wheelchair-bound paraplegic to the athlete temporarily on crutches from a sprained ankle. Those who have impaired mobility—wheelchair and crutch users, the arthritic, the aged, the blind,

and the deaf—comprise about 12 percent of the U. S. population, a minority of significant proportions.

The number of handicapped persons has increased as the population has risen, as traffic accidents have become daily occurrences, as wars have returned our battered loved ones to us.

Our medical knowledge and care have also improved.

Before World War II, a man with a severed spinal cord would have had a life expectancy of six months. Today he can expect to live a full life, though in a wheelchair. Modern medicine has improved the outlook for those with other disabilities. This means more existing handicapped people and a more mobile, energetic, and able handicapped population.

Federal, state, and local governments are each doing their part. They spend millions of dollars on special and educational programs each year, seeking to return the handicapped population to a more productive and

richer life. In West Virginia, my home state, it costs \$1,200 annually to educate a handicapped child as compared to \$400 for a healthy child. But these programs have produced impressive results—enabling many of the physically handicapped to perform as well as able-bodied pcrsons.

The handicapped are willing and motivated to do their best. However, they are constantly faced with discouragements.

In the field of labor, too, many jobs are off limits to the handicapped because they are located in buildings made inaccessible by architectural barriers: stairs and curbs, revolving doors, narrow rest room doors, inaccessible elevators, too-high telephones, drinking fountains and light switches, slippery floors, steep ramps or walks, and distant parking.

The design of the facilities they must use is the greatest single obstacle to the handicapped—more so than the disability itself. The value to society of having the disabled person more fully independent greatly surpasses the insignificant cost of making the facilities accessible.

No longer can owners, architects, and managers of buildings conscientiously construct and maintain facilities only for the average able-bodied person.

As more and more of the physically handicapped become active participants in community life, accommodating them has become a very crucial problem. Most disabled persons want to be as self-sufficient as possible, and yet they find themselves dependent on others to enter and use public facilities.

Architectural barriers tend to force the handicapped into seclusion. Rather than subject themselves to the dangers, discomforts, and humiliations they encounter in contact with non-



Lighted Pathway, June, 1979



Cheryl Walton

Church of God recently placed first in her state in the Governor's Ability Counts Essay Contest.

Cheryl is the daughter of the Reverend and Mrs. Charles Walton.

She received a \$250 government bond from Governor Jay Rockefeller at a luncheon held at Charleston, West Virginia, in honor of the top three winners. She will also receive a two-day, all-expense-paid trip to Washington, DC, where she will represent West Virginia in the national finals.

Cheryl is very active in her church where she teaches a Sunday school class and serves as pianist.

We are proud to have young people of this caliber in the Church of God, and we congratulate Cheryl on her achievement.

> --Rudell Bloomfield District Overseer

disabled people, they turn away.

Too much public fanfare or total apathy—either of these can be thoughtless discrimination, reducing the handicapped to second-class citizens. The handicapped person does not want to be the object of pity. He wants to be a free individual, contributing to society what he has to offer—himself.

Klaye Creager, the first physical therapist to be hired by the West Virginia school system, stated, "The physically handicapped child wants to be recognized as the 'physically challenged.' This gives him a positive outlook on life. He wants to be a child first, then a person with physical disabilities. He wants to do for himself. He does not want pity. A ramp

## Youth UPDAILE

Lamar Vest, Assistant General Director of Youth and Christian Education

#### A COSTLY EXPERIMENT

Dr. Louis Slotin, a thirty-four-year-old atomic scientist, participated in experiments which opened the way for production of the A-bomb. He lost his life in a very foolish procedure he called "tickling the dragon's tail."

"Tickling the dragon's tail," another form of Russian roulette, consisted of Slotin manipulating with a screwdriver two half spheres of fissionable material until the entire amount went "critical." Then Slotin would quickly separate the lumps of metal before the chain reaction became lethal. Although safety devices were available to avert catastrophe, the young scientist refused to use them because of his intrigue with a more exciting and dangerous approach.

Forty times Slotin was the winner in his rendezvous with death. On his forty-first attempt he lost. The material became deadly with radioactivity, poisoned his body, and nine days later he died.

To the day of his last experiment, Dr. Slotin, who knew very well the potential consequences of his defiant method, was sure that he was an exception to the rule. He knew it was dangerous for others, but not for him. He was sure he knew what he was doing. He got by with stretching the rules just enough to build up his confidence. Then, zap! He had to pay the price.

Sin works like that. It leads people to believe they are really getting by, that they are the exception to the rules. There is one catch—God's laws are universal, and there *are* no exceptions.

Sin is a costly experiment, and there is really no way to win at it. Just about the time a person starts thinking he has gotten by with the sin experiment, it all blows up in his face. God says, "the wages of sin is death" and that's what He means.

Every person is free to choose how he will live his own life, but he isn't free to choose the consequences. God does that. God is willing, however, to intervene in a person's deadly experiment with sin and to circumvent the outcome. It's called forgiveness.

gives him a feeling of independence and is a 'morality booster.' There is no reason why any handicapped child should be at home and not attending school. There is a classroom for him and his need. He can be placed in a class where he can learn how to cope with his handicap and later be 'mainstreamed' into a regular public classroom situation."

We are morally, ethically, and spiritually committed to the handicapped. A simple ramp can be the gateway to independence, opportunity, and experience for millions of handicapped Americans.

Will we shun them and remain insensitive to their needs? Or will we share their burden? Will we help win this war as well?

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#### A FATHER'S PAIN

(CONTINUED)

front porch. Malon's car disappeared down the street.

"Dad. . . ."

She went into the office.

Josh sat impassively at his desk.

"What did you say? What did

you do, Dad? What happened?"
Josh shook his head. "Sorry,
Dear. But he's just not your

type."

Anger flooded Sherrie's face. "Not my type! What are you talking about? Besides, that's a decision for me to make. Not you. And I'll tell you something, Dad. I'm going to marry Malon Felt. With or without your consent. I'm going to marry him. You hear?"

"I hear you, Kitten." Josh swallowed. He didn't like to see Sherrie so upset. "But give it a little time. You'll understand it better and maybe we can talk later. Okay?"

Sherrie stomped her foot. "I'm leaving this house. I'm leaving

for good."

Josh listened to her upstairs. He heard the back door slam. The car start. Watched her drive off. As he looked through the sheer curtains of his office window he became conscious of the tears running down his cheeks.

Sherrie would be back. Malon would now tell her, but it was something Josh wished desperately he could have avoided. For Sherrie's sake.

Josh sat back down at his desk. Opening a yellow folder, he stared again at Malon's picture, front page of the Atlanta Constitution, arrested for homosexuality. Only the name wasn't Malon. It was Martin Jones. Josh had personally sat on the bench when the case came to trial.

Josh sighed. Then kneeling, he prayed with a father's pain for his only daughter. □

#### THE RELUCTANT CAMPER (CONTINUED)

1 .1

home more than ever.

I went walking. I don't know where I went or for how long, but it was dark when I returned to the cabin. Edwina was just leaving.

"Where've you been?" she asked. "It's almost time for the candlelight service."

The candlelight service! I dreaded that more than anything else. I told Edwina to go on, that I'd be along later.

"Grab a sweater and let's

go!" she insisted.

Even I had to admit a service with candles was impressive. It was the emotional overtones I couldn't stand—the crying, the promises. I sat near the back, watching the procession of campers, each holding a candle and lighting it before testifying. When Betty lit hers, I could take it no longer. Quietly I slipped away from the circle.

I thought I was alone, but I soon realized that someone had followed me. I could see the figure of a girl in the shadows.

"I couldn't stay in there, either," a voice said.

I recognized Karen's voice immediately, but I was shocked and surprised by her words. "Why would you say that?" I asked.

"I don't know," she admitted. "It just doesn't seem quite real—Christianity, I mean. How could Jesus Christ actually care for me—I'm nobody!"

"But He does!" I told her, moving close enough to look at her face in the moonlight. "You can see it in the lives of these kids; you can feel His power throughout the whole camp."

I stopped suddenly, aware of what I was saying. It was true, and I meant it. I could

feel God's leading.

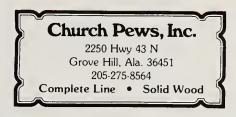
"There is something," Karen agreed. Then she grabbed my arm fiercely. "Oh, Sandy—I do want to know Jesus so much!"

We talked together and then returned to the service just as the invitation was sung. It was impossible to tell who was more excited—Karen or me—as she went forward to accept Christ.

I understood that night what camp was all about. It isn't Christ who changes in the mountains—He is the same there as back home. It's the hearts and minds of the campers that become more open to Him.

I even understood why I had been so callous—because I was afraid that Christ would speak to me and want me to do more for Him.

I almost missed camp, really. But next year my name will be first on the list! □







hese words could have been penned by a Christian writing an autobiography.

Although Satan torments all Christians, it is usually during youth that he summons special forces to attack the teenager before he becomes rooted and grounded in Christ.

I remember one such attack which sprang from the lips of my physical education teacher. She announced, "For the next six weeks, the class will be taking a course in co-ed dancing."

After hearing my personal convictions against taking the course, my teacher gave this ultimatum, "I can't force you to take this course, but I can, and will, give you a zero for each day you do not!"

As zeros piled up, I became increasingly alarmed. A zero for that

grading period could result in my failing the semester. The scorching winds of persecution and selfpity gained momentum. I almost gave up. "It's no use," I told myself. "I can't make it.'

Then the Holy Spirit brought a Bible verse to my mind: "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape" (1 Corinthians 10:13).

I finally related this stormy trial to my parents. Dad reassured me that Jesus is always a safe retreat. From any type of storm. Then he typed me an excuse on the basis of my religious belief.

Next day I proudly presented this letter to my teacher. She announced loudly, "Well, you may not dance, but you sure are going to know all about it. I expect you to turn in a twenty-page report on dancing at the end of this course."

Her statement brought cheers, sneers, and a few repugnant remarks from the rest of the class. Most thought it ridiculous for anyone to want to be excused from dancing. Yet with inner peace, I picked up the book my teacher shoved my way and started the report.

Of course, Satan does not limit his attacks to school alone. He will sometimes go to church with you and try to prevent you from receiving spiritual strength. He will roar his suggestive and seductive accusations: "Why not give up? You can't make it! No one really cares, anyway."

Satan's attacks can be thwarted.

Your help may come through that perceptive adult who will minister as your "special angel" by wrapping loving arms around you and saying, "I'm praying for you." Or, if the burden has forced you to your knees, someone may kneel beside you and intercede vehemently in your behalf.

After several minutes of fervent prayer and perhaps a countless number of tears, you can leave the church with restored spiritual strength. You can know that, with God's help, you can make it. You can live a victorious life and an exemplary life for Christ. Through faith.

1 Peter 5:8 warns us to "Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." He attacks the Christian, whether young or old, at school, at church, at work, at home, at play, and sometimes even as we sleep; but we are promised victory over each of his stormy trials (1 Corinthians 10:13), and we are also promised the ultimate and eternal victory over the devil (Revelation 20:10).

Days Which Try Men's Souls

Lighted Pathway, June, 1979

## Your Human Right



"You are a person: demand that those who speak to you look you in the eye; and if they refuse, know it's their ignorance and not your own."

uman rights is the big issue today. Minority rights, labor rights, privacy rights, the rights of the unborn, the illiterate, and the poor-all have been aired publicly in recent months.

I'd like to add one more: the right to be seen, to be approached, to be spoken to as a human being. First and foremost, you deserve recognition of your individuality. This is the most basic of all human rights.

Broad labels are insulting and demeaning.

Of course, you are the son or the daughter of someone. You are, or have been, a student at some school. A member of some group, or church. Statistically you are classified juvenile, young, middle-aged. Wealthy, middle-class, poor. Intelligent, average, or slow. Employed, dependent, or retired.

It's an endless list. Perhaps necessary in a complex, computer agé; but it's still an insult. It's not what you see when you look in the mirror, not what you know yourself to be, and not what you deserve either from friends, church, or society.

Certainly it's not what the Bible sets you forth as being.

You have a name: make people use it.

You are a person: demand that those who speak to you look you in the eye; and, if they refuse, know it's their ignorance and not your own.

You think. You evaluate. You make judgments. You have a right to express those conclusions, be they perfect or not.

So insist that people listen. Don't forfeit your basic right.

Measure yourself by God's standard. By what you were yesterday rather than by the person next to you. Stand your tallest, with chin up. As everyone else, you are growing.

You live in an arrogant world. It's rude: heartless. There are moments when pressures mount and when forces squeeze

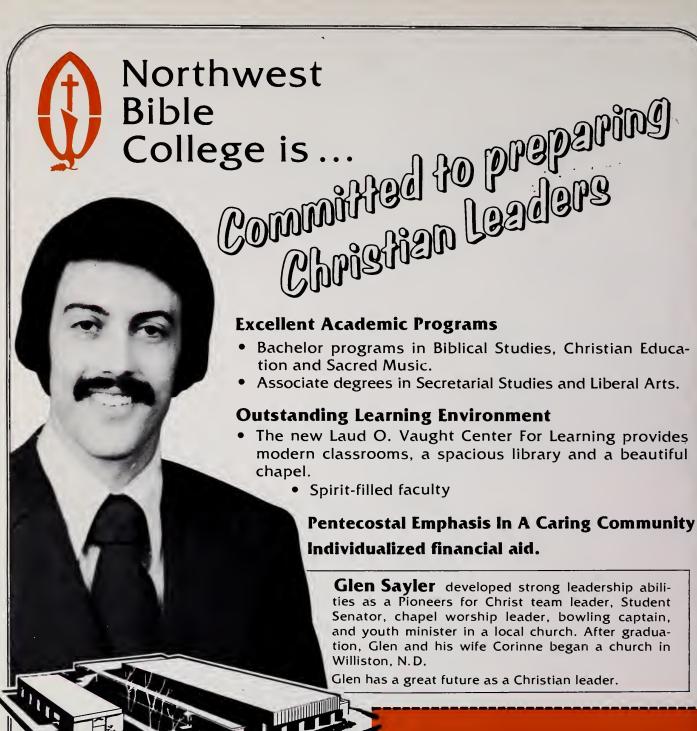
you painfully. Resist them.

Christ did.

Last year President Carter sponsored a bill in Congress that dealt with Civil Service reform. It made "rudeness to the public" cause for suspension or dismissal.

A worthy and encouraging

No one, not even the bureaucrat, should be permitted to depersonalize you, to rob you of your most precious gift. □



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**Guiding Youth** 

Lighted Pathway

Vol.50, No.7

1972 OLYMPIC TEAM Next Month's Issue: GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY Iris Davis **Hicks** is a feet strater school class ज़िला जिला का बाद रिकार informer on clicketen biving תתובנו אלצוצותה להחולה אורכנו للسنعور شععل إملاد هالم



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#### THIS ISSUE

Iris Davis Hicks now attends the Broadmoor Church of God in Nashville; but in '72, she was a member of the U.S. Olympic Running team in Munich. Her story still vibrates with excitement. As does her Christian testimony.

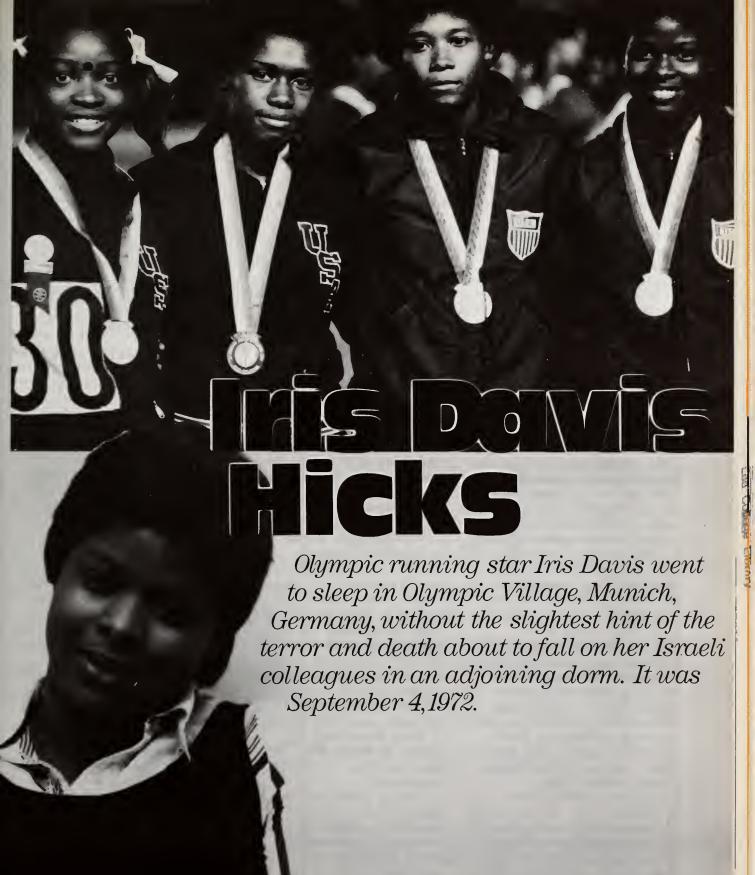
Tim and Teresa Hamm found their honeymoon strangely interrupted. However, they survived, and that's the important thing.

You'll find these and other stories, all noting that young people in today's world know how to make it in Christ Jesus.

Coming soon: our golden anniversary issue, the Ed Goodson story of a major league baseball player's search for faith, and Dilia Camacho's account of what it's like to be in the middle of a revolution.

One other positive note. Beginning August 1, our subscription rate goes to \$4.50. Worth every penny. But if you subscribe earlier, or renew, you can save a dollar.

Hoyt & Stone



Stone Photo

The Palestinian terrorists, members of Black September, struck at 4:30 a.m., September 5. A nightmare that was to leave eleven Israeli athletes dead. The Munich massacre.

Today, seven years later, Iris still can't believe she slept through those early hours without hearing a sound. Her first news came with an intercom announcement the next morning. Uniformed men were everywhere. Corridors and streets were blocked off.

Although told to stay away, Iris joined hundreds of other athletes just back of the police barricade. She could see Conollystrasse 31, where the Israelis were being held. Masked men with guns. Horrified, she saw the body of a man tossed from an upper balcony.

It was finally over. The Israeli team took ten of its dead comrades back to Tel Aviv. David Bergen was sent to the U.S. for burial in Cleveland, Ohio. Olympic Village went into a 24-hour period of mourning and then resumed the games.

"It wasn't the same after that, though," Iris says. "We tried hard but something of the spirit had gone out of the Olympics."

In that summer of '72, Iris was twenty-two years old and nearing the end of a running career that had started for her ten years earlier in Pompano Beach, Florida—a career that had seen her through four years of college at Tennessee State University and that had first sent her to run in the Olympic Games in Mexico City.

Iris hadn't planned to be a runner.

She was twelve years old, in junior high, when her coach and godfather Purcell Houston timed her in the 50-yard dash.

Wow!

He put her through some

more timed trials and then wrote his friend Edward Temple, track coach at TSU. Together they made arrangements for Iris to visit TSU as part of a summer training program. She competed against college girls, learning how it felt to lose as well as win, and she returned to Pompano with clearer vision as to her future.

"Athletic scholarships help lots of young people in this country," Iris said. "Mostly it's football or basketball, I suppose. But for me it was track, I'll always be thankful.

"For the winning, yes.
For the sheer joy of the competition. For the friends I made.
The coaches who helped me.

"Also for the opportunity to see this big, beautiful world. Not only have I been over most of these United States, but I've been to Hungary, Rumania, Poland. Most all of Europe. I've visited all seven Scandinavian countries, and I've been to Leningrad and Moscow in the USSR."

"How'd you like Russia?"

"I didn't. The people
weren't friendly. Wouldn't let
us talk to children. In Moscow,
I went with a friend to the
Kremlin to view the tomb of
Lenin. Just tourists, you know.
Suddenly the guards picked us
up bodily and carried us out
into the street. I was terribly
frightened. Didn't understand
a word they were saying. Thought
maybe we were being arrested.

"As it turned out, we weren't dressed properly. So they said. Must not desecrate Lenin's tomb."

"In your travels, how did people see you, Iris? Did they see you first of all as an American? Or did they see first a black girl, then an American?"

"With one exception, I was always an American first. Rc-

spected. Properly treated. The one exception was England. There I was first and foremost a black. Maybe it was a wrong impression, but England's not a place I'd like to live."

"Olympics . . . world travel . . . master's degree in Educational Guidance and Counseling . . . a good job with the Tennessee State Department of Education . . . marriage to James E. Hicks . . . it's been an exciting journey for you, Iris. Think back over it a moment and tell me the most exciting event of your life."

"The one thing?" I nod.

"That doesn't take much thought. The most exciting event of my life took place July 8, 1978, in the bedroom of my mother's home in Pompano, Florida, where I received my baptism of the Holy Ghost."

"Wait a minute, Iris. . . ."
"I'm serious, Brother Stone."

"I know you're serious, but a lot of the readers of this magazine won't believe you said that."

Iris laughed. A big, happy laugh.

"Believe it or not, it's true. I'd been a Christian for years. Of sorts. I attended church regularly, and a few years back, my mother introduced me to the Church of God and to Pentecost, but somewhere and somehow I wasn't altogether sure about my relationship with God.

"Then. . . .

"There in that bedroom, my mother, my aunt, and my second grade teacher Annie Wooten prayed with me and God filled me with His Holy Spirit. Now I know, I know for sure!"

"How did you find this church, Broadmoor?"

"It was through Sister Robbye Holt. She, too, works for the State Department. We met one day and started talking about the Lord, testifying to each other, and she invited me to visit her church.

"I met Pastor Wayne Proctor. His wife. The other fine folks. I've been attending ever since, and my Sunday school class recently elected me secretary-treasurer."

"Do you attend regularly?"
Maybe that's a question I shouldn't have asked.

"Well . . . I started in August of '78, and I've missed only one Sunday. Because of snow. Services were called off."

"Your work now?"

"I'm an educational specialist with the State Department, working primarily with government-funded education programs. I deal with Equal Education Opportunities and Title Nine programs relating to sex discrimination and sex equality in education.

"I travel a lot, covering middle and east Tennessee. Back home for weekends."

"Your husband?"

"He's working on his master's at TSU. Haven't gotten him to church with me yet, but I'm working on that."



# SPORTS DATA

Member of the Olympic Games team at Mexico City, Mexico 1968.

Ranked fourth (4) in the world in the 100-meter dash 1969.

Nominated for the Sullivan Award 1970.

Awarded "The International Athlete of the Year Award" 1970.

Honored by the 100 percent Wrong Club, Atlanta, Georgia as the "Top Female Athlete of the USA" 1970.

Named Outstanding Female Athlete of the Pan American Games Track and Field Meet 1971.

Named "Female Athlete of the Year" North America Continent 1971.

Won the 100-meter dash and anchored the winning 400-meter relay team in the Pan American Games at Cali, Columbia, South America 1971.

Captain of the Team 1971.

Undefeated in Outdoor and Indoor Competition 1971.

Won the 100-meter dash in the Olympic Development Track and Field Meet, Tennessee State University at Nashville, Tennessee 1972.

Won the 60-yard dash in the USA-USSR Track

and Field Meet at Richmond, Virginia 1973.

Won the 50-meter dash in Toronto Maple Leaf Games at Toronto, Canada 1972 (new world record).

Won the 70-yard dash in the Mason Dixon Games at Louisville, Kentucky 1973.

Member of the Olympic Games team at Munich. Germany 1972.

Won the 100-meter dash in the Central AAU Indoor Track and Field Championships at Champaign, Illinois 1972.

Won the 50-yard dash in the Knights of Columbus Indoor Track Meet at Cleveland, Ohio 1973.

Listed among the All-Time USA Top Ten in the 60-yard dash 1973.

Won the 100-meter dash in the Dogwood Relays at Knoxville, Tennessee 1972 (new meet record).

AAU All-American 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, and 1973.

Won the 50-meter dash in the U.S. Olympic Invitational Track Meet in Madison Square Garden at New York 1973 (voted Outstanding Athlete award).

Holder of the American and World Indoor 50-yard record 1973.

# hite lace and promas told to Angela es, a kiss for luck and we're on our way. . . ." Wetherington At last, on our way to Florida for a relaxing honey-Teresa Wetherington and Tim Hamm were married July Then why did we find our-21, 1978. The Reverend W. E. Tull, Lee College, selves in an ambulance on performed the ceremony at the Forest Street Church of God, our way to Bunnell General Valdosta, Georgia. The accident took place July 26. As of Hospital? Tim was covered with this writing, both are doing well. blood and I with shattered

glass. My right hip and left arm

throbbed in excruciating

One thought kept resounding through my mind, Teresa, how can you be alive? You are not even unconscious. I felt almost as if I had been cocooned in an illusive bubble. Upon impact, the car had literally caved in around me, and I could feel myself losing consciousness.

But the Holy Spirit, too, was there in my imaginary bubble. He instantly bestowed upon this ordinary girl an extraordinary measure of strength. Instead of fainting, I perked up and began talking to my rescuers.

Tim had somehow managed to climb out through the top of the car, but my getting out would be another matter entirely. I recall one of the paramedics repeatedly saying, "Young lady, you are so brave. I don't see how you are behaving like this."

Meanwhile my family in Georgia was bustling about with the day's activities: Mother and Sherea preparing lunch, Charles playing with neighborhood friends, Angela preparing for a luncheon with old high school friends, Daddy cruising timber in the forest.

A telephone call changed all of that.

Within the hour they were en route to Bunnell, Florida, (wherever that was!) not knowing how badly we were hurt, not absolutely sure that we would live.

Not even on our wedding day four and one half days before had my family looked more beautiful than they did that Wednesday afternoon as they rushed into my hospital room. My daddy remarked later that he was so thankful he had seen his children before he

saw the car. Had he first seen the car, his hopes of our survival would have been shattered.

Tim was treated for numerous lacerations and retained in the hospital three days for observation of a possible concussion. X rays confirmed my worst suspicions regarding my condition: right pelvis fractured and left elbow shattered from the impact.

Six weeks, two hospitals, two operations, ten roommates, dozens of cards and flowers, and a thousand prayers later, I was released from South Georgia Medical Center.

Immediately after the accident I did not have time to do much pondering; but in the weeks that followed, thinking became my least restrictive activity.

Some days I was laden with feelings of pity and depression. "Why us, Lord? We're newlyweds, Lord. Remember?" Other days were perplexing. "Mother, do you suppose I am paying for something I did as a child?"

Then I realized that such notions were understandable but unnecessary for one of God's children. "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose" (Romans 8:28)—this became my antidote for pity and depression.

As I reflected upon the fulfillment of the Scriptures' promises in the form of miracle after miracle, I found no time to question God, only time to praise Him.

Had we been in our small car (which was unexpectedly placed in the shop for repairs) instead of Daddy's much larger car, we would have undoubtedly been killed. Our faces were only scratched or slightly cut, but the disfigura-

tion which could have so easily resulted is a nightmarish thought.

My orthopedic surgeon and his wife turned out to be Spirit-filled Christians. More importantly, one of my roommates experienced the miracle of salvation as my family and I prayed with her in our hospital room.

Funny thing, since July 26, 1978, Tim and I have had no problems in establishing our priorities. We spend each day thanking God for His wedding present to us: the "time" to seek and fulfill His will for our lives while on this earth.

I want to smile as I hear Christians say they do not have the "time" to really work for the Lord as they would like to. God does not play games with His children. He does not place us here for a specific purpose and in turn withhold the time necessary to complete that purpose. Our yielding minutes, hours, and days to Him must be the determining factor.

Six months later we are once again on our way to graduating from Lee College; on our way to building an exciting, fulfilling life together. We have proven the "for worse and poorer" portion of our wedding vows. Now we are anxious to give the "for better and richer" part a try.

Lest the story of my physical condition go unfinished, let me say that the pelvis has begun to show definite signs of improvement, and the elbow has given the Lord an opportunity to perform yet another miracle.

As of this writing, I cannot move my arm out of the cast position that it was in for so many months. But in God's time I shall have full use of my arm once again. You just watch! Wait! You'll see!

# **Hoyt E. Stone**

od's not mad at you anymore. . . ."
With those words, Ted Gee launched himself into the teaching of another lesson at North Cleveland's "Teen Happening Class."

"Fact is . . . God never was mad at you. You only thought He was. You thought it because you didn't understand the principle of His love and the beauty of His grace in Jesus Christ. . . ."

The room's quiet enough to hear a pin drop. More than a hundred teenagers sit transfixed, listening raptly as Ted gestures, pantomimes, acts, and talks his way through the lesson.

In terms of energy, Ted Gee ought to be nine feet tall. In reality he's 5'6", and he does everything with an explosiveness that has you unconsciously holding your breath and waiting for what's next.

I've known him since college days, and I've seen him releasing all that energy and enthusiasm with such wild abandon that I tended to think he'd fizz out or else have a heart attack by age thirty.

Ted taught school. Resigned. He was principal of a school. Gave it up. He sold insurance very successfully. Then quit. Moved to Florida. Back to Cleveland. Then to Denver. Back to Cleveland and back to teaching and the North Cleveland Church. One of those guys with more ideas and more energy than can be easily channeled.

This morning though . . . as I hear him teach . . . as I watch the shadows of emotion pass across the faces of young men and women listening . . . as I too become captivated by the logic with which he spins out the points . . . I know I'm looking into Ted Gee's heart.



seem remarkably blended in Ted Gee, the teacher.

Maybe it comes out of his public school teaching experience, perhaps it's the result of maturity and the fact that he's now the father of an eight-year-old son of his own; but whatever, Ted speaks to young people in language they understand. He cuts right to the point. Plain and simple. And, most of all, he's human.

Between Ted and his pupils there's no hallowed or sacred gulf. He's not on a spiritual podium looking down. He's not mouthing phrases that sound ancient, traditional, and irrelevant. He's human enough to touch and the young people know it. Figuratively, if not literally, he sits where they sit; and he examines life as it is in terms of life as it's supposed to be.

And he spices it all with humor.

Sunday school isn't the Gong Show or Saturday Night Live. It's not where you'd promote comedy, the telling of jokes, and the distraction of laughter; but

when good humor is used to thrust home a point, as with Ted, then one has to acknowledge its effectiveness, especially with teens.

Youth Sunday school classes aren't all so vibrantly alive.

But they should be.

They call themselves the "Teen Happening Class." They meet in the church recreation room, with plenty of stretching and growing space, and they've organized themselves in minute detail.

The class meets early on Sunday morning, and there's time for fellowship and snacks. Even a special food committee to see that everything is prepared and neatly arranged. There's also a clean-up committee. Room set-up committee. Welcoming committee. Letterwriting committee. Social committee. Recruiting and special occasions committee. And a general committee.

Assignments rotate quarterly. Duties are clearly spelled out. And specific class goals are agreed upon at the beginning

of each year.

The following chart lists attendance and financial goals:

| Attendance<br>Goal | Financial<br>Goal      |  |
|--------------------|------------------------|--|
| 78                 | \$ 60                  |  |
| 88                 | \$ 70                  |  |
| 95                 | \$ 85                  |  |
| 110                | \$100                  |  |
|                    | Goal<br>78<br>88<br>95 |  |

Ted Gee and the "Teen Happening Class" think they can meet those goals. They're working hard. For March, as this magazine goes to press, they've had an average attendance of 90, compared to 50 of one

year ago.

I met a father on the street. He said, "Until my daughter started going to the 'Teen Happening Class,' she never once said anything nice or exciting about Sunday school. Now she talks about her class constantly. About the lessons. Even at the dinner table. And when we make Sunday plans, she'll let us know right off that her class comes first."

That says it well.

Sunday school class doesn't have to be a bore. □



# Youth Choir on the Move



Youth and Christian Education Photos







Photos: Top, Mableton Youth Choir at the General Assembly. Floyd Carey presents Kelth Jeffords his trophy. Brass trio members Dave Gibson, Eddie Roach and Keith Jeffords strike a pose. Sister Jeffords introduces her choir.

inging is important!
That's how the
Mableton Youth Choir
feels and, during
the past five years, they've tallied
up a long list of impressive
accomplishments to prove it.

Latest laurel. They've just returned from a ten-day tour

of England.

The Reverend John Cuthburt, North Hampton, helped arrange the tour. The forty-voice choir ministered primarily in the Elim Pentecostal Churches, but they also sang at a Church of God youth rally in metro-Birmingham and performed once at "Stoke On Trent."

· Although the June 8-18 trip to England was their first international venture, these young men and women aren't strangers to many stateside congregations, nor to General



Assembly delegates.

They tour each year.

Mostly short tours to neighboring churches within a few miles of Atlanta. Or up to Cleveland where they have cut an album with "Forward in Faith" studios and have been featured on numerous radio programs. Or to East Chattanooga where I watched them parade smartly into the sanctuary and walk down the aisles shaking hands with church members before taking to the risers.

Mableton isn't a large town. Population, 7,000, just west of Atlanta. While healthy and vibrant, the church isn't able to financially sponsor all those tours. Nor do offerings cover expenses

"We're forever working to raise money," choir director Nelia Jeffords told me recently. "Bake sales. Rock-a-thons. Inventory for Davidson's stores. One of our better money projects has been the selling of ads for the program of our musical. Raised nearly \$5,000 on that project alone.

On Saturday night, May 12, the choir performed Dr. Delton Alford's musical, "See His Glory." It was a community venture, held at the local school, and also featured the church's 28-voice junior choir who call themselves "The King's Kids."

It all started five years ago when Kelland Jeffords moved to Mableton after serving four years as Georgia's state director of youth and Christian education.

Mableton had a youth choir already, called the "Youth Singers," but pastor's wife Nelia Jeffords knew they could be better and do more. She changed the name and started telling young people they could be Teen Talent winners if they tried hard enough.

So they tried!

When state competition and national competition ended at the Assembly in Dallas 1976, Mableton Youth Choir walked off with first place trophy.

You have to be good to win once.

Then came Kansas City. First place winners . . . Choir . . . 1978 . . . Mableton.

You have to be exceptionally good to win twice.

No other choir has done so to date, and it's likely that competition will forbid its ever happening again. But Mableton did it.

"We knew it would be hard," Sister Jeffords said. "We knew that, just in the normal course of things, we had to give something extra, something special, or the judges would pass us by. In other words, a tie would favor our competitors because we had a trophy already."

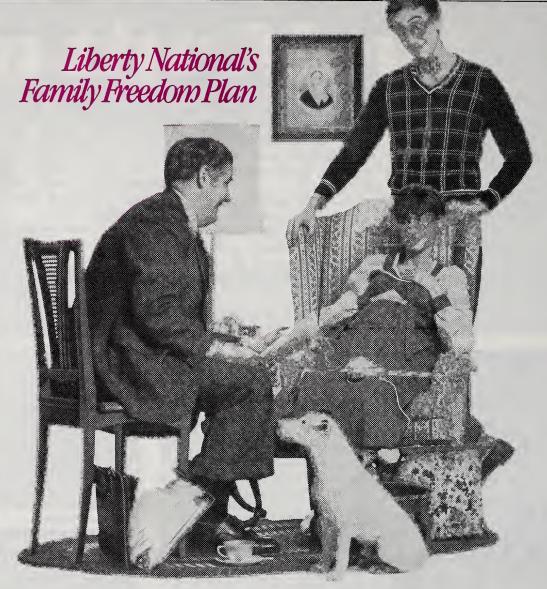
Well . . . if it all sounds unreal . . . add two more first place winners from Mableton.

"Sound Expression," a musical group of thirteen musicians from the choir, took honors as top instrumental ensemble; and Keith Jeffords placed number one in instrumental solo, nonkeyboard.

Driving force behind this music emphasis is Nelia Jeffords. She's forceful, vibrant, totally dedicated. Knowing a leader has to walk out front, she'll take the stares and all that comes with it and never flinch. More subtle yet, she's able to touch the hearts of young people and to inspire them personally to go that extra mile.

And whatever else one might think or say about Nelia Jeffords and the Mableton Youth Choir, it's that attitude . . . that "extra mile" effort . . . which makes them winners in the true sense.

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# CHURCH BONITA HAWKINS SPECIALOR

rapped! I sit here on the fourth row, on the right, where I have always sat. I want to worship. I sit here . . . knowing that if I could just raise my hands . . . if I could only surrender myself to God . . . I would be blessed. I know it. And yet I can't!

I've been conditioned. For almost thirty years I've been in training. Sometimes four and five hours of practice every day.

How?

Just sitting. Watching. My emotions have built up an immunity to the helpless cries from thousands of victims. My ears are dulled to sounds of pain, heartache, and even joy. I can tune out that which does not suit me without the slightest effort.

I look around and see others who sit as I do. I have a sense of sadness—and even relief—that I'm not alone. But what a pity. They, too, are trapped.

Do they realize it?

"Leaning on the Everlasting Arms. . . ."

The song leader is leading and I am singing. But he does not know that I can sing and still have my mind on other things.

The minister is preaching. Can he come up with an illustration or story good enough to capture my attention? I am used to well-planned, well-acted, expensively produced, full-color productions. You see, I'm a television addict. Have been for years.

Many times I've tried to stop. To turn it off. But it seems to call me, and the loneliness, the emptiness, and the stillness of its absence is overpowering. For TV has become my friend, my comforter, my teacher, my . . . obsession.

Now, even as I sit here in church, it is almost as if I'm just watching it all. As a spectator. For church has become a spectator sport to me. I watch others get involved in worshiping the Lord. I cheer them on. I'm happy when others cry, yet I can't get involved myself. For I'm just sitting. Watching. Dulled even to the touch of God. Trapped!

For a few moments my mind is drawn to the sermon. Just a few words capture those bits of my spiritual ears that have not been hardened.

"Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us" (Romans 8:37).

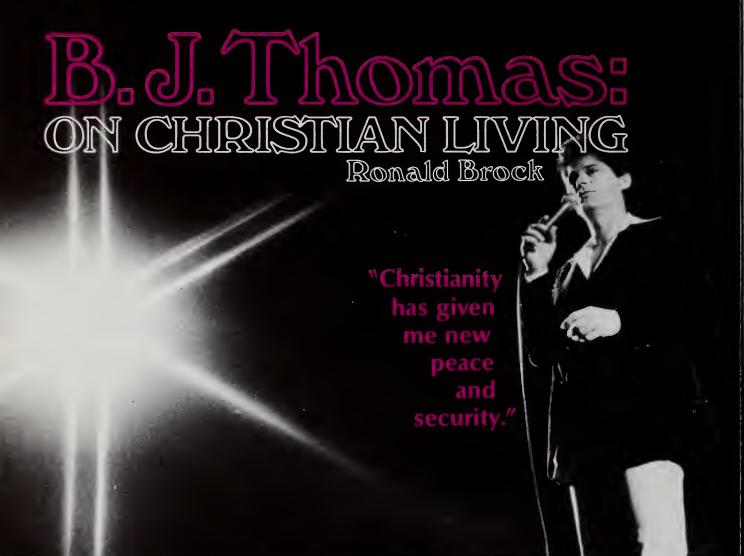
"For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature [television?], shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord" (Romans 8:38, 39).

As if for the first time, I hear those words. They prick my heart. Though the words are spoken softly, simply, they ring in my ears as a clap of thunder on a still night.

I know it's for me. Tears flow from my eyes! My hands raise in worship to the Lord. My spirit communes with the greatest truth, my Savior.

My eyes are now bright. The scales of blindness have washed away. I smile freely. Easily. I feel.

I am free! I am more than a conqueror through Him that loved me. No longer trapped. But safe. Secure in His everlasting arms.



(Three years ago singer B. J. Thomas experienced conversion and a miraculous deliverance from a \$3,000-aweek drug habit. His full story is told by Jerry B. Jenkins in Home Where I Belong, Word Books, Waco, Texas.

On March 27, 1979, prior to a concert in Cleveland,

Tennessee, B. J. Thomas granted an exclusive Pastor Ronald Brock—an interview aired over lland's "Voice of Hope" radio broadcast—and, fro interview, we have excerpted some comments will might interest our readers.)



Ron Brock raps with B. J. Thomas during his radio program. Followed with prayer.



## ON HIS HIT RECORDS:

"My first big hit was in '66. Hank Williams' old song 'I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry."

"Then came Burt Bacharach's 'Raindrops Keep Falling On My Head.' In '69. I wasn't the original choice in terms of who sang 'Raindrops.' I was third in line. Burt sent the song to Bob Dylan and that didn't work out. Twentieth Century Fox thought they might pitch the song to Ray Stevens, who had just had a hit; but my managers argued that I'd just had a hit too, so it came my way. To date, I'd estimate 'Raindrops' has done 7.5 million copies."

# ON HOW HE GOT STARTED:

"Twenty-one years ago. Singing in the church choir. In high school with a group of guys who had formed a band."

# ON THE ENTERTAINMENT WORLD:

"It's not all party and glamour. Most musicians look on performing and singing as a job. You can't party every night and then get on stage and give a quality performance. There is some glamour but not quite as much as people think."

## ON DRUGS:

"I started messing around with drugs when I was fifteen. Just experimenting. In those days, no one said much about getting addicted to pills.

"I was living in Houston, in and out of Mexico all the time, and I guess I was trying to live up to the Bacharach thing . . . the pressure, the stress of the music business . . . anyway, I was addicted to amphetamines and barbituates before I came into contact with cocaine, the rich man's marijuana.

"Cocaine became for me the beginning of the end. That was in '69 or '70. In my opinion, cocaine still remains the most destructive drug. But I think it's pressure and stress that lead us into such traps."

# ON RELIGION IN HIS YOUTH:

"When I was twelve or thirteen, the preacher scared me and I went down and accepted the Lord. I didn't want to go to hell; but, like a lot of young people, I didn't understand what the commitment involved and Christianity had no power in my life. In fact, I was surprised and couldn't figure out why I didn't turn into a saint or something."

# ON HIS CONVERSION:

"I redid it in '76.

"I was in California at the time, separated from my wife. One day I phoned her and she sounded real happylike. I hadn't heard happiness in her voice for a long time.

"I told her she sounded different and she said she was. If I'd come home, she'd tell me what. I told her I wasn't coming home. But I couldn't sleep. Two days later I was home and found out that my daughter and my wife had both become Christians.

"Jim Reeves and his wife they were the folks Gloria took me to see, and that's where my miracle took place. Jim was an angus cattleman, just back from the rodeo, and he began telling me about the Lord. Even while he talked, a little voice inside whispered this was the way out. I had found it.

"When I bowed my head and started praying, I was a drug addict. When I raised my head, I was a drug addict no longer. That was my miracle. First thing you know I was dancing all over that guy's house.

"Jim was crying. And laughing. I went home and threw all my drugs away. Then I waited for withdrawal. I had been through withdrawal before and I knew it would be rough, but this time it didn't happen. In fact, while waiting, I fell asleep."

# ON PEACE AND SECURITY:

"Christianity has given me new peace and security. I know I am born again, and saved, and I believe this carries over into my public performances. That's what people say, anyway. Especially when I sing 'Home Where I Belong.'"

# ON YOUNG PEOPLE TODAY:

"The first thing I'd say is that Jesus Christ is the only answer. He's the only way. Some are trying psychiatry, some are in jail, some in sanitariums, and some attempting to kick drugs on their own. I went through all that stuff. Only Jesus could save me."

# ON CHRISTIAN LIVING NOW:

"My excitement still grows. I've been a Christian only three years. I have much yet to learn, but the challenge is there every day. The Christian life is not dull. It's exciting and full of satisfaction that grows every hour.

"I thought I had lived an exciting life before I met the Lord, but now I'm truly happy and at peace with myself and with my God."

# A Matter of Thought

# **Eddie Vernon**

ravis Higgins saw his whole world through a cloud of gloom.

He tried to smile at the customers coming into the shoe department, but he knew the effort failed. His face was out of shape.

Everybody felt it. Like smog. A pollution that had been growing with the summer slump in business; and which, today, had taken on an especially ominous note when Mr. Shupe the owner announced a staff meeting for tomorrow morning at nine.

Travis straightened up the shoe display again. He climbed into the window that fronted Main Street and exchanged places between the brown wing tips and the blue slip-ons. He dusted. He turned the tie rack so that the summer blue colors were more obvious, and then he asked Mrs. Simpson to keep an eye on his department while he went for coffee.

It was bitter coffee.

"You worry too much, Travis," Mrs. Higgins said at the dinner table that same evening. "Just trust the Lord. After all, He got you the job in the first place."

"I know, Mother. But it's so frustrating to come up against something that's beyond human control. If it had to do with my work, with my own department, or with the store itself, then I could tackle it. I could work harder, or put in overtime, or even pray for some specific answer.

"But how do you take on an entire economic slump? How do you combat the attitudes of the whole town? Everybody's scared. First the strike. Then the closing of the chemical plant. And now the rumor that the government won't renew its military contract with Douglas. Business has virtually come to a halt. All over town."

"We'll make out, Travis. Somehow. Just don't worry."

Travis pushed his chair back from the table. "Guess I'd better finish mowing the lawn. Then I'll clean the kitchen."

"You go ahead. I'll manage."

He yanked hard at the mower cord and walked so furiously around the backyard that he soon sweated through his shirt. It felt good. Moving back and forth, his mind racing as noisily as the old Briggs and Stratton, Travis momentarily drowned his fears.

He was young again and not nineteen with the respon-



Alan Cliburn Photo

sibility of a home and an invalid mother. His dad was still alive, and evenings were occasions for backyard barbecues or homemade ice cream with all the other kids gathered around. Weren't many of the old gang in town anymore. Jess in the Air Force. Arnold and Ben away at State. Most of the girls married.

Travis didn't mind. He didn't resent their good fortune, but he sure had hoped to enroll in Community College in September. To do that, he simply had to have a full summer of work. If Mr. Shupe laid any of the employees off, Travis felt sure he'd be first.

He made his last round, trimmed near the maple tree, and turned off the mower.

His mother had rolled her wheelchair onto the patio. In her lap a tray with two big glasses of lemonade.

"Come sit a moment. And cool off."

"Thanks."

It was good lemonade.

"Your Grandpa Phillips . . . he always liked summer. Especially July when things paused and the nights got sticky. Said it was a good time for thinking."

Travis stretched out on the porch, looking at the fading sky, his legs hanging off the patio. It was quiet. He sighed.

"I've been doing a lot of thinking myself, Mother. Not that it matters."

"Of course it matters. That's another thing your grandpa used to say. How you think is the most important thing in your life."

"Maybe so. But right now I'm thinking about that meeting in the morning. And when that's over I'm going to be thinking about where I can find another job. And about school . . . and . . . "

"See there. You're already going so far into the future it's ridiculous. Worrying in advance. Thinking the bad instead of the good. Why?"

"Why what?" Mother didn't always make sense, Travis thought. And when she got to reminiscing about Grandpa, you never knew what she'd come up with.

"Why do you think bad instead of good?"

"I'm not thinking bad, Mother. Just realistically. There's a difference, you know."

"Sure there's a difference. That's what your grandpa always said. You may as well expect good as bad. Takes the same effort. For example. How do you know what the meeting tomorrow is all about?"

Travis sat up. "I don't."

"Lots of things could happen. In fact, Mr. Shupe may not lay anyone off after all. If he does, it may not be you. And if he does lay you off, it may be that you'll find an even better job. Right?"

"Oh, Mother."

Mrs. Higgins laughed. "But it was a man far more renowned than your grandpa who said, 'As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.'

"One thing for sure, when the crops failed, your grandpa didn't have it any worse than the other farmers. And when the river flooded, Papa didn't lose any more than they did. And meanwhile, Papa just went right on talking bout good times and thinking bout pleasant things. Everyone always said he was the happiest guy in the county."

As a man . . . thinketh. . . . Travis let the words float around in his head. They sounded like Grandpa Phillips. Like his mother, too, come to think about it. Travis looked at her in the gathering darkness. Her profile clear against the window light. Chin up.

Well . . . what did it matter? Really matter. They'd make it one way or another. The same God who gave him the job . . . why . . . He'd surely see that he kept it. Or, as Mother said, he'd just get another one.

Next morning Travis got up to a beautiful day.

He arrived at the store whistling. "Morning, Mrs. Simpson. Morning, Mr. Shupe."

One customer came into the tore.

"Good morning, Ma'am,"
Travis said. "May I help you?"
"Just looking." The woman

**CONTINUED ON PAGE 19** 



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# THE CATE OF OMISSIONS A Christian Allegory

Mary Kentra Ericsson

imon had volunteered for duty that night at the Gate of Omission. As one of the residents of the Golden City, he had no specific duty but felt he owed this selfappointed chore to the Chief. He was indebted to Him three times, and although that was long past, Simon still hoped to make amends in some way.

There was no necessity to work, but Simon longed for some activity. It was action of the spirit more than of the body that pressed him onward toward the gate. He wondered who would be there this time.

He could see a young man coming up the hill. A banjo was strung across his shoulder. The easy sway of his shoulders, the rhythmic movement of his body, and the buoyancy of his steps indicated that he was walking in time to some unheard tune.

When he reached the gate the youth spoke. "I'm not sure why I was sent here. Back there," he gestured over his shoulder, "I was a good provider. I sold the most real estate in our company the past five years. My commissions were high and my wife and children had everything they wanted. Then unexpectedly I had to come here."

"And you," Simon said gently, "did you have everything you wanted?"

"Well . . ." the Young One said slowly, caressing the banjo. "I wanted to play this . . . and sing . . . more than anything in the world. I used to do it in college," he admitted, rounding his chest with pride, "and people liked it."

He strummed and started to sing, forgetting Simon and the other people coming toward

the gate.

Simon smiled and swayed in time with the rhythm. The others, trudging up the hill, stopped, and as they listened their faces brightened.

Then the Young One laid his banjo aside and began talking to Simon again.

"Down there I couldn't have made very much as a musician-at least not enough to live on. I had this girl friend and we wanted to get married, so I stopped studying music and started selling real estate. The money came easily, and I guess I just never had the courage to stop selling. My music? I hardly ever played, even for my family.

Again he stroked the banjo tenderly. "But I still can't understand," he continued with a frown, "why I had to come to this gate. I was a good provider. I loved my wife and children. And I didn't get into any trouble."

"But what about your gift of music? Did you ever play in church or elsewhere so others

could enjoy it?" Simon asked. "No."

"Stay here awhile, Son, and watch with me," Simon said. "Maybe you'll see why you were sent to this gate.'

The Young One strummed his banjo, but no sound came.

"Now it's too late," he cried. "My music has died too!"

Just then a young woman neared the gate. Her dress shone with cleanliness, and its wide skirt was wrinkle free. Every ringlet of her hair was in ordered place around her placid

A little girl, also a model of perfect cleanliness, tugged at

"Why," she asked, looking at Simon, "was I asked to report here? Has someone complained? Don't you know I was named Mrs. Homemaker of the Year? There isn't anyone on my block (maybe even in my city) who keeps her house as spotless. And my other children are just as clean as Nancy here," she said, tilting her chin higher.

"But when have you read them a story . . . or romped with them . . . or gone fishing with your husband?" Simon

asked.

"Did you ever do those things?" the little girl asked in surprise.

Tears filled the young woman's eyes and spilled untidily down her cheek. "I'd forgotten about the happiness

it could bring," she said slowly. "It's been so long."

"Now don't get upset, my dear," the gatekeeper told the woman. "I'm not sitting in judgment. I'm just watching the gate. Have a seat and observe the others."

Simon smiled at her and turned to an old man who was approaching him.

"Why must I come to this gate?" he asked. "I've done no wrong. I forgot to do some things, maybe? Like letting those people stay on rent free for a while in that house I owned. The husband was out of work, and I could have waited for him to be able to pay. I didn't really need the money."

Simon nodded, and the Old One kept talking. He seemed to know without being told why he was there. "If I could just have realized earlier . . . before stinginess became a habit . . . I might have done differently. But mind you," he sighed, turning to Simon, "I didn't do any great wrongs either."

"No . . ." Simon said, looking at the three people beside him, "sometimes it's not what we do but what we don't do. That's why I came here—just to let you know you can still get through to the Golden City. The Gate of Omission is shut tight, but it is not closed forever. If a person sees in time. . . ."

"That's why I volunteered to watch here," he continued. "It's the first stop to the Golden City. But there is another entry—the Gate of Forgiveness—and I can show you the way. I've been there."

A radiant smile formed on Simon's face as he led the three through the second gate to the Golden City, his own burden of omission lightened because of his self-appointed task.

## A MATTER OF THOUGHT

(Continued from page 17)

returned Travis' smile. "Maybe you could help. I'm looking for some houseshoes for my grandfather."

"This way."

Travis soon had her on her way. "Need to look after these grandfathers. They're nice to have around. And nice to remember."

Mr. Shupe called the meeting to order at 9 a.m. sharp.

"It's been a slow week," he said. "One of the slowest we've ever had. But it's not just our store. It's the whole mall. I asked you to meet for two very important reasons. First, to thank all of you for your good attitude and for hanging in there with me. I'm especially thankful for Travis, our newest employee.

"He's been staying busy and working his displays like an old hand. That's something I don't often find among the young of this day.

"Next, I want to announce a special sale. Something to draw customers in. Think about it. Try to come up with a title. We'll meet again Friday, and then we'll do inventory and decide on sale items. Again, thanks."

Travis went back to his department. Mr. Shupe was a lot like Grandpa Phillips, he thought. Maybe they should announce a Founder's Day Sale. Yeah, that would be nice.

And who knows, the day could come when Founder's Day Sales might be as popular as fall and spring.

Not might be . . . will be . . . Travis corrected himself.

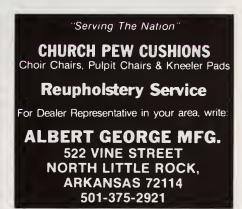
"How do you do, Sir," he said to a man with a small boy in tow. "Welcome to Shupe's Department Store. May I help you?"

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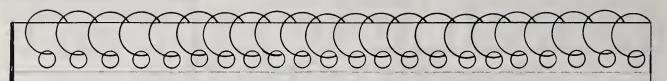
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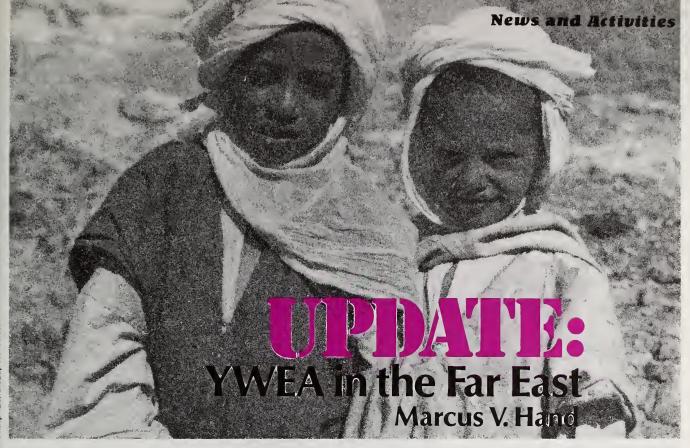
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Is YWEA effective? What happens to those projects for which YWEA funds are raised? Has Youth World Evangelism Appeal been beneficial over the long haul? Look at four previous projects in the Far East and decide for yourself.

### **Self-Supporting Saints**

The 1962 project was the building of a church in Tokyo. At that time there was no Church of God in Japan's largest city. The successful YWEA campaign provided funds to erect a building. An effective witness was started and today the Tokyo congregation speaks with a strong Christian voice and outreach. Attendance has increased 300 percent in the last five years. The congregation recently raised \$100,000 and enlarged the facilities to meet their needs. This growing church pays an average of \$15,000 (US) tithes monthly and gives liberally to missions.

# **Church Growth**

Church growth is important, especially in the mission field. The 1964 YWEA project provided funds to erect a church in Manila, Philippines. The Church of God had been busy in that country for some time, but work was done primarily in the rural areas. The Manila Church marked the beginning of urban evangelism in the Philippines. From this congregation six new churches have been organized. The multiplying process continues!

## **Seminary Sidelights**

Bethel Bible Seminary in Djakarta, Indonesia, was erected with funds from the 1968 YWEA project. Currently, eighty-three ministerial students study at the seminary. Each student is assigned to one of the fifty-two Church of God congregations in the Djakarta area during the school year. Missionary Tommy Sands coordinates various evangelistic

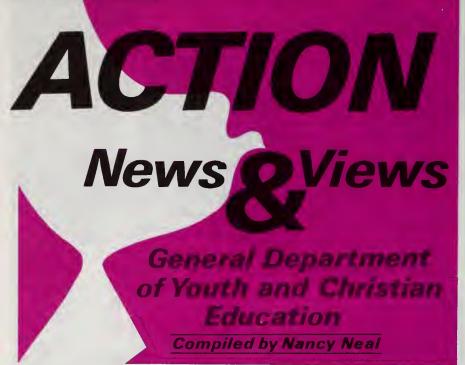
activities during the summer months, using seminary students.

In addition to the seminary itself, Bethel's impressive four-story building houses a primary and a secondary school with several hundred students. Bethel makes a significant contribution to the growth of the church in Indonesia.

### **Multiple Ministries**

The 1963 project provided a sturdy, versatile building in Bombay, India, that houses the Chembur Church and the administrative offices for the Church of God in Northern India. Future plans call for a Bible school to train ministers and lay workers.

Ask Christians in Japan, India, the Philippines, and Indonesia about YWEA. They'll tell you that this missions ministry of Church of God young people is dynamic and effective. YWEA plants seeds that produce a harvest year after year.



### JUNK FOOD ADDICTS

The average American seems to be adding more and more excess baggage to his body. Junk food is on the rise, now accounting for more than half the food the average American consumes each year.

Statistics on consumption read like this: 100 pounds of refined sugar; 55 pounds of fats and oils; 300 cans or bottles of soda; more than 200 sticks of chewing gum; over 20 gallons of ice cream; 18 pounds of candy; 5 pounds of potato chips; 2 pounds of popcorn, pretzels, corn chips, and other snacks; 63 dozen doughnuts; and 50 pounds of cookies and cakes.

Merely reading the list is enough to make you feel ten pounds heavier. Why do we do it? Is it defiance? Salesmanship? Or do we like junk?

### **OVERLOADED CIRCUITS**

"Motor Mouth."

"Blabbermouth."
"Mouth of the South."
Just a few of many names

ascribed to those who occasionally overload their circuits. One estimate says we rattle off between 25,000 and 30,000 words a day. That equals a small paperback or a thesis for a master's degree.

Everyone has had his turn at spouting off. It's a case of "verbalitis." Some suffer only occasional attacks. Others are habitual bigmouths.

If you feel particularly good on a given day, you may say as many as 50,000 words.

Even Peter, one of the greatest preachers ever, began as a classic example of a bigmouth. He argued, he lied, he even denied Christ. But he overcame his problem and became spokesman for all Christians.

James says, "The tongue can no man tame" (James 3:8). Just as you would notify proper authorities regarding a runaway child, so you must notify the proper Authority about a runaway mouth.

The first rule in curing verbalitis is to realize God hasn't asked the impossible. His Holy Spirit is present to en-

able us to keep our mouths in check. While God is helping us to become more sensitive to what we should or shouldn't say, we can help ourselves by doing the following things:

1. Learn to listen. (You can't listen and gab.)

2. Weigh your words carefully. (Censor them, in other words.)

3. Follow a good example (Peter, for instance).

So, when you feel you're about to short-circuit, allow God to direct His current toward verbal power for Him.

### THE FAILURE SYNDROME

Bothered by fear of failure? Afraid you're just not going to make it? How do you handle these feelings?

Just about everyone experiences some of these feelings at various times in life.

What matters is how you handle them. You may just feel sorry for yourself and throw a king-size pity party. You may get angry or try to justify yourself. You may even conduct a tireless search for a scapegoat. It's always easy to blame someone else. Of course, you may opt for the final alternative and give up trying.

Unfortunately, these methods never cause that fear of failure to completely vanish. Here are some positive steps:

Dwell on God's opinion of you. Christ gave His life for you. God is always patient, and He showers you daily with His care.

Determine your capabilities. List your talents, your blessings.

Remember you are performing for a heavenly audience.

Do some soul-searching. If your goals are determined by God, you cannot fail. He empowers those He inspires.

# Youth

Lamar Vest, Assistant General Director of Youth and Christian Education

# WITNESS IS A NOUN

Witness / wit-nes/n—Attestation of a fact or event . . . testimony . . . one that gives evidence . . . one who has personal knowledge of something (Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary).

Witness is not something you meet at the church every Thursday night and go out and do. Witness is what you are. Jesus said, "You shall be witnesses unto me."

Christ's plan for spreading the gospel around the world is centered in His expectation that every saved person will represent Him and give evidence of His saving grace. A saved person is a Christian. A Christian is a witness.

The question is not, "Are you a witness?" It is, rather, "what kind of witness are you?" Let's examine the marks of a positive

1. He is confident in his own possession of eternal life. Christians can and must have the assurance of their own salvation before they can truly be witnesses. Doubt about one's own salvation will cancel the Christian's personal knowledge effectiveness.

2. He is acquainted with Holy Scripture. The Bible reveals God's plan of salvation through Jesus Christ. The Bible exposes sin and provides the remedy.

3. He is consistent in Christian living. Christ's witnesses are set apart from the world by divine consecration. Their lives reflect the radiance of Christ's love and forgiveness.

4. He is knowledgeable in the techniques of testifying. Peter said that a witness should "be ready always to give an answer to every man . . . a reason of the hope that is in you" (1 Peter 3:15).

5. He is active in sharing the good news with others. Telling others about the good news of Jesus Christ should be as much a part of the Christian's lifestyle as breathing. He witnesses because he is a witness.

Every Christian is called to be a witness for Jesus Christ. This divine obligation rests without exception upon every child of God.





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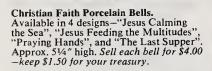
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# Yesterday's Youth Debbie Patterson

# Missionary Dean

e was born September 28, 1893, on his grandfather's hom estead, a plank house in the foothills of Kentucky's Appalachian Mountains.

Before age sixteen, he left home. After working as a logger, a farmhand, a construction workker, and in a tobacco factory and a paper mill, he finally enlisted in the U.S. Navy in February 1912. During his four-year enlistment, he served on the *Maine* and the *Minnesota*; and he was assigned on shore duty from the *Minnesota* during the seizure and occupation of Veracruz, Mexico in April of 1914.

After an honorable discharge he returned to Middletown, Ohio, where he worked five years for the American Rolling Mill. He also married.

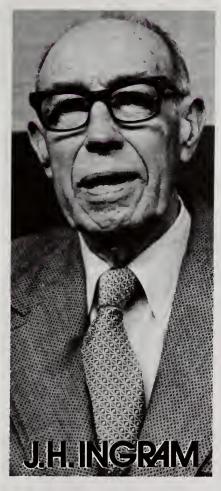
One January day he returned from work and found a smallpox sign on the door, forbidding entrance under penalty of law. He went to a local boardinghouse and the owner, a godly woman, invited him to attend revival services with the holiness folks.

A few nights later, at age twenty-five, he accepted Jesus Christ as Savior and Lord of his life.

His wife took little stock in his religion at first. She felt it was a passing fad. But a year later he was sanctified and baptized with the Holy Ghost. Simultaneously he received a call to missions, a call that was to mark his life.

During this same revival, his Pentecostal church united with the Church of God with headquarters in Cleveland, Tennessee.

After hearing his first mission-



ary, the burden for missions grew heavier. For days an inner battle raged in his heart. He had no financial support from a missions board, so he was tempted to remain home. But the fear of being lost decided the conflict. He would go to the mission field.

In 1932 he made his first missionary journey. On this journey, while in Mexico, he met Maria Atkinson, a successful native missionary. Mrs. Atkinson had not united with any church, but she felt God leading her to join the Church of God.

On his second missionary journey, he traveled to Guatemala. He had contacted El Senor Presidente Ubico for a permit, explaining he wanted to preach the gospel in Guatemala. He preached the gospel there and met missionaries Charles and Carrie Furman. The Furmans, having been expelled from the ir church in the States for preaching the full gospel, united with the Church of God.

In 1936 he started around the world on his Golden Jubilee Tour, celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the Church of God. On this tour, he journeyed to India where he met Robert and Bertha Cook, two great pioneer missionaries of India. Robert Cook's independent work—sixty-three mission stations, forty-three pastors, 2,537 members, and a Bible institute—united with the Church of God.

His fourth missionary journey found him in war-torn China. Before reaching the harbor of Shanghai, he received a letter from Paul C. Pitt welcoming him to China. Even though circumstances prevented him from contacting Paul Pitt personally, he sent him a letter of encouragement. Pitt wrote back, expressing a desire to unite with the Church of God. At the next General Assembly, Paul C. Pitt was accepted in absentia as an ordained minister in the Church of God. It could now be said, "The sun never sets on the Church of God."

Where is this great missionary? Our Church of God missionary dean, none other than J. H. Ingram, is presently living in California. Still traveling. Still sharing the good news. His address: Post Office Box 174, Climesa, California 92320.

call of the master



everal years ago newspapers told how a new Navy jet fighter shot itself

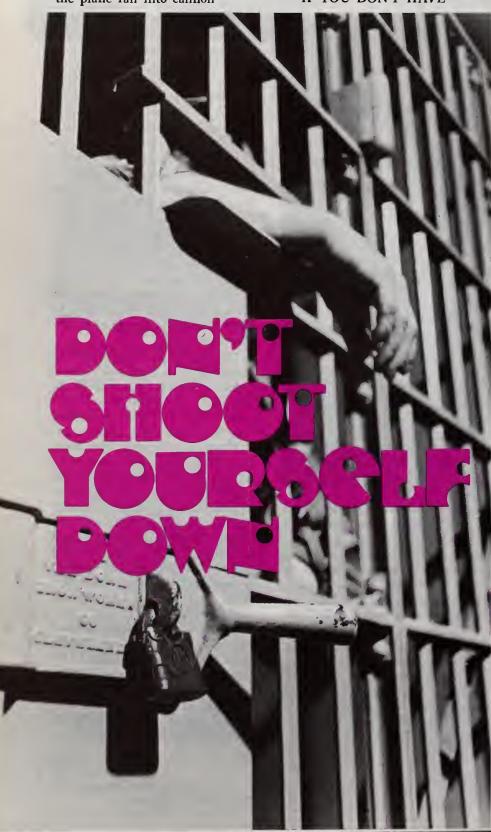
down.

Flying at supersonic speeds, the plane ran into cannon

shells it had fired only seconds before. The jet was traveling too fast.

Some Christian young people are traveling too fast.

TOO FAST:
IF YOU DON'T HAVE



TIME TO BE KIND. Repeatedly in the New Testament, we find examples of our Lord Jesus' kindness. He welcomed little children. He helped the troubled of soul, the widows, the sick, the lame, the blind. He wept at affliction and hardness of heart.

IF YOU DON'T HAVE TIME TO WORSHIP GOD IN CHURCH SERVICES. From early Bible days, God has ordained that His people should gather together in His name to worship Him. Radio and TV sermons are good "extras." They fill a need for those who are unable to get to a church, but no matter how far we must travel, we ought to be in the house of God every Sunday and midweek if possible. Christian young people are faithful in time and finances.

IF YOU DON'T HAVE TIME TO READ THE BIBLE. Nowhere in the Bible or outside of it is there a document or chapter in any way comparable to Psalm 119, in which the writer recognizes the great value of the Word of God. Read the Bible through at least once this year.

IF YOU DON'T HAVE TIME TO PRAY. Do you find your faith wavering? Pray. Do you have so much to do that you feel you're on a treadmill? Try prayer. Do you find your knees knocking from something you must do? Try kneeling on them.

If you are neglecting any of these, you're traveling too fast. Too fast to hear the sound of God's voice. Slow down. Or like the jet, you'll shoot yourself down.

"In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength" (Isaiah 30:15).

"Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only" (James 1:22).□

Lighted Pathway, July, 1979

# July and Jerry Brown

# "Perhaps... considering everything... we ought to do away with July. Just skip it."

f all months July suffers the stigma of bland
neutrality.
It embraces you as
the intoxication of vacation
wears off, or as you
settle down between semesters
or between jobs or between
lifestyles—for those newly
married or graduated—and it
generates little excitement of its

July is a month too hot.

It is a time of transition, of being in between. A time of meridian when, like a sailing vessel becalmed at sea, you have neither the will nor the energy to launch forth in new directions.

July is when air-conditioners strain every BTU, when the American people say an even louder "phooey" to the government's energy program, and when every lake, campground, and park in the country fills up with bickering family members who each wish they were elsewhere.

July is the nemesis of pastors, Sunday school superintendents, Family Training Hour presidents, and all church workers who have lived through other long, hot summers.

It is when leaders verbalize about attendance slumps, faithless ones who have forsaken God's house for the vacation resort, and the fact that operating expenses go on just the same.

When it takes longer to explain your presence than your absence; and when, if you do not own a motor home, a trailer, a boat, or some sort of recreational vehicle, you must be stigmatized as either antifamily, un-American, or poverty-stricken.

There is one bright spot in July, but that comes too early, leaving us with little taste for ice cream or watermelon and making us suspect that Tom Jefferson urged immediate signing of his document so he could get back to the cool breezes of Monticello.

Perhaps . . . considering everything . . . we ought to do away with July. Just skip it. Move directly from the weddings of June into the new fall planning of August.

Of course, some older heads will doubt the sincerity of this proposal. Some will even say it can't be done.

Right?

But what if I pass the idea along to Jerry Brown? You thought of that? He's young . . . a bachelor . . . a politician . . . and he obviously believes anything can be done . . .

Like Brother Carter used to

Or like some of the young people in our congregations still do . . .

Why not?

Why not look Jerry up? Not the Jerry Brown out in California who has stars in his eyes and pie on his face, but that young Jerry Brown in your church.

Why not phone him? Or visit him? Ask him to do something about July.

He won't laugh at you. Not Jerry.

He'll plow into your problem so

ing questions like, "Who's this guy?" "What's he think he's doing?" And "Who gave him authority to do away with July?" All you'll have to do is sit back and say, "I did."

fast and so furiously that you'll

spend most of your time answer-

and say, "I did."

"I appointed him and he's in charge. If he says July's out, then

July's out. We've got to get on with God's program."

Now . . . maybe Jerry Brown won't make July go away . . . notice I said maybe he won't . . . but if he can make some of those vacationers stay home, or if he can liven things up a little and get our minds off this heat, this stalemate, this pedestal of summer pessimism. . . .

Well . . . that's reason enough to cast a vote for Jerry. □



Hough E. Stone

A Church of God Youth Publication

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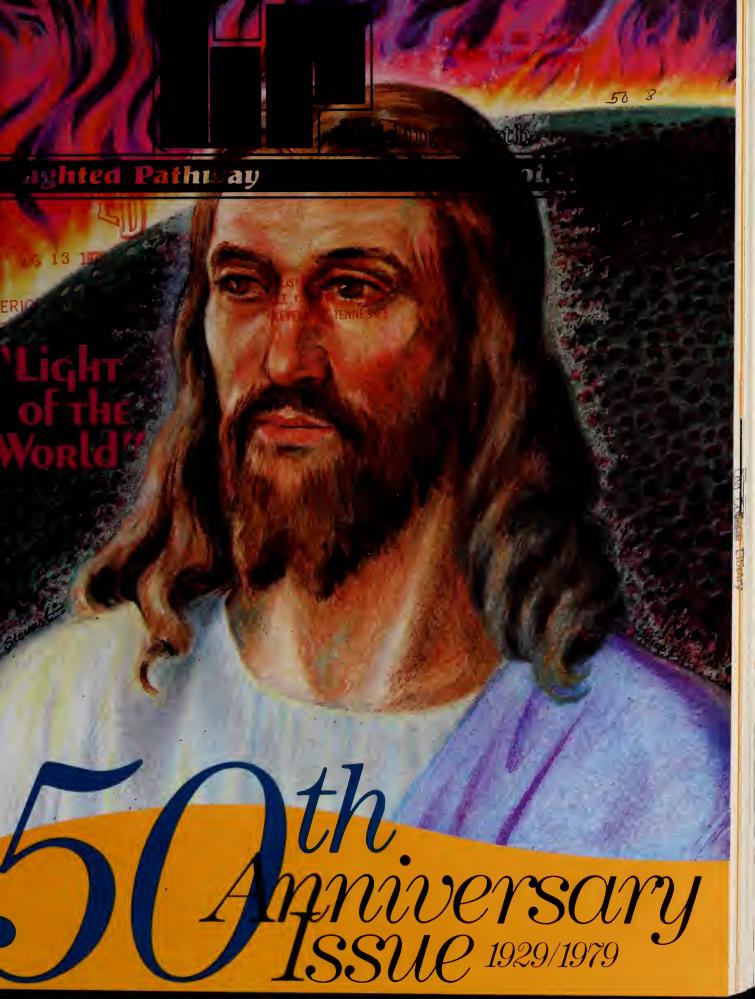
# Locations and Dates

Northern Ohlo

| BRITISH W. INDIE   | s  |                     |
|--|--|---------------------|
| Barbados   | City Auditorium &<br>Hotel Convention Center   | Aug. 4-6            |
| Kentucky   | Campground, Lexington                          | Aug. 9-11           |
| European   | Brimingham, England                            | Sept. 19-21         |
| Michigan   | Riverview Church                               | Sept. 20-22         |
| Arkansas   | Civic Center, Little Rock                      | Aug. 30-<br>Sept. 1 |
| NORTH CENTRAL  |  |                     |
| N. & S. Dakota,<br>Minn., Neb.,<br>Mont.                 | Northwest Bible College<br>Minot, ND           | Sept. 27-29         |
| NORTHWESTERN:  |  | 1                   |
| Wash., Ore.,<br>N. CalNev.,<br>W. Spanish,<br>Idaho-Utah | West Coast Bible College<br>Fresno, California | Oct. 18-20          |
| NORTHERN:  |  | 1                   |
| iii., Chicago,<br>Iowa, Wisc.,<br>NC Spanish             | Arlington Park Hilton                          | Oct. 18-20          |
| Delmarva-D.C.,<br>S. New Jersey                          | West Baltimore Church<br>Baltimore MD          | Oct. 18-20          |

| Southern Ohlo                        | Dayton   | Oct. 18-20                       |
|--------------------------------------|--|----------------------------------|
| N. New England                       | Holiday Inn Conference<br>Center                       |                                  |
| S. New England                       | New Britain, CT  | Oct. 25-27                       |
| Missouri                             | St. Louis, Kirkwood<br>Community Center                | Oct. 11-13                       |
| Pennsylvania                         | Somerset Campground                                    | Oct. 25-27                       |
| NORTHEASTERN:                        | •  |                                  |
| Halti, Bermuda,<br>N.Y., N.Y.C.,     |  |                                  |
|                                      | Yonkers, New York City                                 | Oct. 25-27                       |
| 5 .                                  | East Park Church                                       | E                                |
| Alaska                               | Anchorage  | Oct. 4-6                         |
| Alaska<br>Canada                     | Anchorage<br>Taronto                                   | Oct. 4-6                         |
|                                      |  |                                  |
| Canada                               | Taronto  | Nov. 1-3                         |
| Canada<br>South Carolina             | Taronto  Campground, Greenville                        | Nov. 1-3                         |
| Canada<br>South Carolina<br>Virginia | Taronto  Campground, Greenville  Civic Center, Roanake | Nov. 1-3<br>Nov. 1-3<br>Nov. 1-3 |

| SOUTH CENTRAL                               |                                       |                     |
|---|---------------------------------------|---------------------|
| Texas, Kansas,<br>Okla.,<br>S.C. Span.      | Campground, Weatherford, TX           | Nov. 8-10           |
| Louisiana                                   | Riverside Centraplex,<br>Batan Rouge  | Nov. 15-17          |
| SOUTHWESTERN:                               |                                       |                     |
| Ariz., Colo<br>Wyo., N. Mex.,<br>S. CalNev. | Glendale Church<br>Phoenix, AZ        | Nov. 15-17          |
| South Georgia                               | Tifton, GA                            | Nov. 15-17          |
| North Carolina                              | East Caast Bible College<br>Charlatte | Nov. 15-17          |
| Mississippi                                 | Jackson                               | Mar. 6-8            |
| Indiana                                     | Indianapolis                          | Dec. 6-8            |
| North Georgia                               | Mt Paran, Atlanta                     | Jan. 10-12          |
| Florida, Cocoa<br>Florida, Tampa            | Civic Center, Lokeland                | Feb. 7-9,<br>1980   |
| Hawall                                      |                                       | Jan. 23-26,<br>1980 |





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# THIS ISSUE

... is presented with special thanks to those editors, writers, church leaders, artists, and Publishing House workers who have produced the *Lighted Pathway* for fifty years.

A roll call of all their names would be impossible: nonetheless, each was a vital link and we honor them in knowledge that God's records are complete.

Our cover is special. Created by Chloe Stewart, who first came to the Publishing House in 1948, this "Face of Christ" is presented against the sun as backdrop. While one may only speculate as to what our sun would look like if its fires were dimmed, every believer understands the artist's message: Jesus Christ is brighter.

Frank Lemons' sermon, reprinted from April, 1953, illustrates how consistently, and with what inspiration, this magazine has set forth the greatest theme of all ages.

You will note, as well, that we share both golden anniversary and this issue with the YPE/FTH, that special church department with which the Lighted Pathway maintains continuing partnership.

Hoyt & Stone



GENERAL EXECUTIVE OFFICES CHUPCH OF GOD

KEITH AT 25TH N.W., CLEVELAND, TENNESSEE 37311

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am pleased to congratulate the <u>Lighted Pathway</u> during this Golden

I have known all the editors of the Lighted Pathway personally and have had the privilege of observing this periodical as it has gained nave nad the privilege of observing this periodical as it has gained prominence in the Church of God and throughout the evangelical world. It has received several citations for excellence in format, content, and journalism; and through the years, it has met a definite need for families and young people of our church.

Its first editor Alda B. Harrison was consumed with a desire to help young people and to give guidance to families. The Lighted Pathway young people and to give guidance to lamilles. The <u>highted</u> through was her life. She made a tremendous impact upon the church through was her life. She made a tremendous impact upon the church children her efforts to compile materials which would meet specific needs.

The Lighted Pathway has been blessed with other excellent editors. Each has made a significant contribution. With each editor, the magazine has become progressively more youth oriented. Today, it is considered a youth magazine. Young people of the Church of can be justly proud. not only of the heritage left by its editors can be justly proud, not only of the heritage left by its editors but also for the excellent material made available month by month for guidance, direction, and inspiration.

Time would fail me to tell of the contributions Charles Conn, Lewis Willis, Clyne Buxton, and the present editor have made to the Lighted Pathway, but each with his own God-given talents has left an indelible imprint upon the readers, and each shall be rewarded on the judgment

May the Lighted Pathway continue to light the path of young people day of the saints. in a darkened world. Ray H. Hughes
General Owners

General Overseer

First Device.

# THE LIGHTED PATHWAY

A Full Gospel Paper,

Devoted to Young People Everywhere

NO. 1.

# JESUS The LIGHT Of The WORLD

# W MY HIGH RESOLVE W

I dedicate my life to redeeming deserts into rose gardens. I shall take time to feel the tragedy of emptiness in the lives of people I meet. I shall seek by all means to bring showers of refreshing to fall upon sands of truth and kindness. I shall seek to turn deserts into rose gardens.

The unawakened are everywhere. They are aslccp to their possibilities. Equipped for lives of service and a great destiny, they wander aimlessly on.

Hedged in by the stone wall of their own frailties and faults, they see not the world of opportunity that reaches beyond the stars.

It shall be my high resolve to awaken and inspire

It shall be my aim to lift them up to where they shall see the great world of beauty, love, and inspiration.

Desert minds and barren hearts shall be made to rejoice and blossom as the rose. I shall bide my time, though it may take years of effort and sacrifice. I am resolved to see every desert within my reach and influence become waving fields of grain and gardens of flowers, and landscapes of rich vintage.—Heart Throbs of Truth.

"THY WORD IS A LAMP UNTO MY FEET AND A LIGHT UNTO MY PATH."—Ps. 119:105

Huiste . The in.

THIS COPY, WHICH BEARS THE HANDWRITING OF ALDA B. HARRISON, EDITOR AND FOUNDER, WAS PRESENTED TO O. W. POLEN, NATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL AND YOUTH DIRECTOR 1956-1960.

# Alda B. Harrison



magazine is a vehicle of communication. Usually a magazine is born when a person or persons feel they have

something important to say to someone else.

This is precisely the story of the origin of the *Lighted Pathway*. Alda B. Harrison felt an irrepressible, urgent need to speak to the families of the Church of God.

The wife of a distinguished Presbyterian minister, Mrs.Harrison received the baptism of the Holy Spirit and identified with the Church of God in the early days of its history. Long before the church would feel able or see fit to sponsor the publication, Mrs. Harrison felt impelled to launch the magazine at her own expense, through her own efforts. The first edition was published in August, 1929.

Alda B. Harrison felt her mission was to address the needs of the entire family. She sensed the need for direction in the husbandwife relationship. She responded to the dilemma of the parentschildren tensions. She understood the crisis experiences of those who were tempted and tried. She realized the necessary spiritual nurture required by new Christians. She recognized the vast gamut of needs represented in her reading audience from the young child to the aged adult. She sought to encompass all these needs through the Lighted Pathwav. Her efforts were gallant and effective.

Mrs. Alda B. Harrison really was a remarkable lady. When I met her she was not young, and yet one immediately knew that even in her later years the vibrance, verve, and vitality of her youth remained in abundant portion. For the wife of a Presbyterian minister to begin a magazine for Pentecostal believers in the rough days of the great depression without any significant help or encouragement required stamina of a special sort. Mrs. Harrison was that type of person.

During the special days of our time together, I found Mrs. Harrison to be a gentle soul with a tough mind and an urgent will. She loved people and felt deeply their needs. She believed that God had provided the *Lighted Pathway* as that method by which God through her would meet the needs of the people. She would tolerate no obstacle that would hinder or prohibit God's will to be done.

It was this spirit and sense of purpose which enabled Mrs. Harrison to print 500 copies of an eight-page magazine in August, 1929, with twenty dollars borrowed from her father. She persisted until the magazine was enlarged to sixteen and then twenty-six pages. In 1937 with a circulation of ten thousand, the Lighted Pathway was made the official youth magazine. It was uphill all the way, but Mrs. Harrison knew how to push or to pull, tenaciously. Even though she had completely relinquished any physical contact with the magazine in her last years, Mrs. Harrison would visit me or I visit her, and she was as keen and intent as ever that the magazine fulfill its ministry.

Lewis J. Willis

# Charles W. Conn



t was in 1939 that I first became acquainted with the Lighted Pathway and its founder, Mrs. Alda B. Harrison. In the fall of that year I visited in her home with a mutual friend, Reverend T. C. Franklin. As I discussed the magazine and my journalistic interests with her, she looked at me penetratingly and said: "Young man, you will be the next editor of the Lighted Pathway."

Amazingly her prophecy came true. Nine years later, in the fall of 1948, I was contacted at my home in Leadwood, Missouri, and asked by the Editorial and Publications

Board to leave my pastorate and take over the editorship of the magazine.

As a courtesy to her work, Mrs. Harrison was named editor emeritus. Needless to say, there was much apprehension about the future of a magazine that bore the image of its founder, that had become widely known and distributed, and that was now a household word in the Church of God.

Those were exciting days. My friendship with Mrs. Harrison became richer and more enduring as we came to know each other more. She contributed an occasional page to the magazine and assisted me in every way possible. In return, I endeavored to preserve her image in her creation.

The magazine inevitably assumed new format, style, and emphasis. Mrs. Harrison had filled the publication with a great deal of reprinted material and had made it a homey potpourri of inspirational material. I endeavored to secure more original material, particularly material that slanted toward youth motivation. A greater organization and formality were brought into the publication and a much wider utilization of advanced printing techniques.

A young Lee College student, an artist from Alabama named Chloe Stewart, began to illustrate the magazine features and brought new vitality to its pages.

The national youth director (as he was known then) was Ralph E.

Williams. He and I worked closely together in the promotion of the magazine and other aspects of youth work. When he was replaced as youth director by Lewis J. Willis in 1950, the same cooperation continued.

The Lighted Pathway, which had been like a pleasant monthly visit by a saintly lady, began to speak more directly to issues of the times. The emphasis was necessitated by a growing literary awareness among the readership of the magazine. The same changes were taking place in other areas of church ministry as well.

One thing is sure: the new editor had the same devotion to the magazine and its readers that its founder had had. The transition was harmonious and fruitful, and the publishing interests of the church grew remarkably fast.

In 1952 I moved to become editor in chief of Church of God publications. The stimulating and beloved youth paper was passed on to the editorship of Lewis J. Willis, under whose guidance it would attain still higher peaks.

Now on the occasion of its fiftieth birthday, I congratulate an old and dear friend, along with its present editor, Hoyt E. Stone. The Lighted Pathway has been a part of my life since I was a teenager. It is more than a friend, more nearly like a relative, and I rejoice on this glad occasion. From somewhere in her eternal home, I am sure Sister Harrison does too.

Charles W. Conn

# Lewis J. Willis



hen Mrs. Harrison retired from the magazine in 1948 to become editor emeritus, she was succeeded by Charles W. Conn. The literary genius of Editor Conn was evident from the beginning. Taking the magazine which had been lovingly nurtured into a significant witness by Mrs. Harrison, Conn efficiently honed it into a distinguished journal.

The purpose of the Lighted Pathway remained essentially the same under Conn's editorship albeit there were some shifts from a strictly family-oriented magazine to a greater emphasis toward a youth interest. The format was

distinctly changed. For the first time a graphic designer was involved which brought a new logo, different type faces, imaginative layout, and finally color. There was also a change in editorial policy, particularly in the securing of original materials. A selection of capable writers became regular contributors to the magazine.

The ability of Conn to be innovative both in layout and content quickly enhanced the magazine. An extraordinarily perceptive
writer, Conn, through his personal
journalism, added significantly to
the content and stature of the
journal. His four years as editor
were strategically transitional in
maintaining the strengths of the
pioneer magazine, while adopting
those graphical and journalistic
elements necessary to an excellent magazine.

In 1952, Conn was selected as editor in chief of Church of God publications and as editor of the Evangel. At that time, I was chosen as the editor of the Lighted Pathway. Mrs. Alda B. Harrison remained as editor emeritus. Thus, I was exceptionally privileged to serve with the first editor of the Lighted Pathway who continued to edit two columns and to serve under the second editor who had become the editor in chief. No succeeding editor could wish for a better posture than to draw from the veteran editor who began the magazine and to be guided by a literary giant who had refined the magazine. I enjoyed a special relationship with these two persons. Until her death, Mrs. Harrison was my respected mentor, and it was my exceptional honor to preach her funeral. Dr. Charles W. Conn remains my really special friend in a most personal and unique way.

In 1952, there was little reason to change the magazine significantly. The philosophy and purpose of the journal would change slightly only because other publications were now meeting well those needs of the adult reader-The Lighted Pathway ship. needed to move even more away from the family-oriented magazine to one strictly for youth. Certain rather subtle changes were made in this direction, but essentially the magazine remained a general type journal until the very recent past.

During the ten years of my tenure as editor. I and my colleagues constantly sought to employ the best of graphics and journalism in the magazine. We were greatly assisted by the introduction of offset printing which allowed exceptional versatility in layout and color. Great advancements were made in headline and body type faces. A splendid group of writers, both within our church and those from the evangelical community, provided a large choice of manuscripts to meet the needs of our readership. The magazine did achieve a sufficient level of excellence to be acknowledged by professional press organizations and to receive a splendid acceptance among our readership. To God be the glory!

Lewis J. Wills (Cont. page 9)

# Clyne W. Buxton



he importance God places upon the printed page is emphasized by the gigantic size of His Holy Word. Starting with Moses in the Book of Exodus, when the Lord told him to "write this for a memorial in a book" (17:14), the Bible repeatedly emphasizes the importance of the written message.

I became involved with the printed page when I went to the Church of God Publishing House in 1962 as director of Sunday school and youth literature. I had recently received a bachelor's degree in journalism and was eager to put into practice some of the things I had learned.

For sixteen years my work load included the editorship of the

Lighted Pathway, and it was always a challenge to work with the magazine. The task of prayerfully selecting manuscripts and then editing and arranging them in the magazine was an important ministry.

I always felt that God constantly gave the *Lighted Pathway* a unique place in His work. I knew it was read by youth, Sunday school workers, parents, and ministers. It was not uncommon for a young person to write, saying he found an article particularly helpful, while at the same time someone else would use an article or a poem for building a lesson or a message.

During my editorship, the magazine received a number of journalistic awards. That was gratifying. However, the greatest rewards came on such occasions as when a young man wrote from a Florida prison that he eagerly awaited each issue. I remember two women in Indiana who read one of my editorials and then looked up a church and were converted.

Like a person, a magazine is constantly developing and changing. Two significant changes come to my mind relating to the *Lighted Pathway*. Soon after I became editor, I wanted to change the script style of print on the front cover to something more modern. With the approval of Lewis J. Willis, my editor in chief, I went to Nashville where I spent an entire day with type professionals who designed a contemporary logo for the cover.

The other significant change came in April, 1970. In that month, the magazine made a sharp turn toward youth. Until then it had been a family magazine emphasizing youth. From 1970 on, a major criterion for copy was that it be written for young people, preferably teenagers.

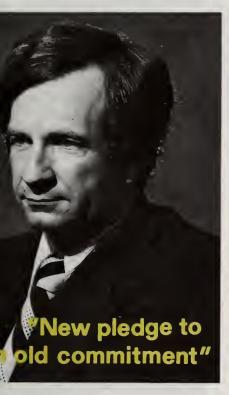
Years before I became editor the magazine had become a member of the Evangelical Press Association (EPA), and the annual meeting of the association was a highlight of the year for me. Comprised of editors of more than two hundred religious magazines, the conventions were always informative and enjoyable.

Until 1970 the Lighted Pathway was categorized by the association as a general magazine, along with Moody Monthly, Christianity Today, This Day, Decision, and many others. One year, during its annual judging of magazines for content and attainment of stated purpose, EPA judges placed the Lighted Pathway second to only This Day, a four-color publication by the Lutherans.

I have now been away from editorial work for approximately one year. That is another era to me now; it is a past facet of my life. Presently I am busily engaged in leading a beautiful, godly congregation in worship; and I am honored to be called pastor. God is using my past experiences as an effective backdrop for my pastoral work. I give Him glory for it all!

Clyne W. Buxton

# Hoyt E. Stone



n his now famous Harvard commencement address, Alexander Solzhenitsyn noted for all of us that "we have a task on earth of a more spiritual nature than mere bodily function."

Even for the Christian, for those of us who are theoretically committed to higher goals, that's easy to forget. All too easily we pattern out, we conform to the common mold, we learn to function in a certain manner and that functioning becomes both our objective and our criterion for satisfaction.

So much remains!

Glorious opportunities!

Such challenges that the mind is well-nigh boggled!

I see this in terms of the *Lighted Pathway* and the ministry it is called to perform as this century winds down.

My former college roommate Al Taylor visited me shortly after I moved to Cleveland. He said, "Hoyt, you once told me you'd be highly fulfilled as a minister if you could be editor of the *Lighted Pathway*.

Frankly, I don't remember saying that. Within some context, I must have said it or it wouldn't have been on Al's mind; but whether I remember or not, it's a concept in line with all I've been doing these past twenty years; and it's illustrative of my conviction that God directs each of our lives. More importantly, it reminds me that I'm part of something more grand and glorious than the human mind can comprehend.

During my research and preparation for this special Golden Anniversary issue, I have been more conscious of history, more aware of the fact that I am number five in a rather illustrious lineup, and more humbled at the knowledge that God only is Director of life's drama.

I believe the *Lighted Pathway* is needed in today's world. I believe it to be a chosen instrument for touching lives and for helping this church fulfill its divine mission.

Whether my tenure as editor be a matter of months, or whether it be until Christ raptures His Church away, I must never be content merely to function. I must never

send you mere words. Mere paragraphs. I must emphasize those eternal and more noble truths. Always this periodical must bear witness to the Light.

We herewith renew our pledge to do just that, to do so with all human diligence and in a manner that will demand attention, and to do so with full dependence on God's Holy Spirit.

Somewhere . . . and at some point in time . . . God's Spirit will inspire a last and final message for this generation.

Then will sound Gabriel's trumpet!

Hoyt E. Stone

Lewis J. Willis (Continued)

My years as editor of the Lighted Pathway were vital and momentous years to me as a person. I felt a part of something good and special. It seemed to me that God was continuing to exercise His will to reach thousands of persons through the magazine, and I was allowed to help.

Lewis J. Willis

# LP Congratulato



O. C. McCane

The Lighted Pathway:

We at the Publishing House are proud of the *Lighted Pathway's* fifty years of service to Church of God families and young people.

When one considers the ever-changing face of publishing in America and when one remembers those many periodicals which have not survived, the *Lighted Pathway's* story becomes all the more remarkable. The magazine is a tribute both to the editors who have shaped its Christian message for five decades and to the sponsoring denomination which has never ceased to believe in the importance of youth.

My personal contact with this magazine has been made from varying positions, each

giving me perspective which I trust is presently advantageous. As a young man, as a parent, as a pastor, as a state youth director and state overseer, as a member of the Editorial and Publications Board, and now as the General Director—from each of these vantage points, I have been privileged to examine the ministry of the Lighted Pathway and my enthusiasm for its positive message is yet high.

While it is true that the Lighted Pathway is but one of many services that the Publishing House offers Church of God constituents, we consider the objectives and goals of this magazine to be of vital importance. We are all dedicated to its continued survival and we pray that its future will be even more glorious than its past.

To this end our present editor and the staff have made, and are in the process of making, some innovative changes. Young people need to know that Jesus is the answer. They need to read of Christian examples in today's world. They need relevant data for guidance and great truths for inspiration.

Youth today need His light. It is here that the *Lighted Pathway* remains unchanged and unchanging, no matter the type face, the layout and design, or the mechanics of publishing. And it is here—on this

golden anniversary of Alda B. Harrison's dream—that all of us at the Publishing House give thanks to our readers for your support: here that we pledge ourselves anew to serve you, your churches, and your families until our Lord returns.

—O. C. McCane General Director of Publications Church of God Publishing House



O. W. Polen

It is a special delight to honor the *Lighted Pathway* for fifty years of distinguished ministry as the official youth journal of the Church of God.

It has been my privilege to know personally all of the editors. Much of the success of the *Lighted Pathway* must be attributed to these very

# Letters

capable, dedicated, and youthninded persons who have served so commendably.

In the latter years of her ife, Alda B. Harrison, the first editor, often visited my office during the time I served as the national Sunday school and youth director for the Church of God (1956-60). Although the visits were brief, they were always inspiring and uplifting.

On one of her visits, Sister darrison brought me a very reasured possession: a copy of he first Lighted Pathway which was printed in August, 1929. Wanting to preserve this special copy of our official wouth journal, I had it framed and hung on the wall of my office where it seemingly reflected a special dignity. It never failed to draw the attention of visitors who viewed it with keen interest.

The framed first copy of the Lighted Pathway, autographed by its founder and first editor, now akes its important place among the archives of the Church of God.

The future of the Lighted Pathway is very bright. The youth of America and of the est of the world are crying or answers to their frustrations and needs. And the Lighted Pathway provides the answers on its exciting, colorful, and well-written pages.

Best wishes to the Lighted Pathway and to its very capable editor, Hoyt E. Stone, for many more years of successful publishing and for a continued, effective ministry to youth around the world.

—Dr. O. W. Polen Editor in Chief Editor, EVANGEL

Jesus Christ is the Light of the world. He is meant to be seen even as a lamp in darkness.

During Christ's earthly life, some saw His brightness. They were dazzled by it. Others saw no light in Him and even dared attribute His miracles to the prince of darkness. Jesus the Light shines on!

The time will come when every eye will see the radiance of this Christ. John described His brightness: "His face was like the sun shining in all its brilliance" (Revelation 1:16, New International Version).

The Lighted Pathway presents Christ in His brilliance. It is keeping His name and His truth before readers. It is a lightbearer in the world's darkness, although its light is borrowed even as the moon. This magazine's light glows and its lamp burns because it reflects the presence of Christ in its pages.

I commend the Lighted Pathway for its valuable service to the kingdom of God on this its golden anniversary.

—T. L. Lowery Assistant General Overseer

Congratulations and commendations to the Church of God *Lighted Pathway* on its fiftieth anniversary of serving church and community with heartwarming messages of Christ's love!

It was my privilege to know the first editor, Mrs. Alda B. Harrison. I remember her deep love and abiding commitment to the ministry to young people. Her vision was expressed through the creation of the *Lighted Pathway*. As a young Christian, I was strengthened by editorial messages and the mission fulfilled by the *Lighted Pathway*.

Each editor following the beloved Mrs. Harrison has been committed to the same goal—"a youth magazine broad enough in its scope and ministry to reach the whole family," with a unique approach to journalism.

The present editor, Hoyt E. Stone, has an insight into the needs of youth and how to express the message that will reach them. I predict that

# LP Congratulatory Letters / Continued

under his leadership the Lighted Pathway will reach new horizons with the "good news" of the gospel for young people of the twentieth century.

—Dr. Cecil B. Knight President School of Theology

The Lighted Pathway has always been and still is America's greatest youth magazine. In 1938 I served as state YPE and Sunday school superintendent of Maryland, Delaware, and eastern Virginia. At this time the Lighted Pathway made a lasting impression upon my life. God has always had His hand upon this magazine and the choice of its editors. Congratulations on fifty years of blessings to its readers. May the Lighted Pathway be bright for another fifty years or until He comes.

> —Raymond Crowley Evangelism and Home Missions Department

I am grateful that the Lighted Pathway has been used as one of God's strong lights in the world for the past fifty years. Today, its beam burns on, reaching the families and in particular the youth of our church.

When Bible Training School (BTS) moved from Sevierville, Tennessee, to Cleveland to become Lee College in 1947, Alda B. Harrison was frequently seen by members of the student body. Her daughter Elizabeth Green was one of Lee's outstanding teachers. As editor of the Lighted Pathway, it seemed Alda Harrison automatically linked herself to young people. I was one of those youth and we loved her. For me, the light of her example still shines.

> --Ruth J. McCane Ladies Auxiliary Department

The Lighted Pathway:

The thing that impresses me most concerning the *Lighted Pathway* is the fact that the publishing staff manages to remain static in our commitment to the Pentecostal, evangelical position and yet to be contemporary in our presentation of modern youth-oriented social and moral issues. In my opinion, this is a difficult balance which has been handled by the *Lighted Pathway* staff most commendably.

Happy fiftieth anniversary to all.

Sincerely, EAST COAST BIBLE COLLEGE George D. Voorhis President

The Lighted Pathway has been and continues to be one of the most significant witnesses to Him who said, "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life" (John 8:12). May it continue to light the world until He who is the true light returns for His own.

—Laud O. Vaught, Ph.D. President Northwest Bible College

To the Lighted Pathway:

When I first became acquainted with the Church of God as a teenager, the *Lighted Pathway* symbolized for me what the denomination thought of young people. It was a very positive image and it sparked my interest in the church.

It seemed to me at that time that the ultimate accom-

lishment for any Christian young erson would be to be featured a "Youth in the Spotlight." When I was chosen for that onor several years later, I was greatly impressed that this big church" could relate to n unknown young man—espeially one way out in California.

In those early days, the ighted Pathway was my nost important link to the eneral church.

—Robert E. Fisher Department of Education

For as long as I can rememer, the Lighted Pathway has rrived regularly at the Walker ouse. As a teen, my father left it was "required" reading; and as I matured, my Lighted Pathway reading "habit" deleloped to where I looked brward to each issue.

As a state youth and Christan education director for ver thirteen years, I have romoted circulation of the *ighted Pathway* with much ervor. I have observed with pecial interest the new approaches and new journalistic movations used over the last few years.

This publication is "par xcellent." It definitely is a light unto the pathway of oung people." As a father of

two teens, ages 16 and 14, I now pass it along as "required" reading material and they very often share with me their special interests in various articles. The magazine was designed for young people, young people do read it with regularity, and the ministry of the Lighted Pathway is vital.

Congratulations on the fiftieth anniversary!

—Donald M. Walker State Director, Youth and Christian Education Tennessee

To the Editor:

It was my honor to serve as pastor to Alda B. Harrison, Charles W. Conn, and Lewis J. Willis, the first three editors of the Lighted Pathway.

Each one made a unique contribution to my life.

Over many years, the Lighted Pathway has been a source of inspiration to me and to my family. Today, my research files are filled with article excerpts, inspirational ideas, and poetry from the Lighted Pathway; and many of my radio and pulpit sermons have been enriched through this periodical.

It has also been my privilege to work closely with Clyne W. Buxton and the present editor Hoyt E. Stone, both of whom have contributed significantly to the youth and Christian education ministries of this church.

Thus, I heartily congratulate all those who have assisted in this vital ministry and I thank God for the *Lighted Pathway* on this the occasion of her golden anniversary.

> —Floyd J. Timmerman Third Assistant General Overseer



















Left to Right
T. L. LOWERY
DR CECIL B KNIGHT
RAYMOND CROWLEY
RUTH B McCANE
GEORGE D VOORHIS
LAUD O VAUGHT
ROBERT E FISHER
DONALD M. WALKER
FLOYD J TIMMERMAN

### **Christ Our Lord**

1.

As a child I saw Him first
On little Sunday school cards,
With children about Him and seated on His lap:
He was smiling,
Kind,
Totally in command;
And I admired Him.

2.

As a teenager I saw Him fearfully,
A Christ of judgment,
A visage stern,
Head haloed with fire and brimstone;
And I painfully learned it was my guilt,
My adolescent frustrations,
My sin that distorted Him so.

3.

Then came springtime and rainbow,
New life and new hope,
A clearing of my vision,
And I saw Him high and lifted up:
Silhouetted between heaven and earth,
God's love in human flesh,
Paying my debt.

4.

I saw Him as my guide and counselor.
Poured out my dreams and ambitions.
Told Him all I wanted to do.
Argued with myself in His presence.
Prayed Him to sanction my ego,
Rather than to just walk on before,
Leaving me to follow.

5.

Yet, follow Him I have all these years, Sometimes blindly, Even without knowing it, His providence shielding and protecting; Until now I follow Him with a full heart, Having discovered through shadows That He knows (is) the way.

6.

I saw Him as my healer
Who sometimes didn't heal,
Who left me puzzling on my own
And crying in the night;
Only to find He never really left,
But stepped back to teach me
Patience and eternal wisdom.

7.

I saw Him at the door of death—
Not outside with fear shrouding the mantle,
Nor with stinch and antiseptic accounterments—but
Just beyond the entrance;
His human form intact,
Smiling,
Hands holding the covenant wine.

8.

I see Him even more clearly now;
And what I see awes me
To where my reverence is unspeakable
Save with bowed head and on bended knees;
He is Savior and Lord,
The eternal Christ,
Light of my world.

9.

I see Him in contrast to other "ways"
And the comparison is a joke,
Save only that man's blindness
Ought never be laughed about;
I walk on in peace,
Confident,
On a sure and certain path.

10.

Sometimes now, in my dreams,
I see Him gloriously crowned,
Enthroned at the Father's right hand,
Waiting for me; and
Echoing in the private chambers of my mind,
Thumping like my heart,
His words, "Well done, . . . My child."

Hoyt E. Stone

## Light of the Work



Frank W. Lemons

or fourteen hundred years," someone has observed, "the sun was misinterpreted, but it kept on shining. It flooded every day with light and went out into the fields every summer and aided the farmers in bringing in their crops."

The world has not yet fully understood the fact that Jesus is now and has always been the Light of the World. He was not always known by the name "Jesus," but it is He alone who has brought salvation to Adam's race. In the infinite wisdom of God it became Jesus to be the "Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

Like the first glimmer of dawn the light shone, but dimly, in the early morning of human history when He (Jehovah of the Old Testament) in mercy offered the first sacrifice and made garments of skins for the first guilty pair. But it was in the appearing of Jesus, the incarnate "Logos," (God made manifest in the flesh) that the "Sun of righteousness" (Malachi 4:2) arose in full orb, the Light of the World.

Light is radiant energy which, transmitted from a luminous body to the eye by ether waves, acts upon the organs of sight. In like manner, waves of light come to the benighted spirits of men through the gospel of Jesus Christ.

It is one of the peculiar characteristics of the gospel, however, that rays of gospel light register only where hearts are sensitive to receive them. Light may shine ever so profusely, but the blind possess no sense of sight and consequently receive no light.

Thus when Jesus came and the "true light" poured forth its radiance, multitudes did not receive it and stumbled at Him. "And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not" (John 1:5). Nevertheless the Light of the World shines forth!

No one can doubt that such a world as ours needs supernatural, spiritual light. The cold facts of war, carnage, crime, immorality, gang rule, atheistic Communism, murder, suicide, human misery and corruption—an endless list—prove that we do not live in a good world.

They prove further that the present world system is under the dominion of the "rulers of the darkness of this world" (Ephesians 6:12). Briefly, that is Satan and his wicked princes.

The ever-mounting evils, now so commonplace that few are alarmed by them, are nothing less than the gropings of those who live in the darkness and under the evil spell of an unseen, nefarious force. This is beyond a doubt the reason the world has not yielded to the idealisms of reformers or the panaceas of the social gospel. Another power is at work with which they have not reckoned.

The wisdom of earthly leaders in their aims to transform the world into a paradise has utterly failed to recognize the true cause of our ills. They seem, even at this late date, unwilling to acknowledge that the problem is spiritual, or that there is a wicked, superhuman personality in the world responsible for the hell-bent wills of men to foment war and crime.

The wisdom of this world has had its day. It has prescribed and experimented with its most potent medicine—education—only to be rebuffed by stubborn failure. We were told unequivocally that education would produce better understanding among men and nations and that wars would cease. But when we were about to believe it, we awoke with a start to find ourselves in the greatest war of all time.

And what had the powerful potion "education"—science—done for us? It had indeed taught men that evils of war—war with clubs, tomahawks, swords, and muskets—but had introduced more honorable, more effective, more humane (?) methods—highly mechanized warfare with tanks,

planes, submarines, poison gas, and A bombs.

All these abominations are the products of the age of science and education. Undisputably the "Prince of Darkness" has made worldly wisdom, education, and science subservient to his will. The greatest advances of science of recent years have been in the direction of the destruction of human life.

Yes, the wisdom of this world has failed indeed. It has not produced more happiness, but more sorrow and anguish. It has not produced greater security, but greater risk and uncertainty. It has not produced the peace it promised, but has destroyed hope and added its testimony to that of the Word of God—that "unto the end wars and desolations are determined." It has failed because it did not "comprehend" (John 1:5) the Light of the World. It has therefore left the world in darkness.

But notwithstanding the gross darkness, the Light shines faithfully. Though the wisdom of the world fails to recognize it, it may be clearly seen by those who desire to see. Though "blinded" by the "god of this world," and though it be dark all about, through a dynamic experience of the New Birth, the evil forces of darkness can be broken and the believer "delivered from the power of darkness, and translated into the kingdom of his dear Son" (Colossians 1:13).

The physician often recommends plenty of sunshine for patients suffering with tuberculosis and other diseases. That is in order that they may absorb from the sun its healing qualities.

What a grand picture this is of the power of the Light of the World. "Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings" (Malachi 4:2).

Healing for souls, minds, and bodies! "And the whole multitude sought to touch him: for there went virtue out of him, and healed them all" (Luke 6:19).

The coming of Jesus has diffused light upon the most pertinent questions.

Sin is the root of all our ills and sorrows, but the wisdom of men has never offered an effective solution to it and its manifold problems.

Jesus came to "destroy sin by the sacrifice of Himself." "He hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him" (2 Corinthians 5:21). He satisfied the just demands of the Law and justice in His vicarious death and set His people free from the dominion, guilt, and pollution of sin.

Evil is still rampant in the world, but there is hope for everyone because the sin question was settled at Calvary, and "the blood of Jesus Christ . . . cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1:7).

This is indeed marvelous light!

With the sin question settled, hope has arisen and those "who sat in darkness have seen a great light."

The coming of Jesus has shed abundant light upon that other universal question, which at one time or another has claimed the attention of every rational person—"If a man die, shall he live again?"

Before Jesus came, the pagans entertained weird and foggy notions of a beatific hereafter—Elysium in the Islands of the Blessed, where the good might expect to go at death—the Hall of Valhalla where heroes of earth hoped to spend an eternity of feasting and fighting—and the Indian's Happy Hunting Ground.

The philosophers barely admitted the possibility of life after death and wrote uncertainly of a "raft" by which its doubtful shores might be reached.

Old Testament believers spoke with profound assurance of a land beyond the "gates of death" where the righteous should live forever.

But all waited for Jesus—the Light of the World—to enter the dark world of shadows, to pull the curtain aside, and to bring "life and immortality to light through the gospel" (2 Timothy 1:10). He laid His back on the cold bottom of the tomb when death had closed His eyes and His triumphant Spirit descended into hell.

In mortal combat with Satan, Jesus disarmed him and took from him the keys of death and hell. En route back to the Father, He stopped by the Calvary graveyard and recovered His body, a receipt in full for His finished work and victory over death.

It was the same body that was nailed to the Cross and laid in the tomb, but was alive again. He, in His latest communication to the church, proclaimed, "I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death" (Revelation 1:18).

Before His advent it was twilight; it is now sunrise! Light shines now in the valley of the shadow of death.

Blessed Light of the World, shine on!

(Reprinted from the April, 1953 Lighted Pathway)

### The Understandin

Dear Tempted and Tried Friends:

I have been feeling for several days that I was to write you personally this month, and one night recently while going through some trials of my own and I could not sleep, the Lord very definitely gave me the topic I am bringing to you.

The testing you are going through just now will either make or mar you. It can either be a stepping-stone upward or downward, just as you choose.

I am talking to the largest company of people at this time that is found in the world-the tempted and tried. Who is not in this class? Our understanding Christ was in this class, and that is why He was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin. He overcame out there in the wilderness when all the world was offered to Him as a prize and when, by speaking the word, He might have satisfied that hunger which came from a fortyday fast; yet He did not yield. He could have called down hosts of angels to deliver Him when they were nailing Him to the Cross, but no, He looked away down here in the future and saw you and me, and He bore it all for us. Bless His name. Can we not do as much for Him? You may say, "We are not Christ; we are human." Christ was human and divine, and we can have this divine Christ in our lives so that we, too, may overcome.

One of the greatest trials of which I can think is that of being misunderstood. There would be little trouble among God's children today if each one could take a look

into the other's heart and know the secrets there. How much easier it would be for us. I shall mention some of the misunderstandings which have come under my observation in the years I have been trying to live for God.

The first one with which I have had some experience is that of being misunderstood by friends and loved ones because of my taking the way of the Cross. The call of God comes to us to lay aside the pleasures of the world and give our lives into the hands of Christ to be used of Him in the great work He has to do. That work was unfinished when He went away and somebody must finish it. When this step is taken, many times it brings misunderstandings. Our parents, our children, our friends and associates criticize us and think we are exceedingly peculiar. Of course, we are. God's Word tells us we are peculiar people. We have left the world with its frivolous pleasures and have taken the way of the Cross. Our friends cannot understand because the natural man cannot discern the things of the Spirit. They cannot see the sweet peace and joy that floods your soul and mine that far surpasses everything that the world meant to us. All we can do is look up into the face of our understanding Christ and know that He understands and sympathizes and that He holds the crown in His hands. for all those who will face the foe and overcome by the blood of the Lamb.

There is another misunderstanding that is harder to bear than the one I have just mentioned. That is the one which comes from our brothers and sisters in the Church. We expect to be misunderstood by those on the outside, but, oh, when those within our own ranks misunderstand and criticize us, it breaks our hearts. When we have done our very best and still they do not understand or appreciate us, it is then we can only look up into the face of our understanding Christ for consolation.

There are so many kinds of callings in the work of our Lord, so many kinds of work in His great harvest field. He must choose people in these different fields to suit the need. Some folks criticize and misunderstand you because you do not enter the field they think you should. By way of explanation I say everybody is not called to preach, but as soon as a young man or woman is converted, he or she is urged by parents or friends to prepare to preach. Many are in the ministry today because somebody called them and not because God called them. There are many callings today that are just as important as to be a licensed minister of the gospel. Oh, everybody expects ministers to be good, but when we see a layman in the office, store, factory, on the farm, or wherever he may be living and working for God, witnessing of His salvation and living it, many times it has a greater influence than a minister has. God needs these little torches, here and there, to light the way. I know some who would make good as businessmen, but

### Christ

who are utter failures as ministers. If you have felt the call of God one way and your friends are urging you to take another way, be strong and look up into the face of your understanding Christ and answer God's call.

In our worship together many times we are misunderstood. There are so many kinds of people in this world. In our churches we find some people who are extremely emotional while others are quiet, and so often there is misunderstanding. God made some one way and some another. God uses both kinds as soulwinners. Some folks can be used to win one type and others to win the other type. How often we say, "I don't believe Brother So-and-So has the victory because he never shouts." The other class may say, "Sister Jones is so noisy I think she is fanatical," when God is using both kinds to win souls for Christ. The writer is the quiet type, but I believe I have just as good a time as those who are noisy. Oh, how often we criticize and misunderstand. Many times it is the little whisperings around that bring confusion and keep God's wonderful power from our midst. What a consoling thought-we have an understanding Christ.

Dear ones, let us try to understand each other better. It will make a great difference in the Church as we work together, if we will try to be like Christ and have this understanding spirit.

(Reprinted from November, 1954 Lighted Pathway)



### Mind the Light

t is related that for many years Mrs. Hattie Walker tended the lighthouse on a rocky ledge near the New York Harbor. Until his death, her husband had been the keeper, and she bravely took up the work in that desolate spot when he passed away.

In her old age, Mrs. Walker was interviewed about her life in the lighthouse. She said, "When my husband died, we buried his body on the hill, within sight of the lighthouse. Every morning when the sun comes up, I stand at that porthole and look in the direction of his grave. Sometimes the hills are brown. Sometimes they are white with snow. But they always bring a message to me—something I heard my husband say more often than anything else. Just three words: 'Mind the light.'"

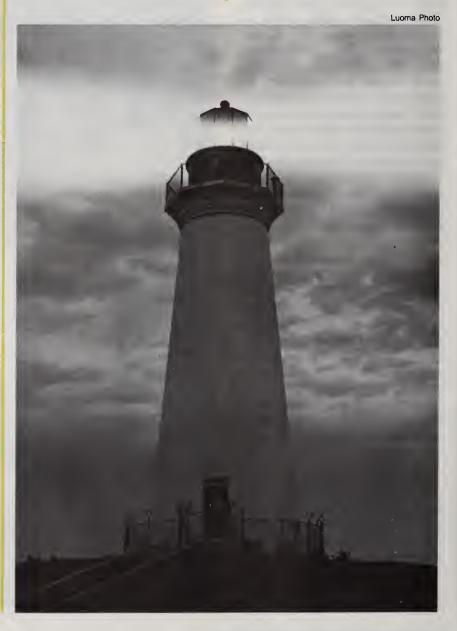
The one duty of a lighthouse keeper is to mind the light. The chief duty of a Christian in this dark, dangerous world is to "mind the light" of his influence. Someone is looking to us for guidance now. We may not believe it nor even suspect that this is true. Perhaps we feel much too insignificant to be a guide for anyone. The light in the lighthouse is insignificant and small compared with the vast, almost limitless expanses of ocean which it serves. But to the sailor on a dark and stormy night, it is very important. He looks to it with assurance and trust. If it should not "be tended" and fail, ships would be lost and lives sacrificed.

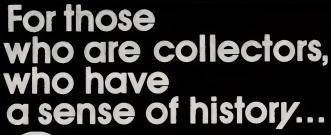
The light would need fail for only

a brief time to bring disaster. The light of good influence need fail only once to mislead someone into evil. The brighter the light shines, the more folks trust in it—and the greater the damage if it should fail, even briefly. Jesus said that His people are "the light of the world" (Matthew 5:14).

Their light is to be set upon a hill, not hidden under a bushel (Matthew 5:15). Let us not forget that we do have influence with someone—for good or for evil. It is a great responsibility. Let us "mind the light."

(Reprinted from June, 1954 Lighted Pathway)





## Commemorative

Coin

\*Our way of saying thanks for fifty great years!

\*Great for gifts!

- \*Limited Edition
- \*Antique Bronze
- \*\$1.00 each

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Side 1

Side 1

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Side 2

Dear Sir:

Please send me \_\_\_ coin(s) in commemoration of the 50th anniversary of the LIGHTED PATHWAY/FAMILY TRAINING HOUR.

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LIGHTED PATHWAY GENERAL DEPT. OF YOUTH AND CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

1080 Montgomery Ave. Keith and 25th Streets Cleveland, TN 37311 Cleveland, TN 37311

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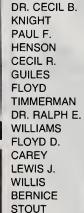
## FTH Congratulat











WOODARD

Left to

Right:







My commendations to all

My commendations to all those persons who have played a role in making Family Training Hour so vital a

ministry of the local church.
On this golden anniversary,
I congratulate the Youth and
Christian Education Department

for creating materials and emphasizing the need for the Family Training Hour ministry. This ongoing department has been in the forefront of providing materials and leadership to assist local churches in ministering both to young people and to the whole family.

—Dr. Cecil B. Knight
President
School of Theology

Family Training Hour—those three words say it well. The family is the church's greatest asset. In fact, the family is the purest form of the church; and for the family to be the spiritual force God intended it to be, then it must be trained. It must be trained through the Word, trained to respond in worship, and trained to function in service.

The ideal place for this to happen is within the fellowship of the church. The best time for it to happen seems to be in the middle of the week—a break, for family's sake.

I'm glad this church started Farm Training Hour: it really work

—Paul F. Henson State Overseer North Georgia

The Family Training Hour was born of the need to provide practical Christian

### y Letters

raining and expression. Ministering to the family has been at the center of the FTH from the inception of the program. In day of steadily increasing secular influence, the FTH continues to provide the church with a vehicle by which people can be confronted with the Christian gospel.

No other agency of the church, to other phase of its work, ofers this opportunity as does the TH.

> --Cecil R. Guiles State Overseer Southern California

For half a century the Family Training Hour (YPE) has contibuted to the remarkable growth hat has made the Church of God one of the fastest growing churches in America. It leas been a training and ellowship agency that has kept our families involved in fellowship activities, Bible study, and Great Commission service.

On this occasion of the aftieth anniversary of the family Training Hour, I commend Family Training Hour eaders and I encourage the continued support of all of our people in this great ministry.

—Floyd Timmerman Assistant General Overseer

Our heavenly Father has provided two vital agencies for he development of a suc-

cessful life: home and church. A child is first introduced to the home but almost simultaneously the church joins the home for training purposes.

In order for the church to make its fullest contribution, the Family Training Hour has been developed. The FTH seeks to develop the child both spiritually and socially. To do this a curriculum has been prepared to reach the young people of all ages.

The success of the Family Training Hour throughout the years is quite evident. We are proud of the Youth and Christian Education Department of the Church of God and its leadership in the development of the successful program.

---Dr. Ralph E. Williams

The Church of God has set the pace for family emphasis in evangelical circles. In fact, the name Family Training Hour denotes leadership.

The Church of God has experienced phenomenal and consistent growth year after year. One of the major contributing factors to this growth is that we have kept our family members. The Family Training Hour has played a key role in this achievement. We have ministered to the needs of each member of the family through the Family Training Hour and thereby we have kept our families in the church.

This is a Bible plan and this is something for which we can all rejoice and feel justly proud.

> —Floyd D. Carey General Director Youth and Christian Education

Golden anniversaries are significant and noteworthy if only for the enduring quality they represent. The fiftieth birthday of the Family Training Hour concept, however, deserves special recognition both for the stamina of its continuance and because of the strategic spiritual nurture it has given our church. This program has become the agency through which Paul's injunction is achieved: "Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed" (2 Timothy 2:15).

-Lewis J. Willis

The Family Training Hour was instituted by the Church of God to minister to the needs of the entire family. It provides personalized, age-level training for each member of the family. It is a wonderful opportunity to train each individual in discipleship by helping him in spiritual growth, developing his talents, and training him to serve and find his place of service.

-Bernice Stout Woodard

# Training Ground for Youth

outh programming in the Church of God has come a long way: from an unorganized movement with little thought of training . . . to YPE with the reading of parts and youth performing for adults . . . to Family Training Hour with organization, involvement activities, and expressional training.

We have discovered much along the way. Most important, we have learned that young people themselves are the key ingredients for youth programming. Facilities are important; organization is important; leaders are important—but our young people are *most* important.

The Church of God has always endeavored to involve youth in the activities of the local church. Since the very beginning of our church, young people have prayed at our altars. They have sung in our choirs. They have given public testimony during worship services.

Our church forefathers were keenly interested in involving the entire family in church ministry. At the very first General Assembly, which convened in 1906, they voiced their desire to train both young and old through the Sunday school. Then, after several years of intermittent youth programming, the Young People's Endeavor (YPE) was formed.

YPE and the Lighted Pathway were born the same year. For several years, the Lighted Pathway served as the only curricula resource for YPE services. Under the direction of the YPE president (an adult leader), young people would stand before the congregation and read an assigned section from the Lighted Pathway. A typical program would call for three or four readers.

The second step in providing training materials for YPE came in the mid 1950's. A quarterly youth program manual, The Pilot, was introduced. The Pilot promoted a departmental plan for YPE. At first there were three departments recommended: junior, ages 2-12: senior, ages 13-35; adult, 35-up. The Pilot provided resource materials for juniors and seniors. The programs included speeches, debates, panel discussions, and a variety of other program suggestions. Adults usually met for prayer meeting or for Bible study.

Progressive Sunday school programming led the Church of God into construction projects with adequate classrooms as priority. In view of these new facilities, the General Department of Youth and Christian Education felt that more training opportunities should now be provided. Since all age groups were represented in attendance at YPE, training was provided on all levels of interest. Today's Family

Training Hour (FTH) is an outgrowth of the departmentalized YPE.

Since the birth of Family Training Hour in the early 1960's the department has been involved in an ongoing effort to provide a variety of materials.

However, introduction of the *Life in Action* FTH curriculum, due to be released in September, 1979, is the most gigantic step taken to date. The *Life in Action* series consists of annual curriculum yearbooks for Peacefinders (ages 6-8), Peace Cadets (ages 9-12), and Peacemakers (ages 13-19). The youth identity names —Peacefinders, Peace Cadets, and Peacemakers—were selected in 1977 and 1979.

We have come a long way in youth programming in the Church of God. But, we aren't ready to stop. Not by any means. God is opening up new doors for youth ministry in the Church of God, and the General Department of Youth and Christian Education is committed to taking advantage of every opportunity to minister to youth. We are dedicated to providing fellowship opportunities, service expressions, and training experiences for Church of God young people. We want FTH to become an even greater training ground for youth.

Lamar Vest

## The Bridge

An old man going a lone highway Came at evening, cold and gray, To a chasm, deep, and vast, and wide. The old man crossed in the twilight dim; The sullen stream had no fears for him; But he turned when safe on the other side And built a bridge to span the tide. "Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near, "You are wasting your time with building here, You will never pass this way again, Your journey will end with the closing day. You have crossed the chasm, deep and wide, Why build you this bridge at eventide?" The builder lifted his old gray head, "Good friend, in the way I've come," he said, "There followeth after me today A youth whose feet must pass this way. This stream that has been naught to me To the fair-haired youth might a pitfall be. He, too, must cross in the twilight dim; Good friend, I am building the bridge for him."

Will Allen Dromgoole

## Shaping Faith Th



Floyd D.Carey

haping faith. Involvement. Families. This pattern is a winner in the Church of God! The reason? It is a Bible pattern. It has God's approval and blessings.

It was evident in the early days of our church that priority had to be given to family unity, family training, and family happiness. Church leaders recognized that these elements were basic to healthy growth, balanced growth, and sustained growth.

Family unity was vital because families who could live together and work together could cope with any situation.

Family unity is a beautiful expression. It is also the key to unlocking treasures of self-esteem, creative energy, and happiness without negative hang-ups. Some of the qualities that help a family to live with breakaway optimism and exuberant joyfulness are respect for one another, action-faith, trust, disciplined patience, and consistent spiritual conduct. These qualities enable families to be healthy.

Family training is essential because it provides the atmosphere and the action for family members to develop right attitudes toward unity, personal growth, and happiness. A continuous training program for each member of the family will meet both present and future needs of the church.

This continuous training program for each member of the family is a beautiful picture of the Bible's plan for happy and growing church families. God instituted the family and commissioned parents to love and train their children. He also admonished children to love, respect, and "train with" their parents! This process results in Word-based training that brings families together in love—as a family team and as a church team to live balanced lives for God's glory.

Family happiness is essential. It is the capstone of the Christian life. The church cannot grow unless there are visible, daily evidences that the Christ-life really works. Each member of the family needs to be exposed to training activities that offer opportunities for character-building expression,

life-related application of biblical principles, and involvement in Christ-exalting service.

The Bible states that God will honor faithfulness (read Matthew 25). As family members develop faithfulness and spiritual skills through Bible study activities, they advance in Christian maturity. They become partners in building tomorrow today. They experience personal and family happiness because they observe God's plan of church growth. The church experiences sustained growth as a result of happiness expressed by family members in all areas of living.

This need was evident to early church leaders: need for a priority program to emphasize family unity, family training, and family happiness; a program which would, in turn, undergird healthy growth, balanced growth, and sustained growth. Early Church of God leaders faced the task with courage and vision.

At first there was no coordinated effort by the church to achieve the priority goals for family life. Ideas and suggestions were given to local churches, then implemented in various ways. Different states sponsored their own programs to focus attention on the family and to strengthen family life in the church. Endeavors by local churches and different states in cluded family prayer meetings, special family worship services, family devotions at home, family fellowship activities, and provisions for specialized training for each family member.

### ugh Involvement

The emphasis placed on the family produced both spiritual and numerical results. Family members grew in maturity; the church grew in membership. As the church grew, the need for an organized and coordinated family program became more apparent.

At the Twenty-fourth General Assembly, October 24, 1929, a bold step was taken to provide training for family members. The Young People's Endeavor (YPE) was organized.

By name, the Young People's Endeavor was a training program for certain members of the family only. However, local leaders and adults supported the YPE program. This approach served the Church of God for many years. When the individual needs of family members began to change and multiply, a new family training concept was developed.

In the mid fifties, the Young People's Endeavor was departmentalized. Departments and age-level classes within the departments were set up. This approach provided personalized training for each member of the family. Departmentalization was an instant success. It offered a full structure for church growth through the family—healthy growth, balanced growth, and sustained growth.

A new name for this program was introduced in the early sixties: Family Training Hour (FTH). Through Family Training Hour and the comprehensive program that has since been developed, the Church of God has become rec-

ognized as a leader in family life emphasis within evangelical circles.

The Family Training Hour thrust is "Shaping Faith for Today Through Involvement." Each member of the family receives training and involvement opportunities. Each is helped to develop a personal, victorious faith.

Early leaders of our church made family training a priority. So it has remained. This is why FTH has developed into an effective program.

In 1977 and 1979 identity names for different Family Training Hour age groups were adopted. The primaries are called Peacefinders, the juniors are Peace Cadets, and the teens are Peacemakers. These names provide identity and direction. They help develop a spirit of unity. They mobilize young people for meaningful involvement in social, spiritual, and service projects. Thankfully, these names have provided new thrust for youth involvement in the Family Training Hour.

A new Family Training Hour curriculum will be released next month. The new material is Bible-based and designed exclusively to meet Church of God family member needs. Thus, the family life emphasis of the leaders of our church increases each year. The program becomes more effective and our church continues to grow through the faithfulness and outreach vision of family members.

On this fiftieth anniversary of the Family Training Hour, it is

appropriate to express appreciation to the many different persons who have helped develop our program over the years. The General Department of Youth and Christian Education has occupied a key position in the emphasis. The department has been supported by pastors, state directors, youth leaders, and local families. All of the departments at the General Offices have been a part of the emphasis on family life. Each has made unique contributions in specific areas. The results speak for themselves! God has blessed family life in the Church of God.

-Floyd D. Carey

The Family Training Hour ministers:

- —By bringing families together in order that they might receive direction from God's Word
- —By providing opportunities for each member of the family to express his faith.
- —By developing a sense of spiritual mission within each family member.
- —By encouraging the use of talents for the glory of God.
- —By ministering to family needs and relationships.
- —By emphasizing the work of the Holy Spirit in directing family affairs.
- —By winning families to Christ and the local church.
- —By planning family fellowships and enrichment activities.
- —By preparing families for Christian service.
- —By creating an atmosphere for meaningful worship.

### Let's Celebrate! Family Training Hour's Golden Anniversary



Celebration! It's the golden anniversary for the Family Training Hour! Time for celebration!

Time to recognize the impact of Family Training Hour ministry. Time to raise hands and to lift voices in praise and appreciation. Time to respond to the opportunity for continued personalized training for each family member.

Family training and togetherness have always been a priority for the Church of God. In 1929 the Young Peo-

ple's Endeavor was introduced. This was one of the first organized efforts by a denomination to provide weekly training for family members. Later the name was changed to Family Training Hour.

The Family Training Hour has guided families in worship, instruction, evangelism, and fellowship. The fruit of this involvement can be witnessed in the vibrant and faith-directed lives of parents, youth, and children. We praise God for this. We also express appre-

ciation to church leaders, both local and general, who have contributed to the development of the Family Training Hour ministry.

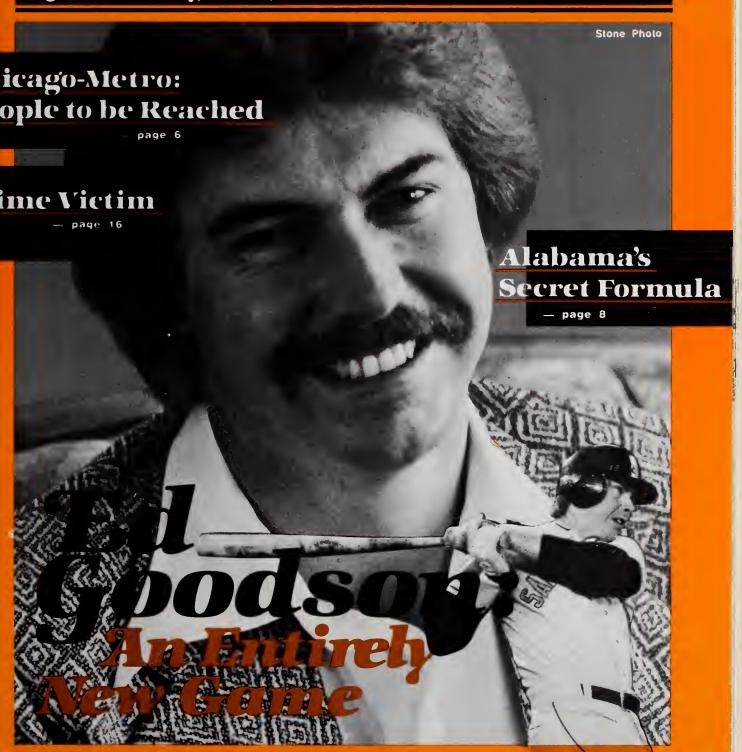
The future of our country and church will be determined by the quality of family life. Family Training Hour is committed to guiding each member of the family toward understanding the truths in God's Word and toward living an abundant life in Jesus Christ.

Let's celebrate! Guiding families for fifty years!



Lighted Pathway, Vol. 50, No. 9

50¢





MEMBER EVANGELICAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

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### THIS ISSUE

We have some more changes. New type face. Variety in terms of spacing, layout, and design. Made possible through our new photo-electronic typesetting system. The system is computer driven and should allow for continued innovation as we all adjust and explore its potential.

We've also listed a single copy price of 50¢ on the cover. Our distribution is mostly in rolls, given by churches as a ministry; but there are some who feel better about paying, and we feel the bargain is obvious.

Toni Moran's article is a very open and honest discussion of a problem. "Crime Victim" is a story with a twist. And Wanda Cato's parable explores the enigma of human nature.

Who could tire of reading about God's grace among us in such examples as Ed Goodson? And the others.

Hoyt E. Stone



Admittedly, it was a world thinly propped: a world from which Ed has retired because of a hand injury and two worn-out knees.

But don't count him out.

Ed's now playing a different game. He's in a new league. Drafted, not by the Giants as in '68, but by God's Holy Spirit.

It happened with Ed the week before Easter, in early spring when he normally would have been thinking of baseball but when he was in fact riding the back roads of his native Grayson County (Virginia), contemplating the wretched state of his soul, and wondering how life could have gotten so mixed up.

Ed loved his wife. His kids. He was on his way to at least some

Stone Photos

success in the real estate business. He had a publishing project that promised well. His new house was going up on schedule—great room with stone fireplace, large windows that would let him look down on the open valley, private, his beloved mountains in back, with pastures where dozens of deer came down to graze in evening shadows.

Ed was home again. He had friends. Knew everyone for miles around. He could fish to his heart's content. He could hunt. Drive his jeep through miles of what he felt had to be one of the last native frontiers of eastern USA.

Yet he was miserable.

Inside him were guilts, frustrations, fears, questions about the true meaning of things. All bottled up. Pressurized. Ready to explode.

Ed drove furiously around the curves. Tried to shake the unseen presence, to push aside the abiding consciousness of God. He saw himself weak, mortal, unable to cope. Time and again he had climbed right up to the door of his dreams. Crash! Over and again he had worked himself to within arm's length of success. Then nothing.

It was as if, at the very last moment and in order to bring him to his senses, God merely flipped His finger and Ed Goodson was at the bottom again.

These thoughts weren't totally new to Ed. They had been creeping into his head and coming back for the past few years. He just wouldn't listen. He had tried to drown them with booze and drugs. He had used every excuse in the book.

And now. . . .

On a lonely back road near Independence, Virginia, Ed Goodson knew he was running out of excuses, maybe even running out of time. It would be easy . . . so easy . . . just to drive right off the road. Over the mountainside. Then it'd be over!

Not really.

Deep down, Ed knew better than that. He knew his grandparents had prayed a lot of prayers for him, prayers that had nurtured him through high school and college. He knew, too, that his wife Brenda was praying at that very moment and that she found her strength and her courage through faith in God.

Maybe. . . .

Just maybe, Ed could find his answer there, too. It was something

"Their emphasis on church and family togetherness prayer . . fait . . . trust in God—it's all so beautiful

of an odd thought to Ed. It was a possible answer that some of his baseball friends would think humorous. Some would find incredible. They knew, or thought they knew, Ed Goodson the first baseman; and they figured Ed wasn't the type guy who looked for answers in Sunday school.

Ed turned his jeep around.

He drove back into Independence, up past a little steel-framed church mission, and parked in the driveway of the church parsonage.

And there . . . in the living room . . . with a pastor younger than he . . . Ed confessed his sins and asked Jesus Christ to become Savior and Lord of his life.

"I can't explain what happened," Ed will tell you. "It's just that a great peace came into my heart. The pain, the bitterness, the frustration—it all washed out.

"I'm happy, really happy, for the first time in years. I look back over my life now and I see all the mistakes. I see where God was trying to open my eyes, where He was trying to get through to me and I wouldn't listen.

"Now . . . some of those things my grandparents taught me . . . their emphasis on church and family togetherness . . . prayer . . . faith . . . trust in God—it's all so beautiful. It fits so perfectly into the scheme of things.

"I have lots of respect for organized sports, especially for boys and on the high school level; and I now hope and pray God will let me hold out a hand for someone just as a great many kind people held out hands for Ed Goodson.

"I've started a youth program in Independence. Something for the kids. It's growing beyond all expectations and I'm sure God will direct me as to the future."

Listening to Ed give this testimony, one detects his joy at having moved into a higher, more permanent league. Undoubtedly, he's going to need some coaching, he's learning to live by a new and different set of rules, but he's happy.

That's not a poor return on his investment in itself; to say nothing of that final moment . . . somewhere . . . some time . . . when he'll cross life's homeplate and hear the Umpire of all ages say, "Safe."

Welcome, Ed. We believe that, in this league also, you'll hit well.



### **Epilogue**

James Edward Goodson was born January 25, 1948, Ivanhoe, Virginia. Victim of a broken home, he spent some years with his father in Richmond, Virginia; and then returned to live with his grandparents in Ivanhoe.

Under his grandparents' influence, Ed came to love fishing, hunting, and baseball. They took him to church regularly, but church seemed tame to the more exciting world of sports.

Ed graduated from Fries High School in 1966. He received his B.A. degree from East Tennessee State University, majoring in biology, and he started playing ball for the San Francisco Giants, where he remained for seven years. Later he played for the Braves and then for the Dodgers before knee injuries sent him first to surgery and finally into retirement at age 31.

Ed married his high school sweetheart, Brenda Patton, July 6, 1968. They now have two children: Kirk, age 10; and Kris, age 9.

Ed's church background was Methodist. Brenda's background was Church of God. More than five years ago, Brenda started attending the Cliffview Church of God, with Tom Bird as her pastor. Ed would visit occasionally, between ball seasons.

The Cliffview Church of God, under Tom Bird's direction, helped organize a new church mission at Independence. They provided some of the money and the pastor Milton Carter. Presently, the church is growing, promising a great future; and the Goodson family is a part of the congregation.

Tom Bird is due special thanks for the background on this article.



"The wind is still blowing. .

"Off Lake Michigan for the most part, and for most of the time, but with enough pretty days squeezed in to keep four million Chicagoans singing and working hard to make their city of the past a city for the future. . . .

"Since Chicago was recently chosen one of America's ten most promising cities of tomorrow, I suppose we're on our way. . . .

"But back to that wind. . . .

"That blowing wind. . . .

"It's that wind of the Spirit
. . . that wind of Pentecost . . .
of revival . . . of new enthusiasm
that excites me most. . . .

"Some great things are happening in Chicago-Metro. . . .

"That's the name given our area by the Executive Committee when they divided Illinois at the last General Assembly...

"Billy Rayburn is the state overseer. . . .

"Transferred from Alaska where he supervised a territory of 586,400 square miles to a geographical area where he can phone every pastor with a local call. . . .

"At the same time. . . .

"Transferred from a state with a population of half a million to a metro-area of nearly eight million. . . .

"That's part of what's hard to believe. . . .

"Just the magnitude of our challenge. . . .

"It's not only that we have the world's tallest building, Sears
Tower where 16,500 people

work, but that we have more people than the three states of Tennessee, Virginia, and West Virginia combined. . . .

"Brother Rayburn has come with his own zeal and commitment. He has won full support from Chicago-Metro pastors and he had led the State Council in providing a sound administrative base for stable, long-term growth. Three churches have been organized already, with six missions in operation. . . .

"We did our own youth camps this past summer, made possible by a lot of free donations. . . .

"On May 12 this past spring, the young people of Chicago-Metro gathered for a YWEA walk-a-thon down Lake Shore Drive. Two hundred and twenty strong. They walked ten miles and, in less than four hours, raised \$6,170 for youth missions. . . .

"My burden is for the lost. .

"Somehow God has always dealt with me in terms of literature distribution. . . .

"Here lies Chicago . . . not just one city, but many . . . with people from all over the world. . . .

"And O'Hare Airport through which 67 million passengers and visitors stream every year. I was in O'Hare one day. Watching all those people. Noticing how the cults were distributing tracts. Why can't we do that, Lord? And why don't we? . . .

"I started praying about it. . . .

"Asked Brother Rayburn and others to join me in prayer. . .

"And started looking around for the people, or the agency, God wanted to use in His answer. . . .

"God sent the answer through the Ameican Bible Society (ABS). . . .

"We had to make applications, we had to design and draw up a distribution plan for the literature, we had to convince the ABS that we seriously wanted to share God's Word. . . .

"They responded. . . .

"With four and one-half million pieces of literature. . . .

"Bibles in English and in Spanish, the life story of Jesus for young people, tracts of all descriptions but containing only the Word of God, not commentary—we received them all . . . truckloads . . . and we've stored them in four different depots, including my own and the overseer's garage. . .

"Our freight bill alone was \$1,563.14 . . . something which the ABS themselves graciously consented to pay. . . .

"Approximate value of the gift, \$100,000. . . .

"Already we've been working the airport. In one Friday evening, the young people from the Bridgeview Church gave away a thousand Bibles. On another Friday young people from the Wheaton Church and some Lee College students gave away 2,000 pieces of literature.

"People kept them, too, and took them home with them. . .

"I know, because late in the day we checked the airport trash cans. . . .

"Praise God! . . . Chicago. . . .

"Where good things are happening and where God is smiling on the Church of God!"

Dave Lorency



Page 8 photos, L to R: Board members at luncheon meeting—Pastor Alton Bristow and Reverend Freddie Edwards, local YWEA representative, of the Millbrook Church of C Youth and Christian Education Director Raymond Culpepper discussing YWEA with Board members at a luncheon.

labama young people raised \$87,786.07 for YWEA this past year. That's up from \$3,820.85 just seven years ago.

If one insists, State Youth and Christian Education Director Raymond Culpepper will tell you all about how they did it; but quite obviously, he'd rather tell of plans for next year.

"Our goal for 1980, the South American Harvest project, is set for \$100,000. Once again I'm asking the youth of Alabama to become my partners. They've been partners with me in youth camp, in teen talent, and in other state activities; and I'm convinced that, together, we'll reach this goal as well."

Promotional work—that illusive

something variously referred to as leadership, or charisma—just happens to be one area of human endeavor where those who fail may work as hard as those who succeed. It's also true that planning, programing, charting courses on paper—this is the easy side of promotion. A lot of planning and many excellent promotions die between typewriters or mimeograph machines and a pastor's or leader's trash can.

What keeps an idea alive? What makes it burn? What causes it to rise up from the brochure and inspire human action? In short, what has happened in Alabama—and in lots of other states—to make Youth World Evangelism Appeal so miraculously dynamic?

That question was put to Raymond Culpepper and to members of Alabama's State Youth Board at a recent luncheon in Birmingham.

Answers were spontaneous and characteristically unstructured.

"Special thanks to the untiring efforts of our State Youth and Christian Education Director," the board members noted.

"I'm blessed with an exceptionally talented and cooperative Youth Board," Raymond said.

Both were right.

Then, when all agreed that the success was due to the cooperation of pastors and church leaders . . . and to prayer . . . and to the Lord's help . . . I knew those answers were right too; but I felt caught









in a revolving door going nowhere.

Raymond summed it up: "We don't have a secret formula, or simple one-two-three steps by which to do it. Besides, it's not fair for us to imply or to think what we've done this year is totally separate from years past. Programs build on themselves. They pyramid upward step by step. When missions needs are consistently laid before our congregations, especially the young people, you eventually start harvesting."

Nevertheless . . . you see, this writer is very persistent because there's a very persistent conviction among people that there are simple solutions . . . precisely what was Alabama's approach to YWEA this past

year? While I'm ready to accept simple solutions, I'm not about to believe even Alabama raised \$87,000 by just saying, "Ya'll come on now: send in your YWEA offerings."

Aside from all the intangibles, those items for which there is no human measurement, let it be noted that Alabama's YWEA emphasis for 1979 was erected on four cornerstones.

Twenty regional YWEA rallies were conducted early in the year. Special speakers. Choirs. Seminars that involved a total staff of one hundred and which reached three to four thousand people at the grass roots level.

Thorough promotion and follow-up emphasis on every congregation's choosing of a local YWEA representative. Job description clearly set forth.

Every church encouraged to promote a YWEA festival supper: aimed at raising money, of course, but aimed more specifically at teaching young people the values and the rewards of giving to missions. Sixty percent cooperation.

The fourth item was to have been a YWEA celebration, a convention-type get-together and praise service to follow the cutoff date for turning in funds.

"We failed with that last item," Raymond said. "Because of timing. We announced the date before winners could be determined. Consequently, our celebration never came off. We still think it's a good idea and we're hoping to incorporate it into our 1980 program."

That's how Alabama did it . . . that, plus letters and phone calls and follow-up posters and

brochures and a lot of prayers and some young people getting a new vision and some church leaders waking up to the needs of people in Africa and an overseer believing first and foremost in soulwinning and a State Council saying yes and pastors filing letters in their hearts. . . .

That's how it was, plain and simple!

And what about next year?

That goal of \$100,000?

"The heart of our South American Harvest project is the enrollment of missions' partners," Raymond says. "We're asking for 1000 young people from across Alabama to become partners, each raising at least \$100. Naturally, some churches will enroll more partners than others. Those churches which helped us greatly last year may not do as much this year.

"But there'll be others. Someone to pick up the torch.

"We'll have the seminars, a special partnership Sunday, and the YWEA celebration, already scheduled for May 17, 1980.

"Last year, one church alone—Millbrook, where Alton Bristow pastors—raised right at \$11,000. That's a first for Alabama. Other church youth groups are catching the vision.

"South America is a needy field. As well as other young people throughout the Church of God, Alabama youth are going to help. They've caught the vision and 'they're going to continue their investments in the only sure and certain thing: God's Kingdom."

Hoyt E. Stone



hat king and whose dominion?
Those were the two be questions raised received when the State Youth and Contian Education Departments of DelMarVa and Virginia teamed up with "Forward in Faith" to transform one of eastern USA's most popular amusement parks into a giant family day youth rally that d 9,000 Church of God delegat

King's Dominion is an arment park. Plain and simple, patterned after Disney World Flags Over Georgia, or Opryl U.S.A. It's similar to hundred of other such parks which has sprung up across our country during the past dozen or so years.

The park is in business to make money. You pay a flat to enter and that one ticket entitles you to all the rides a staged musicals, aquatic pr ductions, and animal shows of the day. There are restaurant featuring foods from other countries, fast food outlets, ic cream and pizza parlors, alon with gift and souvenir shops.

But King's Dominion is not carnival.

Alcoholic beverages are bidden. None is sold upon the premises. Armed police and security guards are present to keep order. The disorderly arimmediately arrested and ejectrom the park. While there are few games and gun galleries dolls or souvenirs for prizes, gambling is not allowed.

Some people object to amusement parks, a conviction which merits respect, while you others view them as offering of the few remaining oppor-

Stone Photos

es for families to participate nolesome fun together.

ay 5, 1979, dawned cool gh to worry Carl ardson plenty. Leftover s from Friday's rain floated overhead and the sun ed without warmth.

rl had planned family views during the morning a, prior to noon and the p.m. rally. Those mothers dads who stood beneath the ights were thankful for the ath.

noon, however, it seemed us that the squall had a out to sea. Other busloads nued to arrive. The TV crew oned themselves high above utdoor stadium. Musicians I the piano. Technicians ted the public address m.

e crowd gathered early for ervice, sitting on wooden nes and in a glaring sun.

te Youth and Christian ation Director H. Lynn e started things off, welnig the Virginia delegates. The Miller did the same relaware, Maryland, and the ct of Columbia.

seems most appropriate to Carl Richardson said, "that nly two institutions we God created—the church the family—should join s today for this time of al fellowship and worship."

e Churchmen sang. Then d and Virginia Horton. wed by Steve Brock with e God the Glory."

gardless of what was taking in the park at that —truth is, with all the ch of God folks at the

urch of God Youth Publication

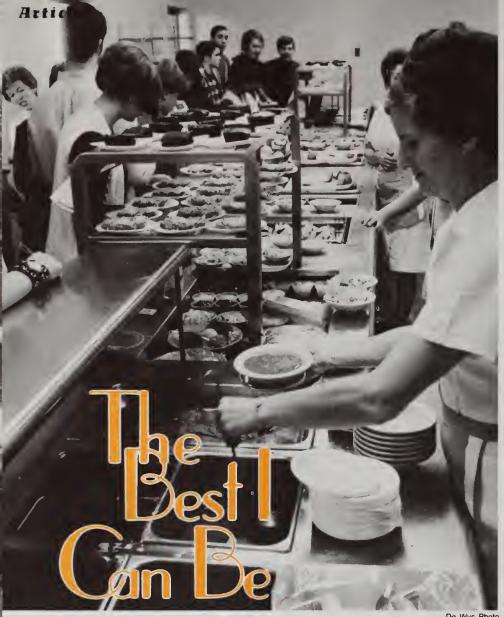
open-air stadium listening to Carl preach on, "Is There a Family in Your House?"—the lines were noticeably thinner regardless of where the owners and the creators of King's Dominion found such a name, it was obvious from the spirit of the service, obvious from the happy faces and the singing voices, that there is but one King.

The only true King is Jesus Christ, our Lord and Savior.

He holds true dominion. Over nations and the family.

He only is worthy of praise.

Page 10 photos, top to bottom: Carl Richardson speaking. — Carl Richardson and Doyle Daugherty preparing for TV family interviews. Page 11 photos, top to bottom: King's Dominion fountain and gardens lining streets of main entrance. — Steve Brock sings. — Waymon Miller greets family delegates as H. Lynn Stone looks on. — A portion of the crowd which gathered early for the Family Rally. Richardson on stage.



De Wys Photo

've been overweight since my sophomore year in high school. It wasn't that I ate sweets and drank soft drinks all the time: I simply loved food. Rather than eating to live, I was more in the category of living to eat.

Sad situation indeed.

Being the least bit fat can be a depressing thing for any teenage girl. It affects your personality, your self-image and your outlook on life. Every time I ate a meal I could see a neon sign saying, "You don't need

this!" I seldom ate out of hunger. It was habit.

On New Year's Eve I would always yow to be remarkably slim by my birthday in June. Try as I would, failure.

If your fat is not due to a physical problem, it can be a most embarrassing thing to belong to a slim family. They don't intend to hurt your feelings. They care and want to help. But there's a block between you and them when the subject is mentioned.

Once, my parents said they

would donate a dollar to the church for every pound I lost. Well, the church could have benefitted, but they never got the first dollar.

I managed to slim down some. After high school I was working. Then at age nineteen I came to Lee College. Nothing was wrong with that except I began using my brain for all my work rather than my body. Fun and fellowship with my friends often included food. I gained fifteen pounds my first year.

I prayed constantly for God to knock the weight off me.

Finally I realized I was going to have to help in the effort.

I started reading everything I could get my hands on about dieting. I had tried most diets with no success. I'd do without food for five days and then gradually quit. In my studying I learned that being overweight could hurt my Christian testimony. How could I communicate to someone that they were hurting their body by smoking and drinking when I was destroying mine by overeating? I, too, was on a path of self-destruction. Could I wonder about someone who lacked discipline in terms of their temper when I was not able to discipline my appetite?

Ouch! How quickly those words stung me.

I soon became convinced that if the King of kings and Lord of lords was living in me, I should be the best I can be. Here are some suggestions I'd like to pass along to those of you afflicted with my same problem:

1. Study devotional books on

**CONTINUED ON PAGE 24** 

## Liberty: Raises



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### First European YOUTH CONVEI

he folks from Portugal have arrived," whispered Mark Ryan, convention coordinator. We hurried from the service out into the foyer to meet them.

Weary but happy, the group of seventeen had left Lisbon three days earlier, traveling through Portugal, Spain, France, and on to Germany. Two hours later, over one hundred young people arrived in two buses from England. American teenagers also came, and a group from France.

Together with over two hundred German young people, they were eagerly looking forward to the first European Youth Convention, held at the Nellingen Convention Hall, near Stuttgart, Germany, from April 28-May 1, 1979. Almost every service began with the singing of the words of Jesus, "Seek Ye First the Kingdom of God," which echoed the convention theme displayed above the platform in German and English: "My Place in the Kingdom."

In his opening message entitled "Peter Walked on the Water," Douglas Elliott, director of the Kaiserslautern Christian













### YON

Servicemen's Center, threw out a powerful challenge for young people to reexamine their discipleship.

Brian Robinson, pastor of the Hitchin Church in England, emphasized the importance of a close walk with the Lord: his sermon, "My Personal Relationship to Jesus Christ."

Germany's radio evangelist, Karl-Otto Bohringer, encouraged



youth to step out for God in the footsteps of Moses.

In a message entitled "Does God Care?" European Evangelism and Youth Director Stan Brown showed that since God gave us everything in the person of His Son Jesus, He must care for each of us very deeply.

Each sermon was followed by an altar call. Scores of young people prayed and waited on God, allowing the Holy Spirit to deal with unsurrendered areas of their lives, and making new dedications to Jesus. A number accepted the Lord as Savior and received a new anointing of the Spirit. One young lady from England was filled with the Holy Spirit on her way home that night.

Workshops were taught for three days by representatives of the European Bible Seminary, European Servicemen's Department, and the church in Germany, France, and England.

The whole of Sunday afternoon was dedicated to Teen Talent and YWEA. Grant McClung, instructor at the European Bible Seminary, had the privilege of coordinating the program and introducing Teen Talent for the first time in Europe. The various divisions were represented by solos, choir arrangements, and musical ensembles.

In an exciting Bible quiz on the Book of Genesis, a team of German boys beat their girl counterparts 21 to 15. Brother McClung encouraged youth leaders and pastors to promote and develop Teen Talent on local, district, and national levels.

Stan Brown showed the YWEA filmstrip in German, and

a substantial offering was raised for "Project Africa." Specially designed YWEA sweat shirts and jackets were sold at the YWEA and Teen Talent shop by Michael DeLong and his team.

Coordinated by Peter Bischoff (a young man from the German church), choirs, musical groups, and solos filled the singspiration time each evening. The Majestic Singers, a 25-voice black choir from the English church, won everyone's heart with their anointed singing ministry.

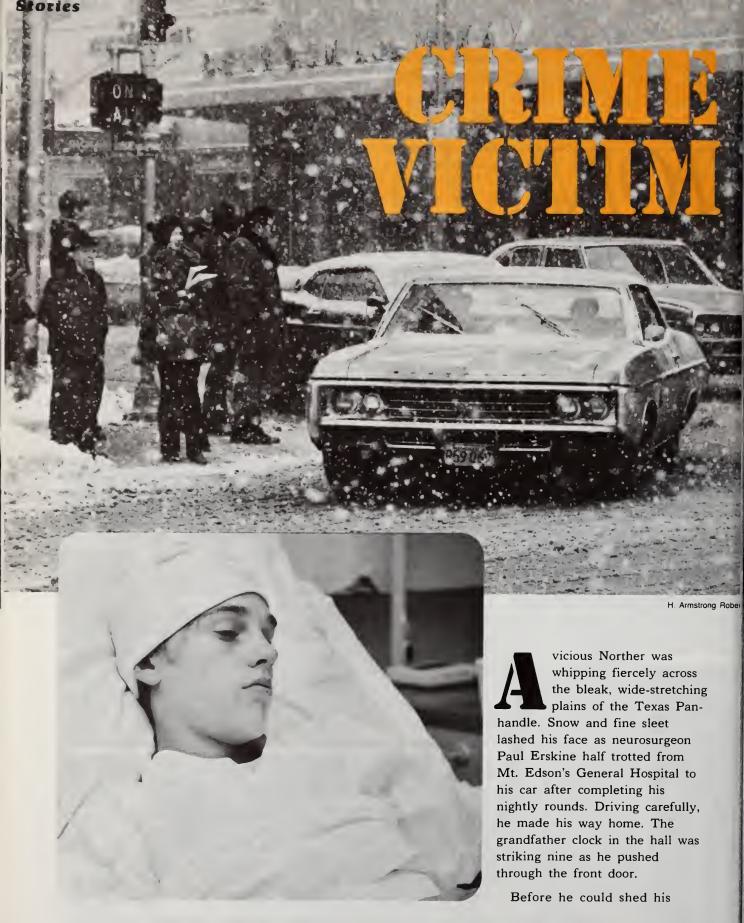
The success of the Youth Convention can best be measured by listening to our young people several days later. "I learned a lot from the workshops," one German fellow said. "God spoke to me through the preaching," said another. Others made new friends from the various countries. One girl said, "I'd no idea we had such great young people in Europe! I've exchanged addresses with some of the folks in England and will be corresponding."

The presence of Christ in a young person's life makes all the difference in the world, as the comment of the convention hall housemaster shows. "Nice, well-behaved people," he said. The director of the youth hostel, where many of the young people stayed, said afterwards, "They were nice, disciplined young people, a credit to your work."

We're thankful to God for His help and guidance in the meeting. Our European young people are beginning to develop their God-given talents, share their faith with others, and live closer to Jesus. In short, they are finding their place in the Kingdom. 

Dorothy Leek

Top to bottom: Young people from Munster, France sing and testify. — Majestic Singers from England. — Youth of five countries worship at Convention — Majestic Singers from Britain. — European Evangelist and Youth Director Stan Brown (left) with interpreter Karl-Otto Bohringer, Germany's radio evangelist. — Portuguese young people sing and testify — Paulette, lead singer, Majestic Singers from England.



overcoat the phone rang. It was long distance. "Dr. Erskine?" a voice asked.

"Speaking."

"This is Dr. Franklin at Memorial Hospital in Clear Creek. We have a boy here who was just brought in with a bullet in his brain. He's hemorrhaging badly and his pulse is fading. Would it be at all possible for you to come?"

"It's better than fifty miles from here to Clear Creek and the weather is brutal tonight," replied Dr. Erskine. "Dr. Randolph over at Forsythe is much closer to you. Have you tried him?"

"Yes, but unfortunately he's out of town. I called you mainly because the boy is from Mt. Edson. He was spending the weekend with his grandfather here and accidentally shot himself playing with a .22 rifle."

"What's the boy's name?" asked Dr. Erskine.

"David Foster."

"Don't believe I know him. But I'll get there as fast as I can. It's snowing pretty hard here, but I ought to make it before midnight."

"I guess I better tell you before you start that the youngster's parents are poor and there isn't much chance of a fee," said Dr. Franklin.

"No problem," replied the surgeon.

Moments later Erskine brought his car to a stop at a red light on the outskirts of Mt. Edson. As he waited for the light to change, a man in a worn sheepskin coat, collar turned up around his face, opened the door and climbed in.

"Drive straight ahead, Mister," he ordered, "and don't give me any argument—I've got a gun."

"I'm a doctor," said Dr. Erskine quietly. "I'm on an emergency call."

"Don't waste time talking," retorted the man in the sheepskin. "Just step on it."

A mile outside the city limits the hijacker ordered the doctor to stop the car.

"Get out!" he said brusquely.

Dr. Erskine lost the better part of an hour fighting his way back toward town through the darkness before he finally found a house and a telephone. More time elapsed before he could locate a taxi company with an available cab. Once on their way, the storm, increasing in intensity, forced the driver to proceed slowly along the slippery road.

It was nearly 2 a.m. when the surgeon reached the Clear Creek Hospital. Dr. Franklin was waiting for him.

"I did my best," apologized Dr. Erskine, "but I was . . . ."

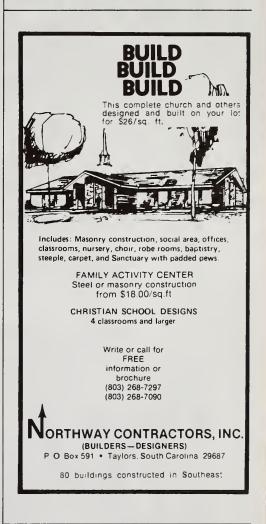
"I'm sorry I had to put you through this," interrupted Franklin, "and sorrier still that it was all in vain. The boy died about an hour ago."

As the two men walked past the waiting room, Erskine halted in his tracks. Sitting hunched in a chair, his head in his hands, was the man in the worn sheepskin coat.

"Mr. Foster," Dr. Franklin called to the stranger, "I want you to meet Dr. Erskine. He came all the way from Mt. Edson in this storm to try to save your boy's life."

Henry N. Ferguson









e refer to time here according to the "Day of the Sunshine." Everything that's ever happened either happened before or after that day.

Only the very old people remember a time when there was always sunshine. None of the rest of us can remember that far back.

Maybe I should start from the beginning.

I don't know where you live, but here, in this place where we live, all it ever does is RAIN. It rains all the time. Day and night. It never stops. Ever.

It has been raining for as long as I can remember and maybe even longer. I have never seen sunshine, but I can spend hours listening to the people around me talk about it.

Especially the old people—they remember what it was like to feel golden, transparent heat on their arms and legs. Most of the rest of us have never seen anything but rain.

Here, when we wake up in the mornings, grayness melts to grayness. The sky is never any color but gray. Children draw pictures of the sky and put in it brilliant shades of purple and green and amber and yellow. Colors they have heard about but have never seen.

You get used to it after a while, especially if you've never known anything else. Liquid pouring out of the sky and drenching everything you own. I think it looks like so many ice cubes melting in a broken refrigerator that doesn't keep things cold anymore.

Umbrellas and raincoats are as

.

it came. Sometimes she tells the whole story.

There was a time when everyone in this town had a good life. Children laughed and played and people seldom quarreled. Then the Great Grumbling came. Every child here knows the story of the great complaining.

It happened gradually. People became ungrateful, never satisfied, and very discontented. They always wanted bigger and better things, more of this and more of that.

They became so busy making money and looking for success (in the strangest places) that they forgot their children and their families. They forgot how to smile. They were so absorbed in their quest for gain that they forgot to look at the world around them. Forgot to watch sunsets and sunrises. To laugh at kittens playing with string, or to visit neighbors.

They complained constantly and about everything. About nothing. One day the sun hid behind the clouds and just never came out again.

For a while, nobody even missed the sun. They planned the town picnic and realized it had been raining for two months solid. Then they panicked!

The Jones blamed the Smiths, the Smiths blamed the Browns; and they blamed the Coolerys who didn't blame anybody because Mr. Coolery was a great and famous scientist, too baffled to blame anyone!

Mr. Coolery read in a book about a man named Noah. Read the whole story about God sending rain for 40 days and nights just to teach the whole earth a lesson. Noah's flood became the talk of the town, and for a while everyone was uptight but somehow, our town never has flooded. It's just kept on raining, until now.

Old man Johnson (everybody in town knows old man Johnson) said, "It won't stop raining until we're all thankful for something. Anything. Every one of us must stop complaining and start being grateful. Maybe then the sun will come out. The stars, too. It's time we wised up. Our children have never even seen the spectacular colors of a sunset."

Old man Johnson ought to know. He's the wisest man around.

He used to gather the whole town together on Saturday. We'd line up in a row (rich, poor, adults, children) and try to be thankful. For food. Shelter. Sometimes even for the rain. But it never worked. Somebody always started complaining.

"You stepped on my foot! Be more careful, huh?"

"This is ridiculous. I don't know what he hopes to prove."

"I wonder how long this will last?"

"I'm so sick of rain."

"Who asked you? I think it's a good idea."

"I don't."

So it just kept raining . . . and raining. . . .

Old man Johnson told all the people, "As long as you complain, there will be rain."

Everybody left to go home.

**CONTINUED ON PAGE 23** 

mon as mud puddles. When ple go inside the house, they them off as carelessly as a nager tosses alcohol cotton into a trash basket.

to one seems to give the rain that thought. Sometimes I get ry when I stop to think and ize I've never been on a lic. I've never picked flowers aid in warm grass counting als of "he loves me . . . he les me not. . . ."

Ty grandmother remembers sunshine. She remembers on the rain started and why





### Twenty-Five Years at Camp

he 1979 camping season is over. All the young people have gone home. Extra socks and left-behind sweaters have been placed in the lost-and-found box for next year. Cabins and dorms

have been returned to some semblance of normalcy.

But those who minister in youth camps—who plan, organize, and oversee—are already working on the 1980 camping program.

One such person is currently celebrating his silver anniversary of ministry to youth. For twenty-five years Glenn C. Grove has assisted in action-filled, Spirit-filled youth camps. Actually, he assisted in the first Church of God youth camp conducted in California. Brother Grove reminisces, "The place was Camp Bruin on Dinkey Creek in Sequoia National Park. State Director Paul L. Walker gathered 157 boys and girls together for their first camp. The spiritual results were gratifying-38 were saved, 15 sanctified, 15 received the Holy Ghost, and 45 were baptized in water."

That was twenty-five years ago. Thirty-five camps have been conducted since then . . . and Glenn C. Grove has assisted in every camp. He's served under eleven state directors and worked at ten different campsites. And memorable events have happened. "The Asian flu epidemic hit the camp. We broke camp a day early for fear of being quarantined," he says.

Camping incorporates fun, fellowship, and worship in an effort to bring youth into contact with Christ. It does not overlook sportsmanship, competitiveness, peer relationships, and respect for authority. Yet, stress is still placed on meaningful experiences with Christ, on eternal values. This specialized field of service requires special workers. Thus, tribute is paid to Glenn C. Grove for his faithful, unselfish giving to Church of God young people.

Thank you, Brother Grove.

Nancy Neal

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# ACTION News Views

General Department of Youth and Christian Education

Compiled by Nancy Neal

### SOUTH AFRICA'S 365 YOUTH ACTION TEAM

Nineteen exhausted, experienced, and exhilarated young South Africans recently returned to their homes after a year of adventure in full-time Christian service.

Having volunteered as members of South Africa's first Contact 365 Youth Action team, the young people underwent two and a half months of extensive training before setting out for a year of evangelistic outreach which took them all over Southern Africa into hospitals, schools, shopping centers, and coffeehouses.

Each week the group traveled to a new location, using a local church as their home base. During the week they visited nearby high schools, presenting a concert and holding talk sessions with the students. They also visited area hospitals and convalescent homes, ministering to the sick and holding services for the shut-ins. Between

these visits, they held daily street services and initiated coffeehouse ministries.

Team members also did doorto-door witnessing, trained local youth leaders, worked in the local Sunday school, put on puppet shows, and performed Tea Party Evangelism among women's groups. They sang and witnessed in shopping centers and distributed innumerable tracts.

According to Bill Price, general youth director of South Africa, the first year's program was a phenomenal success. "Enthusiasm ran high, and many souls are still being saved due to the motivational power that is still flowing within the veins of the young people who were touched by this team's visit."

The South African Youth Department is planning to send out several teams in 1980, totaling fifty team members and attempting to win even more souls to the kingdom of Christ.

Floyd Carey

### Family Day, Northern Ohio

Northern Ohio held its first Family Day at Geauga Lake, May 5, 1979. Over 4,000 people attended.





Gates opened at 11 a.m. As noon approached, families unpacked picnic lunches and enjoyed fellowship and the renewing of old acquaintances.

During the afternoon, on the pavilion beside the lake, groups of young people and families praised God in song. The gospel singing continued until 5 p.m. Many not able to take part in the rides were able to enjoy the singing and fellowship.

The day of activities ended at 8 p.m. A great day! The cooperation of each church and pastor made it all possible! □

Lane Sargent

### **ADD WATER AND STIR**

Instant coffee. Instant oatmeal. Instant houses. Instant service. Seemingly, all we need to do is add water and stir to obtain what we want.

We're such impatient souls. Rather than becoming impatient, we should turn *instantly* to the Word when we need guidance. (Isaiah 40:31).

There are a few steps necessary to obtaining God's guidance:

- 1. Faith—without which *nothing* is received
- 2. Defining the problem clearly
- 3. Prayer—earnest prayer
- Stillness—a chance to hear God speaking

When followed, these steps will bring about an answer. Perhaps it won't be instant. The answer may require confident walking in faith.

We must be expectant, faithfully active. God is never late. Just add prayer and stir.

### THE INCURABLES (Continued)

One day I heard him praying, and he said, "Lord, I feel just like Elijah. Will your people ever be thankful? When will they learn that they make their own sunshine by their attitudes and their lives? Even in the darkest storm, there can be sunshine."

That's when I decided I was going to see sunshine or die trying. I went visiting. Went to every house individually. Just dared anybody to be ungrateful for the good things that were still left to us all.

Every family made a list of five things to be thankful for on every day of the week. When we gathered for Thanksgiving the next Saturday, all the lists were read.

Fathers were thankful for their sons, their homes, their wives. Mothers gave thanks for roast beef, green plants, and families. People began to reach out to friends and join hands. Children laughed and then everyone together began giving thanks for each other.

That's when it happened!

First, it was just a small glimmer of light in a dark sky. Then the light grew until it was a glowing, orange ball of fire and brightness.

It was terrifying! It was blinding! It was beautiful!

I found it hard to believe that the same God who made liquid pour out of the sky could make fire shine in it too.

Someone yelled joyfully. Then someone else, on down the line, until the whole earth seemed to be a symphony of noise and yells. Loud praises tangled up in

gratitude and wrapped around the grass and trees like yarn with a mind of its own.

Old man Johnson wanted it to be nighttime so he could see the stars. He was one of the few who had seen them. All the children wanted the big glowing ball to stay forever and never leave. Parents smiled and talked and planned picnics and played baseball.

Never will I forget that day. . . .

That night, the stars looked like blue dots of light flung across velvet.

Later, after most of the children were asleep, I peeked out the window and hunted for the Big Dipper.

That's when I happened to see Mrs. Brown.

"What a fuss there's been today," she said.

Mr. Potter came by and agreed with her. "Personally, I was getting used to the rain. Seems to me this new sunshine business will take some adjusting to."

And Mrs. Smith came by with her fourteen cats and said, "I hope this nonsense stops soon. My kids have been uncontrollable all day."

And Mrs. Berry walked by. . . .

No one heard me go out. I sat down on the dry, warm grass and cried. In a little while I couldn't

\*\*\*\*\*\*

tell my tears from

the

RAIN. . . . .

Wanda Cato

### THE BEST I CAN BE (Continued)

dieting in order to see it from a biblical standpoint.

- Study books on the market about nutrition and weight loss.
- 3. Consult your physician about what diet would be best for you.
- Get it firmly implanted in your mind that you are going to stick with it.
- Commit yourself to Christ and claim the victory through Him.
- Find two or three friends who will pray for you, support you, and encourage you every day.
- Get more exercise. Take time to walk around the neighborhood. You may meet a new prospective member for God's kingdom.
- Don't be discouraged. It took you a while to get fat. You probably won't be fat free by the end of the first week.
- Praise God everyday for what He is helping you to do.
- 10. If you blow it one day, don't give up.

Does it sound easy?

It's not. I've lost almost twenty pounds and I've got ten more to go.

Does God want you to be overweight? It's doubtful. What glory does it bring Him? I'm convinced I can do more for Him when I have less poundage to carry around and more energy to use.

Toni Moran



Toni Moran lives in Fairdale, KY, just out of Louisville. She is presently a student at Lee College.

## Pentecostal World Conference Vancouver, British Columbia

October 2-7, 1979

\*On Tuesday, October 1, 1979, the International Pentecostal Press Association will sponsor a journalism seminar at Hotel Vancouver.

> Special guest, Dr. Paul Conn Dr. O. W. Polen, IPPA President

### Values

Flowers are born in darkness Before they bud and bloom, And sunshine visits only After storm and gloom.

Cold and silence always

Make the robins sing,

And we must live through winter

To be aware of spring.

William Walter De Bolt

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Lighted Pathway, September, 1979

# **Youth**

Lamar Vest, Assistant General Director of Youth and Christian Education

### How Do You Feel About Discipline?

The SwedIsh parliament, by an overwhelming vote, recently passed a law prohibiting parents from striking their children or treating them in a humiliating way. The new law forbids slapping, whacking or spanking. "Humiliating treatment" seems to Include such things as restricting TV viewing, grounding or sending a child to bed without supper.

Some people are calling the new Swedish law "the greatest thing since the civil rights movement." Others say that it seriously violates parental rights and responsibilities. How do you feel about it?

No one who believes in the Bible could ever condone child abuse. But, discipline is not abuse. Discipline is correction with a purpose. And the Bible is very plain with regard to the responsibilities of parents in the disciplining of their children.

One of the saddest storles in the Bible occurred in the family of a spiritual leader . . . a man named Ell. He was a priest, and he had several sons. This is what we read about him in 1 Samuel 3:13. God Is speaking; "For I have told him that I will judge his house for ever for the iniquity which he knoweth; because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not."

God holds parents responsible for the discipline of their children. Parents are put under His authority for the correction of children . . . with loving firmness.

Love and firmness. That's God's way for correction. The Bible says in Hebrews 12:6, "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." In Hebrews 12:11 we read, "Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grlevous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness."

It is this simple. Parents who love their children discipline them. No law can ever relieve the parent of that responsibility. God's law prevails.

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young man looks over the top of his foxhole. A black cloth drapes over the sky. The enemy is there. Hidden in darkness. That young man is wishing for the day.

A woman lies in the pain of travail. The night grows long. She waits for new life to come forth. She is wishing for the day.

A prison inmate hears the clanging of a door. He arises. There are no windows. No lights. He is wishing for the day.

Though you may not be in either of these situations, you can probably relate to them. At times we all find ourselves wishing for the day.

Fear of that unseen enemy, physical pain that seems endless, the uncertainty that grabs at our hearts—these are things which challenge our faith. Even Christians cry that the day might come soon, that we might see that safety we have been promised. We wish the wind to cease blowing. The battle to stop. We wish to be at rest. At just such times, when all hope is gone, Christ steps forth to save.

Shipwrecked, Paul listened for a message. God's message was "Fear not." The darkness was still there, the wind was still blowing, the water was still coming into the ship; but God's word was "Fear not."

God has your plan of escape already made in advance for all of life's circumstances. "Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him" (Matthew 6:8).

When frightened by the unseen enemy, rest assured Christ has secured you (2 Timothy 1:12).

Christ knows the pains of life (Hebrews 4:15, 16).

Remember Paul's words. "For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us [me] from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our [my] Lord" (Romans 8:38, 39).

For those who believe, the day is come. The Light shines. Jesus is our "bright and morning star" (Revelation 22:16). He leads us to victory over the seen and the unseen enemies of life.

"Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us" (Romans 8:37).

David Pleasant



Camerique Photo

### Cheating

### "We complete the course of study but remain morally and spiritually illiterate."

ike life itself, school is designed by a higher power to teach us a few noble concepts. Some of us learn the rudiments while failing to grasp the important lessons. We complete the course of study but remain morally and spiritually illiterate.

For example, why we ought not cheat.

I'm not sure when I began . . . perhaps as a babe crying although there was nothing wrong . . . but I learned early to cheat.

Playtime. My toy truck was broken but my brother's wasn't. I switched. I asked my brother to push me around the house in our red wagon, promising to push him in return: then I quit the game. It was too hot to play.

I was by nature a cheater: consummately, without remorse.

Then came school. Second grade. Teacher made assignments and then asked questions back to the class. Always in numerical order. How dumb. Before class I copied the answers on paper. When she gave the test, I merely pretended to write; and then, I smugly slipped her the perfect paper out of the back of my notebook.



Teacher bragged on my work. I racked up a series of perfect scores. I came to believe the system could be beaten easily—if you cheated. The forbidden fruit,

Then came judgment!

Cruel. Swift. Devastating.

That teacher called out her questions. I pretended to write. She walked to the side of the room. Question. To the back of the room. Question. I moved my pencil in pretense. Suddenly, a presence at my shoulder. A hand reached out. Flipped my pretense paper to one side. Exposed my shame.

I don't remember my second grade teacher's name. Nor the questions on her test. But I remember the lesson.

Cheating is expensive.

In a sense, of course, I'm still in school. There are cheating opportunities all around. Not for me. I won't pretend to believe something I don't. I won't flatter just to return a favor. I won't play games in the pulpit. Nor give my affections to a woman other than my wife. I won't hypocrite in front of my sons.

Should I ever decide to do so . . . as is my choice . . . or should I for some reason find myself reverting to that old nature or resorting to those old tricks, one thing I'm sure of . . . .

... I'm sure of God's presence. His hand over my shoulder. His absolute and certain exposure of my shame. . . .

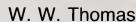
 $\,\cdot\,$  . . . I'm equally sure of His smile when I choose to obey the rules.

Hough & Stone

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### THIS ISSUE

When our feature story was scheduled in mid-summer, it was thought that by now the troubles in Iran would have quieted.

Not so.

Revolution goes on. In other parts of the world as well, many of our brothers and sisters suffer oppression and live under conditions difficult to imagine. Dilia Camacho's story, and her faith, seem all the more worthy and inspiring.

The international flavor of this issue is further set forth in the diary of a young lady who visited the Caribbean with STEP and in the story of a presently retired missionary with a candid confession of how he managed to find a wife.

We have launched our fall subscription drive.

Your friend, too, should be reading the Lighted Pathway.

Hoyt & Stone

### LIVING LIVING THROUGH REVOLUTION REVOLUTION

Office of the contract of the Bernecho... ... didn't expect to live through the night. She set on the cold floor of an apartment in Tehran. Lights out. Almost smothering in the serie silence. Awed that a city could e not neve telup os ed few seconds.

The chant started egein.

MORE -



Stone Photo

Subdued at first, and timid as if expecting the gunfire, and then rising in both volume and intensity. Dilia could visualize the thousands of Iranians pouring back out onto the rooftops of the city, their voices adding to the chorus.

The chant itself, its very words, the feeling that came through the rhythmic cadence—this frightened Dilia most. She had lived in Iran for more than two years, and the Persian language had become second nature with her.

She heard the words but she also heard the character, the anger, the frustration of a people. She heard

a fierce and fanatical resolve, which not even the Shah's army could make go away.

Over and again the words rose on the night breezes: "Allah is the greatest and Khomeini is His spokesman. Speak, Khomeini, and my blood will speak too. . . ."

". . . Allah is the greatest. Khomeini is His spokesman. Speak, Khomeini, and my blood will speak too."

When the chant reached crescendo, as if all Tehran had united their voices to shout from the rooftops, then came the crack of rifles, the staccato bursts of automatic weapons fire, and finally the yelled orders of soldiers on the street below.

Everyone waited. Silence.

Mostly, the soldiers shot into the air. But not always. Dilia had heard screams of pain. Calls for help. Calls which the soldiers ignored.

When the soldiers left, the people would chant again. And again . . . until morning. It was a game. Psychological warfare. Dilia knew the people would win but she shuddered at the thought of all those who would die in the meanwhile.

Dilia Camacho is not a radical. Born September 20, 1954, Santurce, Puerto Rico, she grew up in a Church of God minister's home, the daughter of the Reverend Hector Camacho, superintendent of North Central Spanish territory.

Dilia made first contact with Iranians while majoring in Urban Studies at the University of Texas. Of all the foreign students Dilia met at UT, she liked the Iranians best, and felt more at ease with them because they reminded her so much of the Puerto Ricans.

Early in '76, politics came to the UT campus. Demonstrations were organized and there was much talk against the Shah and many rumors about his cruel secret police. Dilia didn't believe all the rumors. She took issue with some of her fellow students and this led to a noticeable cooling of friendships.

Nevertheless, Dilia retained her concern for Iran and she admitted that, like most Americans, she had no real background for judging the situation.

It was announced that UT would send American students to Iran on an exchange program. Dilia impulsively made application and was accepted.

Along with five others, Dilia flew to Iran in September of 1976. She lived in Isfahan, Iran's cultural center, studying Islam, Persian history, literature, and grammar. She also did an independent research project on migrants and she came to understand why and how Iranians resented the presence of foreigners.

The hatred showed in the speech of common people. Since her black hair and deep brown eyes kept her from being identified American, Dilia heard this nger often from the back seat of a taxi; but it became even more obvious when she started teaching part time at the University.

Dilia's own job set forth the problem.

Since she was hired by IAS (Iranian-America Society) to teach English to the children of upper- and middle-class Iranians, her pay scale was modest, beginning at \$500 per month and gradually escalating up to \$700, from which she had to pay \$300 for her apartment.

However, Dilia was offered a very tempting position in the Shah's own special school for training pilots and technical workers. Had she accepted, her beginning pay would have been \$2,000 per month, plus housing and a travel allotment. This was more typical of how foreigners lived.

Dilia felt most Americans were in Iran solely for the financial rewards. When U.S. Senator John Glenn and a Congressional delegation visited and tried to talk about the Shah's problems, the Americans insisted on discussing tax shelters and new regulatory laws. They seemed to ignore the worsening political conditions. Many suspected trouble was on the way. Few thought it would come so soon.

Dilia turned the better teaching job down because of her Persian friends, her love for children, and the fact that she didn't want to teach one age group only. Later, when the riots began, and when teachers from the Shah's school had every reason to fear for their lives, Dilia knew also that God's Spirit had directed her decision.

Trouble really began when, in January 1978, soldiers shot protestors in the holy city of Qom. Dilia then saw the Shah's troops in action.

Students at the University of Isfahan went on strike. They stood outside Dilia's classroom, waving at her through the windows, but refusing to enter the building. It was this way for hours. Suddenly gunfire. Soldiers were on the campus. Students rushed into Dilia's classroom, some climbing through the windows, those who were supposed to be in her class and many who were not.

"Open your books," Dilia told them. Then she took chalk and went to the chalkboard.

Soldiers burst into the room, machine guns ready. Everyone froze. It looked like an ordinary class. The soldiers nodded, apologized, and backed out.

Within moments, the classroom was empty again.

Dilia went to her apartment that evening with great fear. She had helped deceive the Shah's troops and she knew she'd have difficulty proving herself American if stopped on the street. When the University opened in the fall of '78, classes ran for only two weeks. Strikes began. By November IAS was having to close. The University closed. Martial law was declared. Electrical workers shut off lights. Banks were attacked.

Fearful for her life, Dilia had gotten on the bus and had come eight hours north to the capital city. Here among Tehran's four million inhabitants, she thought things would be quieter. Never had she dreamed Tehran would be under martial law and that there would be such nights of chanting and shooting.

The long night hours dragged into morning. Dilia finally slept. With daybreak, she felt as if she'd been walking all night. Bone tired.

Still, Tehran looked better in the light of day. The soldiers disappeared. The city returned to trading, gathering food, and to rumors of more demonstrations to come, especially when Ayatullah Khomeini issued the order from his exile in Paris.

Dilia went back to her own apartment in Isfahan. In Iran, as with most Islamic countries, November through January is a period of mourning. This is expecially marked in December. While her neighbors prepared for the Day of Ashura, Dilia joined her Armenian Christian friends in preparation for Christmas. She even slipped a Christmas tree into her apartment during the night.

In January, Dilia once again went to Tehran. She was taken in and protected by a Persian family who showed great love and concern even at the risk of their personal safety. The daughter of this family, although an obstetrician, was often called upon to tend the wounds of civilians.

Arbain Day. Ayatullah Khomeini asked Iranians to march in demonstration of their unity.

They marched a million strong. In the crowd, wearing her chador (veil), was Dilia Camacho.

The end was near.

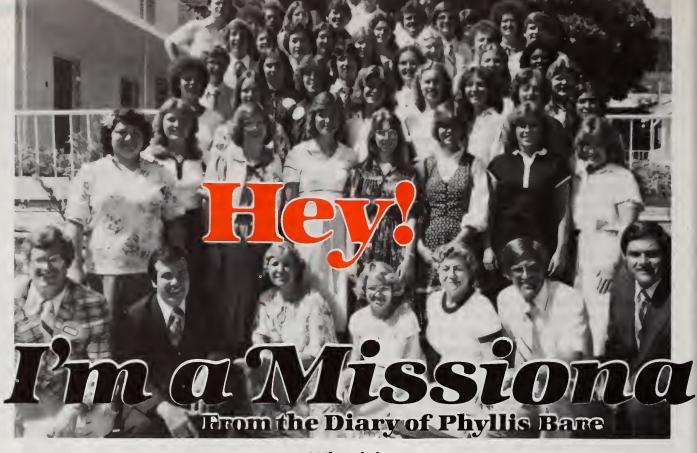
Dilia heard the shouting when the Shah announced his leaving. Dilia joined her Persian friends when they celebrated the arrival of Khomeini.

Then on Sunday, February 11, while going down a barricaded street in Tehran, with burned trucks and autos all around, Dilia saw soldiers passing out guns and ammunition to civilians.

Things didn't look good. In spite of what her friends said, Dilia felt the revolution was not over. It was like a voice inside her, telling her to get out. She returned to Isfahan and put her belongings up for sale. Miraculously, she sold everything and even managed a fair price.

On Wednesday, February 14, the U.S. Embassy in

**CONTINUED ON PAGE 24** 



Tuesday, June 26. I feel that God What it is Sunday, July 1. Sunday evening service at Manati. The singing is beautiis going to do something great for me. like to go as a Wednesday, June 27. Orientaful. No hymn books. They just use missionary trainee the Bible. The congregation sings Jeretion. My watch quits running. My camera breaks. Yesterday, when with the first Summer miah 31:13. Saturate me with your others talked about problems, I won-Spirit, Lord. Training and dered why everything had gone so **Evangelism** smoothly for me. Maybe my trials

Thursday, June 28. Orientation sessions today are on witnessing. Tomorrow we fly. Anticipation is unbearable. Call Mom tonight. She sounds upset. Hope she's not worrying about me.

Friday, June 29. We are met in San Juan by young people. Suddenly I feel like a minority. After an on-site orientation session we try to communicate with Puerto Rican youth. It is exciting to try to teach them English as they try to teach us Spanish. They are so happy and vibrant.

Saturday, June 30. It's a great feeling to sing and worship with people of a totally different culture and language. Tonight we go to a plaza in Barrio Obrero. Brother Joaquin Pena, the youth director, preaches. The only part of the sermon I understand is seven hallelujahs. Nevertheless, we are one in spirit and the Holy Spirit is present in our midst.

Monday, July 2. Breakfast—thick cereal, coffee, and peach juice. I wash dishes.

Program. It's special to work alongside our Spanish sisters. Dinner consists of pasti (fried green bananas stuffed with pork and cooked in banana leaves), relleno de papa (fried mashed potatoes stuffed with beef), green bananas, platanos, guienos.

> We visit La Parguera, one of two phosphorescent bays in the world. The other is located in Japan. It makes me think of the peacefulness of being a child of God.

> Wednesday, July 4. As I am catching up my diary, I suddenly realize this is Independence Day! Happy birthday, America! On the way to the airport we sing American songs to celebrate the Fourth. At the airport we shake hands and embrace our Puerto Rican brothers and sisters. Good-bye, Puerto Rico, I love you!

Thursday, July 5. Barbados. On-site orientation at the River Road Church. This afternoon we witness from door to door. Outdoor crusade in Parkinson's Field.

are coming now.

Friday, July 6. Crusade service. The Spirit of the Lord rains down. An altar call is made and half the crowd comes forward. Most are new converts. Several receive the Baptism. Today a lady prays the sinner's prayer with us. Fifty souls have been saved in door-to-door witnessing during the last two days.

Saturday, July 7. STEP presents a puppet crusade at Queen's Park. There are about fifteen puppets. CBC-TV, the Barbadian television company, films the show, to be aired at a later date. Approximately 300 children and adults are present.

This afternoon I go to the home of Sister Myrtle Douglas. We walk all the way through downtown Bridgetown. The main street is crowded, people going in every direction. Open bars all along the street. Discos, fruit stands, wagons selling mangos. Bananas, snow cones, peanuts. Winos stumble along the streets. How empty and lonely their lives. Outside town the small houses are ten to fifteen feet apart. The fronts all look the same.

For lunch I am served cuckoo. It is made with meat and water, boiled okra, hot peppers, onions, and a side dish of mackerel. As I sit in that small kitchen eating, Sister Douglas stands nearby telling me what a blessing the STEP team has been. She says the team has brought the children together. I have brought happiness into their home. Suddenly the thought hits me, "Hey! I'm a missionary."

Sunday, July 8. Quarterly service at River Road Church. At the close of the message, the STEP members of both nations make a circle around the church. We sing "Bind Us Together," and then Brother Hand asks the U.S. members to sit down. He makes an appeal for Bajans to fill in the gaps left by the U.S. members. It is beautiful to see people from the congregation get up and fill the gaps, signifying their commitment to join the youth of their nation in a concentrated effort to reach the lost of their island. Overseer Frank Hinkson prays a prayer of commissioning.

Lunch consists of dressing, pork, rice, and water. I miss Mother's Sunday dinners. With dessert.

Tuesday, July 10. It has been a joy to work with the Bajans. Seeing their Christian enthusiasm and their excitement has made me realize I should be more thankful for what I have.

Wednesday, July 11. Haiti. We tour the market section of Port-au-Prince. Words can't describe the hurt, the distaste, yet the compassion, the feeling of all . . . I just can't say it! Oh God! This is Your creation. These are living souls!

People everywhere. Reaching out for us. Touching us. Crying, "I'm sick, I'm sick." Fruits, vegetables, meat—they are covered with flies and

The team members and counselors for "STEP Across the Caribbean" represented a cross-section of the Church of God in the United States.—Randy Baker (Michigan), Rhoda Hockensmith (Alabama), Joyce Pentycofe (New York), Ellen Gilbert (Georgia), and Naomi Woodfin (Virginia), enjoyed international travels and trans-cultural witnessing.

other insects. Streams of water run along the ground to be used for bathing, cooking, and urinating in. The smell is so bad you have to force yourself to breathe. People live in these streets. Every morning a truck comes through and picks up the 150 or so who have died during the night.

Thursday, July 12. After breakfast everyone grabs a paint brush and we are off to paint youth camp facilities. I especially enjoy this. Physical labor seems rewarding.

Saturday, July 14. We go to the mountains for rest and recreation. Play several games of volleyball. Walk around. It is beautiful. Later in the afternoon, children and women gather around and we give them clothes. Two little boys look especially cute in their new clothes. One lays his old shirt on the ground and sits on it to keep from getting his new pants dirty. When we give an old lady a new shirt, she begins to cry. It is cold on the mountain. The people are dressed shabbily in short sleeves. Only a few have shoes.

After giving out clothes, we roast hot dogs. Delicious. The setting is perfect. On top of a mountain, in the clouds, cool wind blowing in on us, our hearts overflowing with the joy of knowing that we have clothed naked bodies.

Sunday, July 15. I have a more accurate idea of the harvest than I had three weeks ago. I still don't know exactly what the Lord wants me to do. For now, all I can do is keep on living and working for Him and wait upon Him. In His name I am claiming the promise in Isaiah 40:31.

Monday, July 16. Going home today. I praise God for this experience. I am now a better person. With more compassion. Wherever God leads, whatever it takes, I want to fulfill God's divine will in my life.



### Immoraliti Im Print



Alan Clibum Photo

### by Kenneth Johns

You can stop the proliferation of obscene and anti-Christian books.

An increasing number of Americans are asking themselves why such an avalanche of pornography

and obscenity is found in bookstores and peddled through the mails by the top book clubs. They are also beginning to ask educators why obscene and anti-Christian textbooks are used in schools. As you scan the best-seller shelves in the bookstores and read the advertising literature you get from the book clubs, you begin to realize how vast is the number of objectionable books masquerading as literature.

The book business is booming. By pandering to the lowest animal instincts of book buyers, the publishers have assured themselves of high profits. A substantial part of the \$4 billion worth of books sold annually in the United States is cultural and moral trash.

Of course there is reason for this. It is economic. The book industry is now in different hands than only a decade ago.

Many old-line publishers have been taken over by international conglomerates, Hollywood movie firms, and the television networks. Thus the bribery-payola method of doing business of the international firms is creeping into book publishing as are the dubious methods of Hollywood and the debasement practiced by the TV networks.

Barnes and Noble is now a subsidiary of Amtel, a large conglomerate. Ginn and Company, the big Boston textbook publisher, is now owned by Xerox Corporation. D. C. Heath and Company, another Boston textbook house, is owned by Raytheon, an electronics firm. Bantam Books, the giant paperback book house, was sold recently to the Italian Agnelli-Fiat empire which is now building military truck factories in the Soviet Union for the Communist regime.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, an old New York publisher, was acquired in 1975 by MCA. This culturedistorting conglomerate controls Universal Studios and produces films that are heavy on violence and sex. MCA is responsible for bringing before American youth the dope-taking "rock" stars and peddling their records.

Grosset and Dunlap is part of Filmways, a Hollywood firm. Simon and Schuster is now owned by Gulf and Western, a conglomerate that also owns Paramount Pictures.

CBS, which owns the Columbia Broadcasting System radio and television empire, also owns Holt, Rinehart and Winston (a textbook publisher) and W. B. Saunders Company (a medical book publisher). RCA Corporation, parent company of the National Broadcasting Company, owns Random House and Alfred A. Knopf (two hardcover houses) and Ballantine Books (a paperback publisher).

The new owners have bought

"You can stop the proliferation of obscene and anti-Christian books."

the old-line publishers as speculative ventures promising high profits. To make the buyouts possible they have borrowed from bankers—who always insist on a sure thing. This is why only the so-called "best sellers" are coming out. These books pander to the worst attributes of human beings—lust, greed, hedonism.

The book clubs, always ready to make more money, have been "spicing up" their selections for the past few years with such erotic and quasi-pornographic offerings as The Choirboys, Looking for Mr. Goodbar, and Fear of Flying. All contain explicit sex descriptions.

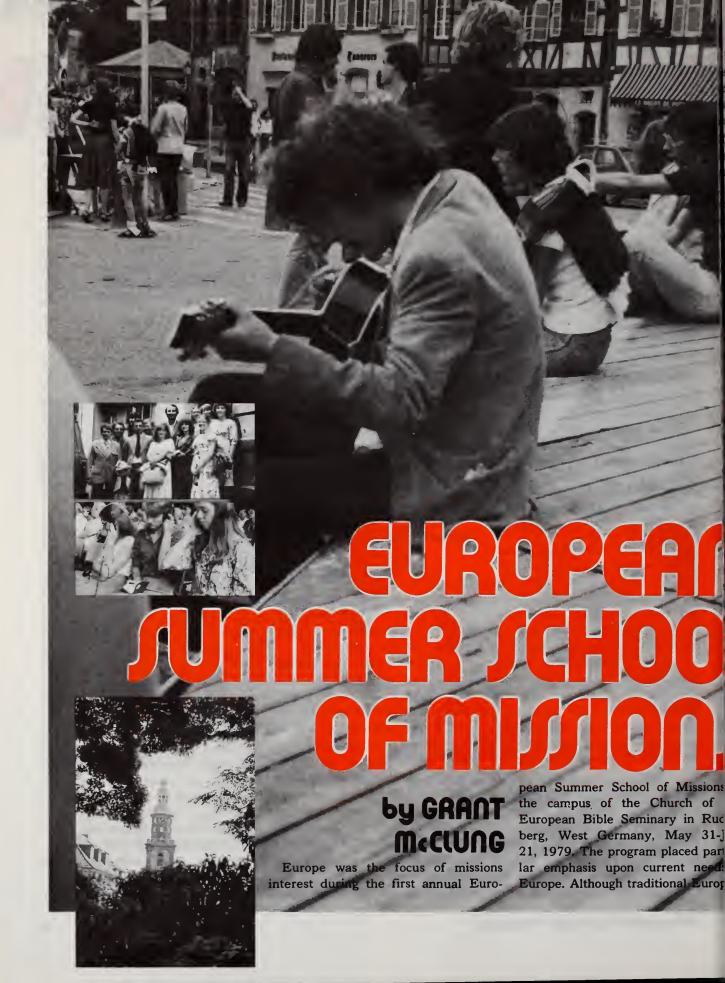
Now, you could say that nobody

is forcing anyone to buy these books. True. But in obscene textbooks the publishers have a captive audience—the nation's youth. And textbook publishers are coming out with increasingly obscene and anti-Christian books. This is obvious. One national tabloid recently noted that "obscene and filthy textbooks are required reading in public schools throughout the nation. Collaterally, they teach atheism which constitutionalists attack as a violation of the separation-of-church-and-state doctrine. The federal government induces local school boards to accept these programs by offering your tax dollars as a reward."

In many communities parents have been successful in getting school boards to stop using obscene and anti-Christian textbooks. You, too, can stop the poisoning of the minds of our youth by active protest. If a local committee is formed to force removal of objectionable books, join it. Get your church involved in the fight for Christian books. Write letters to the school board about books you don't approve of. Write to your local newspaper and radio and television stations.

Don't buy books in bookstores that handle pornography. When you get advertising literature from the book clubs, send it back in the clubs' postage-paid envelopes with a brief note that you do not approve of their peddling filth.

Remember, the smut-book publishers and peddlers are blaspheming your religious beliefs and attacking the morals of the young—all for financial greed. They have no respect for your morality. You should have no respect for them. You must fight them at every opportunity. Only in this way will immorality be removed from the books that America reads.



ome of the Reformation and the of the modern missionary move-, it became evident to particithat twentieth-century Europe is ssion field.

e three-week training program designed to give Church of God g people a personal involvement issions work in Europe. It was a ination of academic, cultural, and terial training. For the team that from four different states (Illi-Virginia, Florida, and Alabama), g impressions were made.

r Harold Stevens, a Lee College major, the trip was an expansion mission vision:

e have always heard of Africa South America as mission fields. I used to think of Europe, I ht of Luther and other great men s era, but not as a missionary avor."

er a weekend field trip to Col-France (in the famous Alsaceine area), Juanita Riggenberg of ose Park, Illinois, noted:

onight I felt such a strong desire mmunicate my love for Jesus with rench people. Going out on the especially at the festival—gave uch a strong desire to want to the gospel with them."

ce the summer school began at lose of the EBS spring semester, owed participants to meet and a few days of fellowship with nts from seven European nations land, Scotland, France, West any, Greece, Spain, and Yugosla-This aspect of the program was meaningful to Denise Bradley Chelsea, Alabama, who reflected, grown to love and appreciate . I feel that some lasting friendhave been made for me."

ornings were spent in class seswith EBS faculty members. Prest Heinrich Scherz traced the nt political and religious scene in pe with his class, "A Culturalous Profile of Modern Europe."

Ridley Usherwood gave background information on the Reformation with his lectures on "Luther and the Reformation."

And Grant McClung taught "The Biblical-theological Foundations of Modern Missions."

Afternoons and evenings were filled with film presentations, dialogue with visiting missionaries, and involvement in local evangelistic outreaches and church services.

Two weekend field trips gave students an extended, "grass-roots" involvement with European lifestyle. On the first trip, students ministered at the Church of God Rest Home in the Black Forest, at the Church of God in Colmar, France, and at the Servicemen's Center in Kaiserslautern, West Germany.

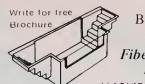
The second weekend took participants to Bavaria where they ministered in house-to-house witnessing, on the street in Munich, and at the Servicemen's Center in Nuremberg.

Again and again, students shared their insight and burden that Europe is spiritually destitute and in need of revival. Europe today is more than the birthplace of western cultural refinement or the home of feudal castles and beautiful historic cathedrals. Europe is more than a half billion people, many of whom are now ready for spiritual harvest!

The church must stop sending tourists and start commissioning missionaries. We trust that the European Summer School of Missions has been and will be used of the Lord to further this burden.

For further information on the 1980 program, write: European Summer School of Missions, European Bible Seminary, Postfach 168, 7062 Rudersberg, West Germany.

> -Grant McClung, Instructor European Bible Seminary



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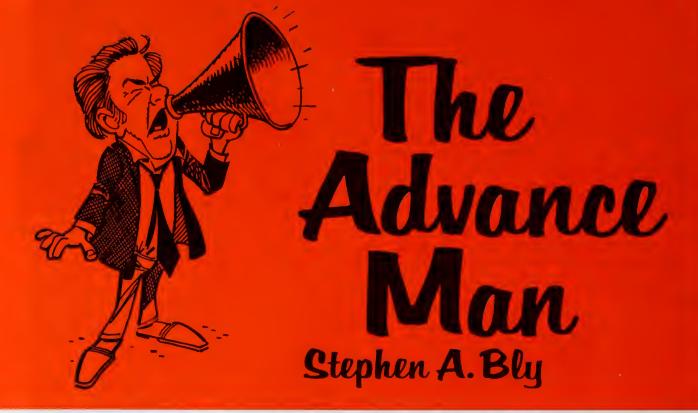
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You ask me if I knew John? You came to the right place, my boy.

You've probably heard of me. My name is Gadol Keciyl. I'm in public relations, advertising.

Well, you've surely heard of Peter's Pastrami Palaces or the Baron's Bagel Bakeries. They're known from Dan to Beersheba. Or perhaps you've seen my ad for Uncle Hymie's Used Chariots.

Anyway, I first met John down in Jericho. One day, after working out a deal with the Herodian Inns, I noticed an unusually large crowd near the banks of the Jordan River. I checked it out. Never can tell when you'll find some salesman off the desert pawning some products from the East. Thought maybe I could pick up something for the little lady. Come to find out it was only a street corner preacher.

I had heard others before, but

this one was different, very different. Actually, he was awful. You should have seen him. His hair needed styling, his beard needed trimming, and a nice moustache or sideburns would have been a great improvement. And his clothes. . .

Now, don't get me wrong. With his ruddy looks and strong voice the guy definitely had charisma. But, a side leather belt? Those went out years ago. And a camel's skin vest? Have you ever smelled a wet camel?

But, I could see possibilities so I stuck around until he was through speaking. I detected the crowd's enthusiasm and I sensed this man could go places. My mind began ticking—a tour in Asia Minor, then to Antioch and Troas. Maybe even to the forum in Athens. And after that—Rome!

Of course, a few refinements needed attention. Change the message a bit. Update the garb. With a good PR man he could make it. I approached him.

"John, my boy," I said, "Have I got a deal for you." I explained the tour plans and then hit him with the big one: "And someday . . . someday you can be right there in the Colosseum in Rome. I can see the billing now—'WILDERNESS JOHN'—you could speak before thousands."

He didn't agree with me. In fact, he got a little worked up over it. Well, I guess I should have expected it. After all, living out there in the boonies, you lose your sense of perspective. He told me something like, "I'd rather obey God than have worldly success."

Can you imagine that? What kind of place would this world be if everyone felt that way? Brother!

Yes, sir, I sure did know old Wilderness John. □

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We Americans were stunned! Christians in poverty-stricken Haiti were giving us an offering!

he fifty Americans were young people who had gone with STEP to the Caribbean last summer. We were at Rue de Centre, a YWEA church in Port-au-Prince, unable to really comprehend what was happening

We knew that Haiti was one of the poorest countries in the western hemisphere. The average income for a family of four was \$100 to \$125 a year. That's right, one hundred dollars a year!

The STÉP team had engaged in village evangelism, passed out Christian literature, distributed clothing, painted Bible school facilities, and was now worshiping with more than 3,000 Haitians on a Sunday morning at Rue de Centre.

In a spontaneous gesture, Pastor Morrisset Laurore announced to the congregation, "Because of these young people and other Church of God young people like them in the United States we are worshiping in these fine facilities. To show our appreciation, we will now give them a love offering."

Frantically, I turned to Missionary

Larry McDaniel sitting beside me. v "No way," I said. "We can't ac- rept that. When I get up to preach, I'll announce that we are giving the money back to the church."

"You'll rob them of the blessing of giving if you do," Brother Mc-Daniel said. "We've been praying for this kind of breakthrough."

The offering came to 150 U.S. dollars! That would be the equiva-

lent of \$20,000 in our economy.
In view of the poverty in Haiti, how do you handle this kind of generosity?

The STEP team voted to donate the offering to next year's YWEA project: REACHING PEOPLE—The South American Harvest. Thus, the first offering for the 1980 YWEA project comes from a congregation that worships in a YWEA sponsored facility!

YWEA, the church's youth missions ministry, continues to dominate the vision and imagination of Church of God young people worldwide. Contributions on last year's project came from several countries outside the United States. The youth of America responded as never before. More than \$750,000

was raised for the 1979 project. A record year!

Again this year, YWEA focuses on penetrating a ripe harvest field. The field is South America. The theme is REACHING PEOPLE.

South America—big, bountiful, and bustling—stretches 4,750 miles from north to south. At its widest point, 2,200 miles separate the Atlantic from the Pacific. The Andes Mountains run like a spine all the way down the western side of the continent.

South America's cities are some of the greatest in the world. Burgeoning sprawls of intermingling communities surround acres of modern high-rise apartment and office buildings. Cosmopolitan centers are filled with Oriental tearooms, international bazaars, quaint churches, smelly fish markets, and shops selling everything from expensive jade and silver to cheap curios and souvenirs. Away from downtown skyscrapers, pastel-tinted buildings seem to fill every square block of landscape. But the harvest is not the buildings, not the archi-

The South American harvest is

people. Cultures, races, and nationalities blend and clash, coming together and pulling apart, like a kaleidoscope. Culturally, the sophisticated urbanite in Sao Paulo or Buenos Aires is light years away from the aborigine in the Amazon jungle. Yet, all must be reached with the gospel. YWEA 1980 will help reach this harvest.

This year's project is dedicated to:

planting a church in Quito,
 Ecuador, the only South American capital without a Church of God.
 equipping a medical clinic in

Valparaiso, Chile.
—building an elementary school in Goiania, Goias Brazil.

in Goiania, Goias Brazil. —establishing a Bible school in Buenos Aires, Argentina. -sponsoring urban evangelistic crusades in La Paz, Bolivia and Sao Paulo, Brazil.

 —helping secure property for a church in Caracas, Venezuela.
 When your church hearins its

When your church begins its YWEA drive, get involved. Participate in the exciting ministry of Church of God young people. Church of we.

Get turned on to obeying the Great Commission.

2. Learn all you can about REACHING PEOPLE—The South American Harvest. Write to your State Director of Youth and Christian Education for details.

3. Schedule a YWEA Prayer Vigil for November 9. Your pastor has the details in his Youth and Christian Education PLANBOOK.

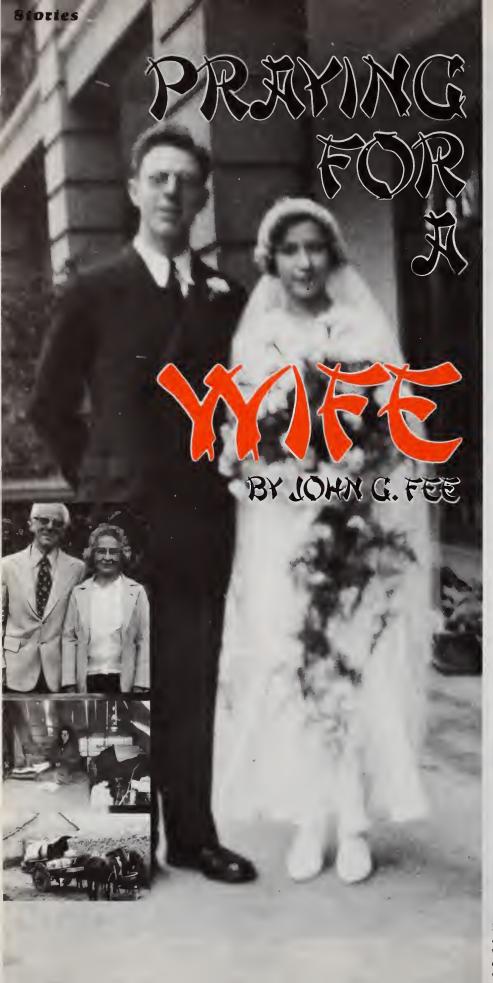
4. Take the initiative and organize your youth group for YWEA action.

5. Pray daily for South America and for the reaping of the harvest there.

The Rue de Centre Church in Port-au-Prince, Haiti, was built with funds from the 1967 YWEA project. Now one of the most effective and dynamic churches in our denomination, it sponsors several schools, a dispensary, a dential clinic, and a technical college. Activities go on in this church from 5 a.m. until midnight seven days a week.

Thousands of souls will be won to Christ through your efforts in 1980 YWEA. The first donation is already in! From our brothers and sisters in Haiti. □

Photos, top to bottom: Haiti scene. —The future of the Church of God in South America rests with its young people . —The young people of Caruthersville, Missouri, raised bucketfulls of money for YWEA last year. Pictured left to right are: Ray Murray, state director; Joan Henson, YWEA representative; Pam Shearin, FTH secretary; and E. L. Joplin, pastor. Back row: Ron Dane, FTH president and Dennis Bayless, Sunday school superintendent. —A Church of God congregation located high in the Andes in Peru. —YWEA 1980 will sponsor evangelistic crusades throughout South America.



True story of a missionary's discovery that God works in mysterious ways. . . .

We were sixty-three single men in the China Inland Mission language school a few hundred miles up the Yangtze River. Studying language, history, the customs of China in order to serve the Lord as missionaries.

One day a senior missionary asked, "How many of you men are engaged to be married or else are corresponding seriously with someone?"

Three or four hands went up.

"All right," he continued, "how many of the rest of you are praying every day for your future wife? You have no idea who she is but, if ever you are to be married, your future wife is now living. She needs your prayers today as much as she ever will."

From that day on I hardly missed a day praying for "my wife." Whoever she might be. Once in the interior of China, it might be a year or two before I met an eligible young lady. If God had a wife for me, He knew who she was and He would bring us together in His own time. So I prayed for her earnestly.

After language school, five of us were sent to the Hanchung area of South Shensi province. There we continued language study, we were fitted with Chinese clothes, we got to know the Chinese people, and at the same time we learned a little of the work.

In about four months my fellow worker and I left the central station for our first full-time assignment in an outstation some thirty miles away. We didn't see another white face,

Rev. and Mrs. John G. Fee at the time of their wedding.——Today.——Two scenes of their early missions work in China.

but we had a rewarding fellowship with the Chinese Christians and we matured in experience.

It was at the end of this time that the Lord began to change things for me. On the morning we were to return to Hanchung I awoke with a pain in my lower right side. In spite of this we walked the thirty miles back home without trouble. The following morning my pain returned. By noon I was doubled up with appendicitis. Six weeks in bed and a trip to Shanghai-that's a story we will have to leave for now, but according to His will the Lord was working out His plan for

Upon my recuperation from surgery, officials decided I wasn't to be so far from a hospital as formerly and so assigned me to Honan on the central China plain. In all those seventeen months I had seen only two single white ladies of my own age.

Another young man and I worked alone during that summer. It was hot. Day after day the temperature arose to one hundred and nineteen degrees in the shade. Our superintendent thought that, in my condition, I should not stay in the heat of the plain. Thus we made our way to the mission center on a mountaintop in South Honan. Here we had a few weeks of study and spiritual refreshment with about thirty of our fellow missionaries. Although a number of eligible young ladies were present, there was no indication that "my wife" was among them.

Another year passed without my seeing a prospect. Again I found myself on the mountaintop, arriving just in time for afternoon tea. As people gathered in the dining room I saw through the window a young lady I recognized. She had been one of a large party of ladies I had seen in Vancouver, British Columbia, about three years before. As she passed my window a very definite sensation swept over me.

It was not love at first sight. Actually, as I look back, it was more like the Lord showing me this was the one whom He was preparing for me. I did not think of it at the time, nor did I remember her name.

Without any forethought I found myself sitting by her at the table for afternoon tea. She was Miss Theodora Williamson, one of three sisters in the mission. Her sister Frances was with us.

Again without any planning or thought I met up with the two sisters and another young lady that evening as little groups gathered to go for walks.

We walked up a long, broad path on the ridge and watched the sun set. During this enjoyable walk I found myself trying to walk with Theodora, who occasionally tried to edge me off with one of the other ladies.

On the second and third nights we followed the same pattern but I was not pushed off. On the fourth evening after our walk I asked "Miss Williamson" if she would walk with me for a little longer. I told her it might seem rather fast, and I did not understand it myself, but I felt she was making me love her.

I recall no reply but I left that night feeling very happy.

I was still praying earnestly

every day for "my wife" and even at this time did not really think of being "in love." On the fifth night we went out alone but did not walk very far.

We sat on a bench along one of the main trails. Proposal was farthest from my mind. I had not given it a thought. I did not even know the girl. Had not even held her hand until that night. But as we sat there for quite some time, I put my arm around her and a deep love began to well up in my heart. I finally blurted out, "You know, I really love you."

And, as she has done a thousand times during these forty-four years since in answer to the same remark, Theodora said, "And I love you."

"Do you love me enough to be my wife?"

"Yes, I do."

We sealed it with our first kiss.

Some young people may say, "You sure were a fast worker!" But just reread that last paragraph and see if you think I was working. Rather, can't you see how through those almost three years God had been working and moving me hundreds of miles, yes thousands of miles, while He was planning our way. That very day, Theo had spent time in prayer and the Lord had set her mind at ease concerning me. He told her this was of God.

Thank God for His love and faithfulness.

We were married in Shanghai six months later.

In these forty-four years God has blessed us richly and given us five daughters and twelve

**CONTINUED ON PAGE 25** 

### Intensive Care

### by Helen M. Friese

8 a.m. I enter the Intensive Care waiting room. My nerves expand to the limit, straining to accept what lies ahead. This room is sandwiched between the operating room for very major surgery and the Intensive Care Unit where patients will be transferred after surgery.

A very efficient, cold, androidlike woman sits at the desk, asking my name and the name of my sister, who is to have surgery. Masked in indifference she seems more interested in the coffee machine than the living or dying in the next room. Perhaps she wears this mask to survive. I decide I do not like her.

I settle into a comfortable looking chair. The efficient one offers me a cup of coffee and a doughnut saying, "Please do not take any more, but call me instead." My body feels taut enough; her attitude does not help. But I shrug my shoulders and try to block out her rigid back.

I glance at the other souls in the room. Why are they here, I wonder. What relative do they have lying on that surgical table, with tubes and IV's and masks strung out over a human skeleton, spilling out its internal channels in the other room? Do they have this same horrible lump in their throats that is forming in mine? Do they have this throbbing headache whenever some doctor softshoes

past, or some green-garbed surgeon appears? Why are we all here? What is the single thread running around this room, that keeps us glancing about, knitting or trying to read words that blur? My eyes keep reading the same page over and over.

My sister's surgeon has told me, "about four and one half hours." I sigh, checking my watch for the tenth time. To relieve my tension, I strike up a conversation with the couple seated across from me on the uncomfortable looking sofa. She is about six months' pregnant and looks so young. He doesn't look old enough to be a father. I ask, "Who are you waiting for?" They say, "We're waiting for tests on our two-year-old son. They suspect cancer of the leg and have taken bone marrow."

What can I say? I nod and mumble, "I'm sorry."

An elderly lady enters the room and sits down next to me. She takes out her knitting and starts in feverishly. I ask, "Why are you here?"

She says, "I have a friend who has had six operations this past year and today they are performing the seventh. My friend has eaten only with the help of tubes for the last six months."

She knits on while I disjointedly try to stimulate idle chatter.

How long will it be before

my doctor comes through that swinging door?

An elderly man comes into the room. He starts to talk to me. He seems resigned but cheerful. Only the occasional clicking of his false teeth betray his inner turmoil. My thoughts return to my sister in that other room—surgery.

I glance at the wall clock: 9 a.m.

Three women come in and sit on the sofa: a young girl, her mother and another friend. They prattle on about fashion shows, what kind of coats they should buy. Utter trivia but filling the minutes. Is it their father in there, I wonder.

Every half hour a surgeon appears in one of the doors to the room. Each time an electric spark goes through the group in the waiting room. We all look up. Then the austere receptionist beckons one of the relatives and there follows a quiet consultation with the surgeon in the hallway. When the news is good, we all have that common bond of relief. The tension relaxes a bit.

Another hour passes.

Everyone in the room seems more subdued. The talk wears down to indifference. The faces grow weary and more concerned as the morning wears on. Only the occasional click of knitting needles or the rustle of a magazine page breaks the silence.

11:41 a.m. A surgeon suddenly appears in the foyer. The atmosphere peaks. The young couple get up. There is a long huddle in muffled tones with the surgeon. We try not to listen. The young mother gasps, "Oh, no." She starts to weep as her husband leads her to the elevator. Their private agony. Why, I think, Why?

12:10 p.m. Into the room strides a fortyish, heavily larded woman, poured into a jet-set blue dress. She is overly made up, wearing grotesque, heavy glasses, a too-tight sweater, and she is talking very loudly to somebody next to her. The atmosphere of the room stirs to life again. Nerves jangle. She sits down and continues rasping. Suddenly the phone rings on the receptionist's desk. The call is for the heavyset woman. Completely unconcerned with the glares from the receptionist, the woman continues in a blasting voice that probably can be heard in surgery. She loudly repeats phone numbers and plane flights as if alone in

the world. All of our attention is riveted on her. For the first time our thoughts are not on our own problems, but we are wondering why she has interrupted this scene like a gigantic cow stumbling into an array of Steuben glass. She leaves the waiting room for a brief period, conversing intensely with the woman next to her.

Suddenly she walks over to the red wall phone and starts to make another call. Most of us think this phone is only for professional use, but she blunders on. One call follows another and they all transpire in that same careless, grating voice. We cannot help but overhear. I think, What an obnoxious woman. Why has she broken into this quiet room, interrupting our private thoughts and emotions? Some people just have no feelings. Why is there always one in a crowd who makes it difficult for all the others?

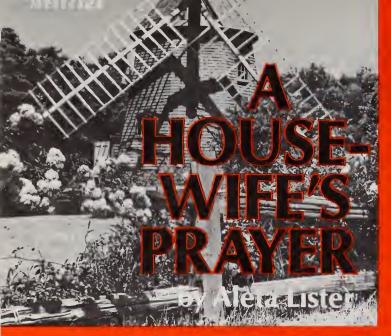
As the morning drags out, I sense we are all in a "theater of intensity," a harsh proving ground where death hovers amongst the curtains of the room. I become more engulfed in my own concerns.

1:30 p.m. Suddenly our surgeon is here in his green gown, funny little green hat and unbelievable tennis shoes. He surprises me by sitting down on the floor in front of me, saying, "I've got good news, Mrs. Friese. Your sister has survived her arterial heart surgery. She is alive." I feel at peace with the whole world.

As the day melts into evening and I make my hourly trip into Intensive Care to check my sister's progress, I notice the waiting room slowly emptying. Even the mechanical woman and the coffee machine are gone. By 9:30 p.m. when I make my last rounds before I journey to the train station, I glance at a solitary figure sitting in the waiting room.

The flashy, heavyset woman in the blue dress is sitting on the couch, staring into space. Alone. She is no longer aggres-CONTINUED ON PAGE 25





Dear Lord, help me to need what I have. I don't ask for "this day our daily bread" because I already have it and am likely to wake up to it and a lot more in the morning. I don't ask for anything else—just to need what I have. Because, O Lord, I know that only the people who can need what they have are happy.

Help me to need my husband with his overgrown football player's physique and appetite. Help me, so that I will not be a fair-weather wife—because I know that, at heart, he is tender and enduring. Help me to need him more than that type I didn't leave him for ten years ago.

Help me to need my teenage son, even when he is a brilliant oaf—because he does not act like an oaf when he falls short of the perfectionist standards he sets for himself. Either that, or he bugs out. Help me, for I would not be a fair-weather mother.

Help me, O Lord, to need the faultiness of things and people. Help me to need the tears in the nature of things. Because I know they are always going to be there, help me to need them.

Help me to need human imperfection, because I know that I am not always at my best; yet loved ones accept me and the world goes on.

Help me to need the *El Paso Times*, dear Lord, when I would have the *New York Times*, a mountain when I'd like a skyscraper, a backyard barbecue when I'd throb to a Hawaiian guitar and luau.

Help me to need to plan a vacation on a shoestring in Mexico, when I would sun on the Riviera on fifty dollars a day.

Help me to need a Spanish-style house and furnishings, when I would redecorate with Scandinavian modern. Help me to need a \$30,000

house, when down the street is one that cost \$60,000.

Help me to need a midmorning coffee break in the kitchen, when I wouldn't mind sipping lemonade in Barcelona. Help me to look kindly in the honeysuckle at the window when it's Bougainvillea I adore.

Help me to need desert landscaping, when I would love to look at any Virginia tree. Dear Lord, help me to need to water Bermuda grass, when anywhere else we would weed it out like an intruder.

Help me to need to vote in elections where either candidate makes me want to shut my eyes and hold my nose.

Help me to need a size twelve dress, when it's a size six on the classy chassis next door that I really have in mind.

Help me to need television about twelve hours a day, when I can't abide pastimes for spectators and would prefer cycling through the tulips in Holland. Help me, because my husband and son seem to need television, and You know they wouldn't miss the Dallas Cowboys if we had free tickets for "Fiddler on the Roof."

Help me to need my misadventures, so I can grow and rise above them.

Help me, dear Lord, to need the positive in me, the good in me, because You, if anybody, should know how much of the negative there is lurking in us all, just waiting to get the upper hand. Help me to need the balance point between the good and the evil and to know where it is, so that I can survive.

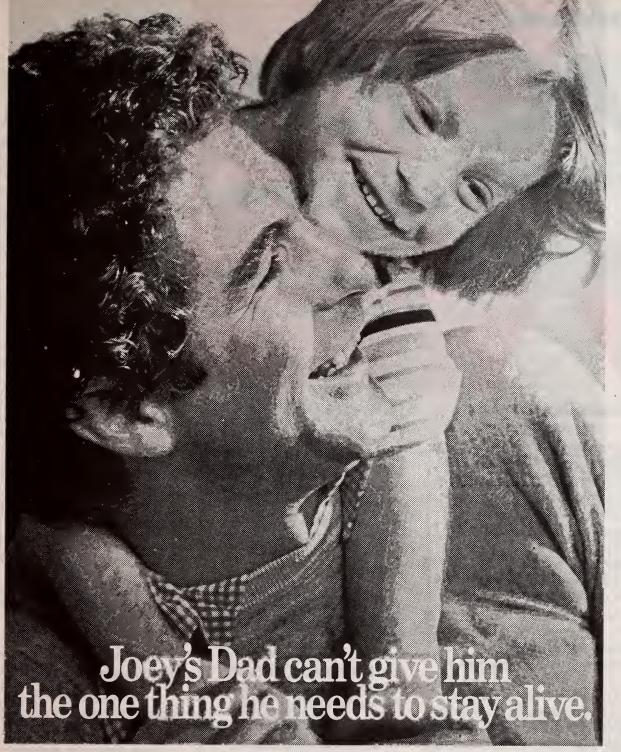
Help me to need joy, to need to hear the joy bells, and to help them ring.

But help me at the same time, O Lord, to need to remain vulnerable to the pain and the sadness of the world. If nobody identified with the pain and the sadness of the moment, if nobody recognized it and felt it, that would be the worst of all.

Help me, O Lord, to make my peace with the facts. Between the two of us, dear Lord, I'm past forty, and not too much is going to be different from what it is now.

Help me, dear Lord, to remember that a famous philosopher told me that when I actually arrive to talk with You, You will not ask me, "Why weren't you Joan of Arc?" but rather, "Why weren't you Aleta?"

In short, dear Lord, help me to need my character, because it is my fate. Help me to be me—because nobody else can.



He'd give him one of his kidneys, if he could. Both of Joey's have failed. Unfortunately, willing relatives don't always have kidneys that will match.

So Joey waits.

A kidney machine can buy precious time. But the longer kids like Joey have to wait for real kidneys, the more their growth and development are stunted.

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only chance for a full, normal life is a donated kidney. Their odds for a suitable match improve every time someone signs and carries a donor card.

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your child?

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General Department of Youth and Christian Education

Compiled by Nancy Neal

### MAKING A GOOD IMPRESSION

The impression you make on another person can lead to a valuable friendship, a better job, even a happy marriage.

Of course, you may have labeled yourself as too shy or as unable to make yourself pleasantly noticed. Those are valid factors. But . . . they can be overcome.

Lucky for you—and the rest of the world—making a terrific first impression is not a matter of some mysterious magnetism. It is a skill, like riding a bike, that can be acquired with a little practice and a little "how-to-go-about-it" knowledge. Here's your first clue: Don't try too hard! Let the other person try to impress you. Too much effort will drive others away and leave you wondering just what you did wrong.

Then there are three areas of dead giveaway: (1) your facial expression, (2) your conversation, and (3) your emotional attitude.

The most important thing you wear is the expression on your face. Generally, your face mirrors your personality. Looking gloomy will not draw friends. But neither will an excessively animated face . . . nor a "dead pan" expression. Relax! Let your face mirror the thoughts and emotions of the other person.

Conversation is an exchange of ideas. It is not talking excessively in an effort to dazzle those around you. Don't parade your education, your accomplishments. You may develop several inferiority complexes and few friends.

Your behavior is the outward expression of your inner feelings. Whereas it is not necessary to be a carbon copy of the person next to you, it is important not to cultivate an extreme point of view.

In essence, the shortcut to making a good impression is liking yourself and knowing your own personal worth. Look at yourself in the mirror. And relax! You can make that good impression by being yourself.

### **REALLY LIVING**

Men of medicine have determined that there are six basic needs or wants inside of us that we must have:

- (1) High regard and affection of others
  - (2) A strong feeling of security
- (3) Outlets for creative expression
  - (4) Recognition
  - (5) New experiences
  - (6) Self-esteem

These same researchmen say that lack of *any one* of these basic needs causes us to be unhappy, tense, and restless.

Life is far too precious to waste on unhappiness, tension, or boredom. But there are methods through which we can gain these needs:

If we lack love, we should give more than our share to other human beings.

If we lack security, we should keep our emotions healthy—and not add to a bad situation.

If we lack creative expression, we should just go to it.

If we lack recognition, we should recognize others; some of it will come back.

If we need new experiences, we must plan on something all the time.

If we've lost our self-esteem, we should remember that "we" are just as good as "they" are.

By putting these methods into practice, we will experience increased happiness. We will learn to really live.  $\square$ 

### A DIET FOR BETTER HEALTH

Actually, this "diet" consists of some basic rules for avoiding ulcers:

- (1) Keep life simple. Campbell's Soup Company has long advocated that "simple pleasures are the best."
- (2) Learn to like work. 'Tis a rare breed that doesn't have to work for a living, so you might as well like it.
- (3) Develop a good hobby. A creative interest will eliminate boredom, for boredom only gives you time to dwell on your troubles.
- (4) Learn to be satisfied. Don't invite unnecessary misery.
- (5) Like people. Unless you're a hermit, you will always be rubbing elbows or meeting bumper-to-bumper.
- (6) Don't allow minor irritations to get under your skin. You can learn to ignore potential irritations.

Healthy living is yours for the taking. Start keeping your thinking and your attitude calm and cheerful . . . but begin now.

### SPOOF

Look it up. Then you can endeavor to prove your power of spoof. Here's how:

Choose a word from the dictionary that no one knows. Have everyone write a believable definition for it. The one with the dictionary writes-in his own words-the real definition. Gather all the definitions and read them aloud; each person votes for the most likely definition.

One point is earned for voting for the real definition. But each vote for a phony definition gives

the creator of it one point. Oops! Spoofed again!

Pass the dictionary.

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# Youth UPDATE

Lamar Vest, Assistant General Director of Youth and Christian Education

### CHURCH OF GOD YOUTH— STAND UP FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL

During the month of October the Church of God is railying its forces for Sunday school support. A vital part of this fall Sunday school emphasis will be youth involvement. Sunday, October 21, has been designated "Youth Emphasis Sunday." The purpose of this special Sunday emphasis is three-fold: (1) to spotlight young people in the local church; (2) to honor them for achievements; and (3) to emphasize the impact of Sunday school on young lives. Participation includes the following:

- 1. Youth Leadership Involvement. Young people will fill Sunday school leadership positions on Sunday, October 21—superintendent, teachers, secretaries, and so on.
- 2. Youth Recognition. A special recognition will be given to young people for their contribution to church and community, their potential Sunday school leadership and their involvement in church activities.
- 3. Youth Sunday School Banquet (or breakfast). Many local churches will sponsor a meal function to express love to young people for their support of Sunday school and to build a better rapport between youth and Sunday school leadership.
- 4. Youth Outreach. A special visitation will focus on Church of God youth

- visiting other youth in the community in behalf of Sunday school and church ministries.
- 5. Class Activities. Several class activities have been suggested in the "Stand Up for Sunday School" planning guide. Talk with your pastor or superintendent about particulars.

Young people have always been a very active part of Sunday school. And, for as long as Sunday school remains a vibrant force in Christian education, young people will be at the vanguard of its effectiveness. Sunday school needs young people and young people need Sunday school.

Stand up for Sunday school!

### LIVING THROUGH A REVOLUTION

(Continued)

Tehran was attacked by a mob and Khomeini's own soldiers went to the embassy's defense. All Americans were advised to leave Iran. Most of them grabbed only a few personal belongings and headed for the airport. Dilia was ready, her things packed.

On Tuesday, February 20, she said farewell to her friends and reported to the U.S. Embassy.

Dilia was at the embassy by 4 p.m. Everyone seemed confused, U.S. Marines as well as the others. Iranian guards were all around. During the night, the Iranians appeared suddenly and told Dilia and the others to get down on the floor. Fortunately, the expected attack didn't take place.

At the airport next day, Dilia joked with the Persian guards, talked their language, and managed to get through customs and onto the big Pan Am plane with a minimum of problems.

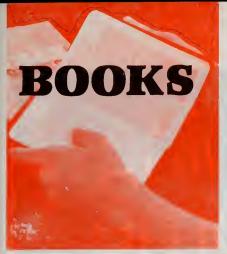
She sat quietly. Thinking. Praying. Listening to a few men joking about the Shah and asking for drinks. Others were more serious. Some in tears because loved ones were being left behind.

Dilia thought of home. Her parents in Chicago. Her brothers.

The jet roared. Destination? Frankfurt, Germany.

Dilia Camacho opened her Bible and read:

"Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident. . . . For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion. . . . Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path" (Psalm 27).



OVERCOMING YOUR CIRCUM-STANCES, Ronald Brock. Eleven of Pastor Brock's most relevant sermons, preached at North Cleveland. Applicational. Biblical. For pastors and evangelists, a special bonus in back: outlines. Some titles: Taste of Ashes, Healed But Scarred, and When There Is No Place to Go. Price, \$4.00. Order from North Cleveland Church of God, 335 11th Street NE, Cleveland, TN 37311. Or Pathway Bookstore.

HOW TO MAKE CHILDREN'S CHURCH COME ALIVE, Jeanne Varner. With puppet shows. Excellent materials from one who knows children. Paperback, \$3.95. Pathway Press, 1080 Montgomery Avenue, Cleveland, TN 37311. □

CHINA, A NEW DAY, Stanley Mooneyham, president of World Vision International. Insightful and exciting diagnosis of China today: her interesting historical roots, values, Christian missions, and likely position in future years. Written by a master craftsman and a committed servant of the gospel. Paperback. Logos International, Plainsfield, NJ 07060.

SHADOW OF SODOM (Facing the Facts of Homosexuality), Paul D. Morris, Ph.D. For the counselor and serious student, an excellent and definitive study of a subject shrouded in myth. Dr. Morris cuts through the myths. He builds his arguments well. He is fair and impartial. He uses the Bible appropriately. Tyndale House Publishers, Inc., Wheaton, Illinois.

APPROACHING THE DECADE OF SHOCK, Clifford Wilson, Ph.D. and John Weldon. For ministers, here's a book packed with more facts and figures on what's happening in our world than you'll find in many magazines. In fact, the authors quote heavily from authorities in such diverse fields as economics, arms race, inflation, pollution, the international scene. They describe the world in which the Antichnist could very well appear and, in a concluding chapter that has to be one of the finest I've ever read, they list Christianity as man's only hope. Hardback. Master Books, San Diego, California.

MY FRIEND, THE BIBLE, John Sherrill. Personal account of how one man, a layman, has learned to depend on God's Word for strength and guidance. Same author who wrote They Speak With Other Tongues. John deals with the false and counterfeit approaches to the Bible, subtle temptations to use God's Word wrongly,

the very personal dilemmas of his own life. Beautifully done. Hardcover. Chosen Books, Lincoln, VA 22078. □

HAROLD E. HUGHES, THE MAN FROM IDA GROVE (lowa), with Dick Schneider. Not Howard but Harold. Farm boy, alcoholic, truck driver, governor, U.S. Senator—the personal and moving account of a man's struggle with self and with God and conscience in today's world. One of the best biographies of the year. Hardcover. Your local bookstore. Chosen Books, Lincoln, VA 22078. □

THE LAST SEVEN YEARS. Carol Balizet. A novel that could happen in our lifetime. About end-time. The tribulation. How the Antichrist could come on the scene. Written by a nurse. Set in Tampa. Exciting. Your Christian bookstore. Chosen Books, Lincoln, VA 22078. □

#### PRAYING FOR A WIFE

(Continued)

grandchildren. I can honestly say that although I have brought my wife to tears on several occasions we have never had a serious argument and our love has grown deeper and richer as the years have passed. We have gone through some deep waters, even through the "valley of the shadow of death," but I can say with the hymn writer, "All the way my Savior leads me; what have I to ask beside."

So, young person, pray every day for your future mate. If you are over ten years old it is quite likely that your future spouse is living somewhere. Why not start praying earnestly and faithfully for her/him right now that the Lord will bless and prepare you for each other. And, you who are working with young people, will you not pick up this challenge and pass it on to as many young people as you can? Surely they need God's help in this important choice and this is the time to start praying.

"Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass" (Psalm 37:4, 5).

#### **INTENSIVE CARE**

(Continued)

sive. She seems stripped of her offensive brashness and somehow appears smaller than I pictured her before.

My mood changes. My earlier irritation and revulsion revert to compassion. I sense she needs somebody to talk with. I go up to her and softly ask, "How are things going for you?"

She looks at me, blinking back huge tears, which make her eye makeup run and says, "My daughter is in there. An automobile accident. She is completely paralyzed. They hope to save her arms, but she will never walk again. She was a student nurse at this hospital and only twenty-one. They can fix everything else in this world. Why can't they find a way to repair the spinal cord?"

I reach for her hands and fumble for a few words of sympathy.

"I'm so sorry."

How inadequate and forced.

How could I have misjudged this woman? Her thunderous attitude was her defense, an effort to overcome her agony.

I leave ICU for the last time. I jab the elevator button. I think, if only the clock in this room could talk, what intense stories it could tell.

Intensive Care. That's what we have been doing all day—caring intensely.



### **Slice of Life**

### "The scene burned on your mind like a Norman Rockwell painting..."

You're in a chapel.

Up front, center stage.

Before you the fuzzy gray of a casket, framed with the faces of a small crowd who have come to pay final respects.

It's fall. Beyond two statuelike funeral home attendants at the open chapel doors you see the Appalachian mountains aflame with October splendor. Dying leaves.

The organ plays, "Beyond the Sunset."

The family sits down front, to your right. A brother in the evening of life himself, hair white, face deeply chiseled, lips firm, blue eyes steady. You know by looking into his face that the pain is there . . . deep . . . smouldering. A face that has been scarred too many times to crack further. Only stoical acceptance of what can neither be changed nor fully explained.

Next to him is the son-in-law. Black suit tailored for one forty pounds heavier. Thin face. Long neck with prominent Adam's apple that bobbles constantly because he swallows constantly. His white shirt collar is open and there's no tie. He fidgets, repeatedly crossing and uncrossing his long legs. Misery.

Then the daughter. She sits quite demurely for one overweight, hands twisting at a handkerchief in her lap. Face cherubic in spite of tears. Her dress is new-so obviously new that one wouldn't be surprised to find the price tag attached-and on her feet, legs crossed beneath the pew in a futile attempt to hide . . . tennis shoes.

Nephews and nieces occupy the remaining front pew and behind them, second row, a line of small children who push and punch one another and who whisper from the sides of their mouths. and who roll their eyes, unawed and unimpressed by that mysterious thing in the box up front.

Dutifully, and in turn, Mother or Dad turns around with a threatening gesture that snaps them to attention momentarily. Then the relapse.

Two brothers, ages eight and ten, are especially active. There's a tug-of-war going on just out of sight, a battle the elder wins. He

straight forward. step to the pulpit. Open your Bible.

Read.

Pray.

Just as you begin to form sentences of comfort, just as your voice modulates the proper tone of seriousness. . . .

smiles smugly and sits back, eyes

As the organ music fades you

Older brother lifts a big orange pop to his lips, swigging thirstily until his cheeks hollow with vacuum. . . .

Younger brother wraps two hands around the bottle in a grab for his share. . . .

Lips pop. . . .

Carbonated orange sprays. . . .

Mother reaches around with a backhand slap that cracks both boys to attention. . . .

You speak on, heaven only knowing what you say. . . .

You remember it later, the scene burned on your mind like a Norman Rockwell painting, and you somehow feel God's sense of humor forbids the taking of any situation, even death, too seriously.



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serve the interests of the Church of God graduate program for years to come. Designed with the future in mind, this building is to



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#### THIS ISSUE

Thanksgiving.

For the Gerald Geske's of our world who dare to dream, to reach out, to walk down a path alone. Not all such walks result in earth-shaking changes but the excitement of doing the unusual comes through just the same. It's something the young in heart appreciate.

For the thoughts of Wanda Cato, now Brett, which remind us of blessings; and for J. E. DeVore's sharing of "Spiritual Songs."

For Pastor W. R. Baker's bulletin insert, "Where Is Happiness?", Dolton, Illinois, our Call of the Master.

Most of all for our families as reflected in the thoughts of Bob Fisher and for the concept itself which originated with, "Our Father, Who art in heaven. . . ."

Thanksgiving, as well, for our readers and faithful promoters who share our joy in this magazine and who believe its message of hope to be important for our youth.

Yes. . . .

We are thankful.

Hoyt & Stone

# Geske's Dream GERALD GESKE BUILT HIMSELF AN AIRPLANE.

IT TOOK HIM FOUR YEARS AND A CASH INVESTMENT OF \$1,200. GERALD DESIGNED THE PLANE HIMSELF. GERALD FLIES IT. THE PLANE IS 15.5' LONG. WINGSPAN, 17.5'. IT WEIGHS A LITTLE OVER 450 POUNDS, IS POWERED BY A 65HP CONTINENTAL AIRCRAFT ENGINE, TAXIES ON TWO 10" GO-CART WHEELS, AND FLIES AT 155 MPH.





Stone Photo

#### GESKE'S DREAM (CONTINUED)

Those are the statistical facts. Facts which become all the more meaningful when Gerald stands alongside the plane. He's a 5-foot-11-inch, muscular Canadian who weighs 220 pounds; and who, it almost seems, could carry his plane in his arms.

Gerald's plane isn't a toy. He calls it an experimental plane, and he's an active member of the Experimental Aircraft Association (EAA). I call it a most ingenious work of technical craftsmanship: proof positive of what a young man can do if he's determined.

Gerald amassed his knowledge of aerodynamics through books, technical journals, and personal consultation with other members of EAA. While not revolutionary, the plane has incorporated some new concepts and Gerald admits his first flight was something of an unforgettable experience.

He didn't just get in the plane and take off. First he tried the plane out on the ground, taxiing back and forth on a runway at a neighboring airport. Right off he noticed that

his own body weight affected the plane's balance. It was important how he adjusted his seat. After four hours of feeling the plane out, of toying with the delicate balance, he opened the throttle and took off.

The plane is airborne at a speed of 65 mph. Gerald says it has some flying peculiarities of its own, the short wingspan designed for speed rather than for maximum lift; and Gerald has to make his landing approach fast, in the neighborhood of 90 mph, because the air speed bleeds off immediately on flare out.

I met Gerald in his hometown of Halliday, North Dakota.

Population 700, give or take a few. That's south of Twin Buttes and just off the Fort Berthold reservation where Gerald pastors a mission and works with the Indians. Arrangements were made by phone and I wanted directions.

"Come to the cafe," Gerald said. "There's only one. Any stranger in town I'll know."

So did everyone else, it seemed, for when we went into the cafe, in the midst of dust-covered farmers and booted ranchers, I felt stared at. Even before giving myself away with a mixed-up Tennessee-Virginia drawl. It was a benign stare, though, and I knew my being with Gerald made everything all right.

"We just paved the streets here in our town a month or so ago," Gerald said. "Folks think that's worth celebrating. We've planned to have a big festival and to dedicate the streets. Some have asked that I buzz the town with my plane."

We sipped lemonade. Talked.

Gerald was born on a farm in Midale, Saskatchewan, He attended International Bible College in Moose Jaw, then went to Northwest Bible College in Minot, North Dakota, graduating in 1969. For five years he pastored in Missoula, Montana, and it was while there that he earned a master's degree in Guidance and Counseling. Along with his present work with Indians on the reservation. Gerald is employed by the Fort Berthold school system as a director of Special Education programs for three school districts. He's married to the former Margaret Davis, a licensed practical nurse, and

they have two children: Rachel, age 7; and Rebecca, age 15 months.

Gerald Geske will talk if you prime him.

"My real interest is with young people. Indian or not doesn't matter because people are people. All have problems. All need help through Christ and the gospel. I do most of my work with Indians in homes, although we have one full service at the mission each week. Whether it's at school, at church, or in a home, I like helping people."

Gerald drove me out toward the reservation in his Honda. Fast. At one spot in the road where the pavement was broken he swerved left, throwing gravel and making the car skid. A sign read, "Road ends, 18 miles."

"And that it does," Gerald said. "At Lake Sakakawea. You crossed part of the lake on your drive down from Minot. Takes in much of the reservation. Totally cuts off this lower section."

We looked out over a vast country, low hills and buttes rolling away in all directions. An azure blue canopy stretched over us, tied down invisibly on far horizons. Nearer, farmers were plowing under their recently harvested wheat fields, leaving checkered patterns. Farther off, I saw the dust of a combine. Dry gullies crisscrossed the open prairie, some with trees, and in these spots cattle grazed.

Once Gerald paused and pointed right. "Often you can see deer over there. Or antelope. That old barn is the site of an abandoned farm. Beyond it, the reservation begins."

We passed a cemetery, its graves neatly clustered off in one corner and out front a cross in the ground. Gerald didn't know what the cross signified, other than its obvious marking of a Christian gravesite; but, when I asked, he stopped and backed the car up in order to look for graves set off in the opposite corner.

"You'll find a number of those out here," Gerald said. "Such graves are suicides. Ritual suicide. We have some Russian immigrants who came into the country early in the century and, back a few years, it wasn't unusual for an old man who felt he was becoming a burden to settle his estate, go to the barn, and hang himself."

Turning off the main road, Gerald drove me out toward a small butte. The butte grew larger as we approached, reaching more than a hundred feet. A massive hunk of rock that refused to be whittled away, standing sentinel-like in the valley, just as before any white man ever came to North Dakota.

For a moment there, I thought Gerald Geske and that butte shared something in common—both stalwart, solid, part of the land—then I thought of this big hunk of a man squeezed into his little plane and taking off on go-cart wheels to soar like an eagle and it dawned on me that human nature will remain forever enigmatic.

Man is by nature a dreamer. Reaching upward. Beyond himself.

And genius grows indiscriminately. Thank God it does.

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NATURAL SHOWCASE:
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the light conditions in this
greatest of all chasms.
Different vaniage prints fro
both the south and porth rilps
where the perspective. This is
people go back year
tar, to stand in awe
mon's edge. This
view is from the south
on an autumn afternoon

Grover Brinkman Photo

e push so many buttons in our daily lives: flip a switch, turn on the TV, turn the ignition switch on a car. We turn things on—or off. But remember, no one pushes a button to stop God's time clock! If only we could!

I distinctly remember a youthful apprenticeship on a farm, working for my father. Almost daily he admonished us about the value of time. Wasted time was a scheme of the devil, he persisted. I am certain now that he never intended for it to sound that deadly. He was merely trying to impress us with the value of time.

As my well-worn typewriter turns these thoughts into words, a venerable old clock in the hall keeps ticking away. It is an ancient clock, now serving its fourth generation. What stories it could relate if it were alive.

Perhaps it jolted westward in a Conestoga wagon, to its first home in a soddy. Ticking away, it has chronicled the birth of many things: the telephone, electricity, radio and television. It has ticked through the long hours of anxious nights: when a child was born, when someone else died. It has seen the declaration of wars and subsequent peace, an impassive-faced robot that halts at nothing.

It ticks on and on, proving that time is a oneway street. There is no turning back or swinging into U-turns; no retracing of steps or recovery of precious moments lost in idleness.

If this old clock could talk, it might tell us that whatever life brings tomorrow will depend to a great extent on what we do with our time today. As simple as that! It might also relate that the wisdom of age depends upon the mental and spiritual energy that we acquire in our younger days.

Perhaps one of the greatest lessons in time can be acquired simply by standing on the rim of the Grand Canyon, contemplating the awesome chasm. Once this was level desert. Now it is a gorge more than a mile deep in spots, twenty miles distant from rim to rim. Still widening, still deepening!

Here is a statistic in time that amazes most humans: it took not thousands but millions of years for water and the elements to cut this terrific slash in mother earth. There is no greater lesson in time than this. Travel down into the depths of the canyon, and this feeling of awe grows even greater.

If you are still unimpressed, go into the redwood forests that dot the western slope of our nation, and contemplate the giant trees. Here, too, life inexorable built these forest giants, day by day, over centuries of time.

Remember, each day was usable time in the growth of these trees. There were no wasted moments, no idleness, no procrastination. Each second added a tiny bit of wood to these redwoods.

Jesus Himself realized that the time of His ministry would be short. He spoke of this fact to His followers on many occasions. He was trying to impress that time was daily, hourly. We cannot take up His cross one day, then lay it down the next, as the clock ticks off our seconds of indecision.

We might lament with the poet, "Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight/Make me a child again just for tonight!" But we know this is impossibility thinking; it might sound beautiful, but it will never come into focus. Time, the one-way street, moves its traffic in a single direction.

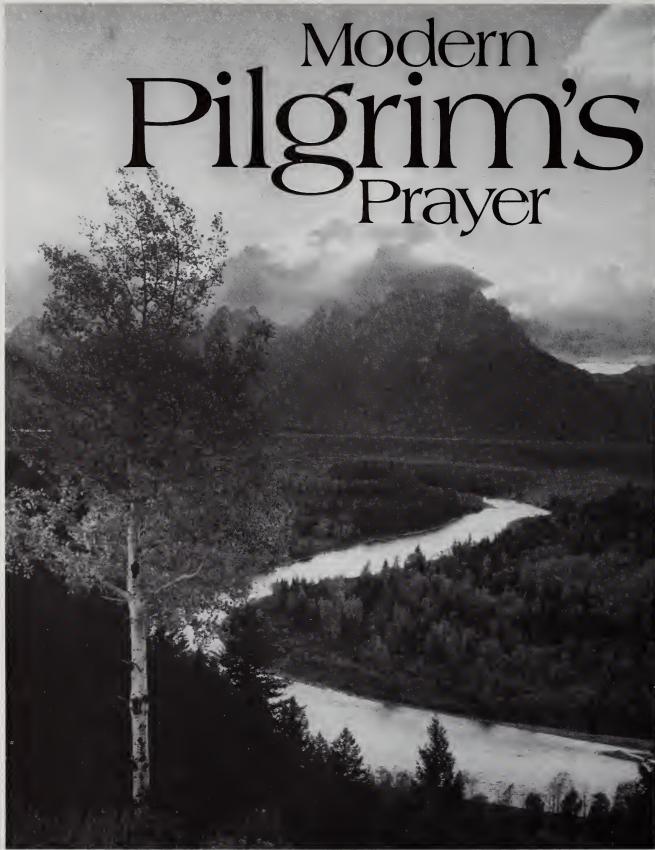
Some sage once remarked that the moment we are born, we start to die. It isn't a very pleasant thought. It is a long process, of course, spread over years. But after a century, more or less, time always accomplishes that end.

People use time in diverse ways. Some of us squander it. Some invest it wisely. Do not forget that Jesus invested His short life for the benefit of others, using each moment of those fleeting years to bring happiness to all of us.

I purchased an automobile practically new, but still termed a used car. The dealer had one lament: "Only thing wrong with this car is its digital clock. It is louder than the motor." That was one reason I bought the car. That loudly humming clock never lets me forget.

Remember, there are no red lights on time's one-way street. The traffic is kept in continual motion. Listen to the clock in the hall. Those seconds ticking off belong to you!

#### By GROVER BRINKMAN



H. Armstrong Roberts Photo

t's November. Thanksgiving already and I'm hardly through with Halloween and pumpkin pie and children knocking on my door for treats. November. Complete with barren trees and frost on the windshield of my car every morning.

It crept up on me. Sneaked. The same way September did. School days came before I finished with summertime, picnics, lazy days, and clear, cool ocean waves lapping up the sand. I wasn't finished using up my quota of hot Saturday afternoons in the shade.

Just when I was getting used to the idea of autumn . . . Jack Frost and marshmallow roasts . . . just when I decided that a lot could be said for brisk October winds and glorious shades of red and yellow leaves . . . suddenly, it was November.

And there were no leaves. Only tall, bleak trees with bare arms stretched across empty sky. I drink my hot chocolate and stare at them through the window. The grayness can't leak into my bright yellow room with a peaceful fire.

It's Thanksgiving and we're all drowning ourselves in talk of dressing and cranberry sauce and the all-American turkey. Poor bird.

Now I suppose that before I'm over the warm glow of friends and family gathered for Thanksgiving fun, Christmas will come full force with teeming Santas a dime a dozen and enough elves to redo my attic. It seems we're missing something, Lord. I think we're missing something.

We've gotten it all wrong somehow. Our priorities are out



of order. Our thoughts have been dulled by too much activity. Or not enough. And when we pray it's "Lord, don't let the turkey burn. Don't let Aunt Matilda come to the dinner. Don't let everything be ruined." Shouldn't we pray also for the people in prison camps and for the hungry children with wide eyes and swollen stomachs?

We have so much. Yet somehow it's just never enough. Teach us contentment this Thanksgiving. As we sit through endless school plays of little pilgrims tripping on dress hems, choking on raw corn, and building log cabins out of painted cardboard, tell us once more what it's all about.

Tell us again, Lord. It's November. For a moment we need to go back to Plymouth and the pilgrims who traveled there. Back to a time of building, not of tearing down. To a time before disco darlings danced the night away and atomic bombs jeered "Heavy Heavy Hangs Over Your Head" and gasoline played "King of the Mountain."

Lord, I want to look back and remember that pilgrim children died before the winter closed and that those who lived dreamed of the Mayflower tossing them like rag dolls on the ocean.

I want to go back for a moment and to know why. Why they dared to dream. What made them tick inside. I want a piece of their spirit . . . a part of that dream.

I need to look for a long time, Lord, at small cabins with no heat and without a drop of running water. At a world with no penicillin, no electricity, no grocery stores.

I need to be more thankful.

On this Thanksgiving Day, Lord, I want to stand around a big table and watch the light of candles glowing quietly. I want to hold the hands of friends, to sneak a peek at the turkey and the feast before me, and I want to pray. . . .

"Thank You, Lord, for life. For freedom to laugh and to smile and to talk at will. For sunshine sprinkled across raindrops on windowpanes. For orange juice and good music and children with teddy bears. For stained-glass windows and bike rides in autumn. For trustworthy friends. And for sunsets that all the gold of China can't buy."

It's Thanksgiving again. A day off. Time out to be grateful.

"Bless us, oh Lord, for these our gifts which we are about to receive from Your table. Keep us all together—let us never suffer from ingratitude—and . . . at Thanksgiving time, may we always give thanks: for a tall hill—and an old Cross—and an empty cave. . . ."

—Amen

By WANDA CATO BRETT

### Reflections of Family Life

y earliest memory of home stems from the birth of my brother. I remember his suddenly being there and my mother's involvement with caring for him. I was only three years old. He's been a major part of my life. Plus Lorri. I remember her coming all the more vividly. I can't imagine life without their being part of it. Nor would I want it, even though we haven't agreed on everything.

Then, too, there are the memories of church and Dad being the pastor. Dad began pastoring in Fresno when I was two and, although I'm sure I knew little at that time about a pastor's work, I was aware that Dad was important in the church and that put me pretty much in the center of things. It was a world of church and of strict rules and regulations, but it was also a world of attention, of love, of fellowship and laughter.

I remember my first day of school. Kindergarten. Dad took me in his old blue Chevrolet. He stayed to see that everything was all right.

Good memories.

Then came news that we were moving. Dad explained it. To Hawaii. I wasn't sure I wanted to live in a grass hut, my only concept of the Islands; but what stood out most was leaving everything in Fresno. I remembered having asked if we'd ever move and being told probably not until I was thirteen or fourteen. But we were moving now.

When I said good-bye, my best friend cried. Over the telephone.

Life was different in Hawaii. Odd names. We lived on Puuku Mauka Street in Honolulu on the island of Oahu. We then moved into a house on Akaaka Street in Aiea. People treated us royally in the church circles, but in school I learned what

it means to be a minority. I was a "haole"—a white person—and felt the pressures of being different . . . and outnumbered.

Family life, too, took on a different tone. Dad spent his time visiting churches, and we went along as guests. Starting new churches was a big thing as well. Seven times we began a new church with our family as the nucleus. Maybe the only ones present those first Sundays. Dad preached. Mom played the piano and taught Sunday school. Cameron and I were ushers.

Thursdays were our big days: the afternoon Dad set aside for family outings. We had our own private beach where we swam and had picnics. We always enjoyed it, especially our last year there in the Islands.

It doesn't seem to me that we stayed long in Maryland. Two years. But those were important years in that I finished high school. I liked being in the majority again. I know what it's like to be on the receiving end of prejudice and I'll always sympathize with those who are.

We now live in a house large



Robert Wesley Fisher, son of Dr. Robert E. Fisher who presently serves as director of the Church of God General Education Department, was born in Fresno, California, September 23, 1958. When eight years old, he moved with his family to Hawaii, living there until his mid-teen years. Bob completed high school at Atholton, in Simpsonville, Maryland; and he's now a senior at Lee College, majoring in psychology and planning a career in counseling. He has a brother, Cameron, age 17, and a sister, Lorri, age 15.

The Fishers make their home in Cleveland. Bob's mother is employed at the General Offices as secretary to Dr. Ray H. Hughes, and Bob himself has worked part-time for the Evangelism and Home Missions Department for the past three years.

We interviewed Bob for some of his thoughts on American family life today. From that interview, came this dialogue. □

enough for Cameron and me to have separate rooms. Nice, but it hasn't solved all my problems. Formerly, I was convinced it was Cameron who messed up the room. Thought if he were out, keeping the room shipshape would be a breeze. Hasn't been exactly that way.

Certain family routines have emerged.

We do devotions at breakfast. Since there are five of us, we each have our mornings to lead prayer. We'll have Scripture. Often we'll study a new vocabulary word, something Dad introduced. Quite helpful if you stay with it.

Mother cooks breakfast. Afterwards, though, we kids clean up the kitchen while she gets ready for work.

Dad has always assigned the chores. Explicitly. For the most part, Cameron and I help with lawn, gardening, and outside work; while Lorri helps Mom. But that's no ironclad rule and we're accustomed to those Sat-

urdays or special days when Dad joins us and we all help Mom clean house.

We still do our family outings. Especially vacation trips or weekend excursions when Dad can take some or all of the family with him. In fact, those occasions have probably increased lately and I've heard my parents note somewhat nostalgically that this may be our last trip or our last vacation as a family unit.

One of these days, perhaps, I'll have my own family. I'm sure it will reflect many of the values of home. Already the pieces are falling into place. I have even begun to see value in the discipline imposed, the rules I didn't always like.

Most of all I value the love and I'm comforted by the thought that, even when I'm out on my own, my parents and my brother and sister will still be there.

Family changes but it still goes on.  $\square$ 



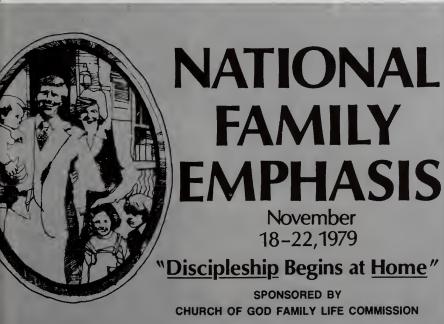












ere you ever in trouble so deep you couldn't find any way out?" Mitzi asked on the way home from school Tuesday.

Janet thought for a minute. "Yes, I guess so." "What did you do?"

"Things always just seemed to work out," Janet answered lamely. Now would be a good time to tell Mitzi she was a Christian. But somehow, she just couldn't make the words come out.

For three weeks now, Janet had been trying to find the right words to explain her faithand again she had failed. But, she argued to herself, shouldn't her life be her witness rather than her words? Or was that just another excuse for keeping quiet?

"Everything always just worked out," she repeated.

Mitzi shifted her books from one arm to the other. "I wish I were that lucky," she said.

"It isn't luck, it's-" Janet stopped. She couldn't say it. She just couldn't!

Her friend didn't seem to have noticed. "I'm so mixed up. Sometimes I wonder what life is really all about and why I'm here." She sighed. "The world just doesn't make sense."

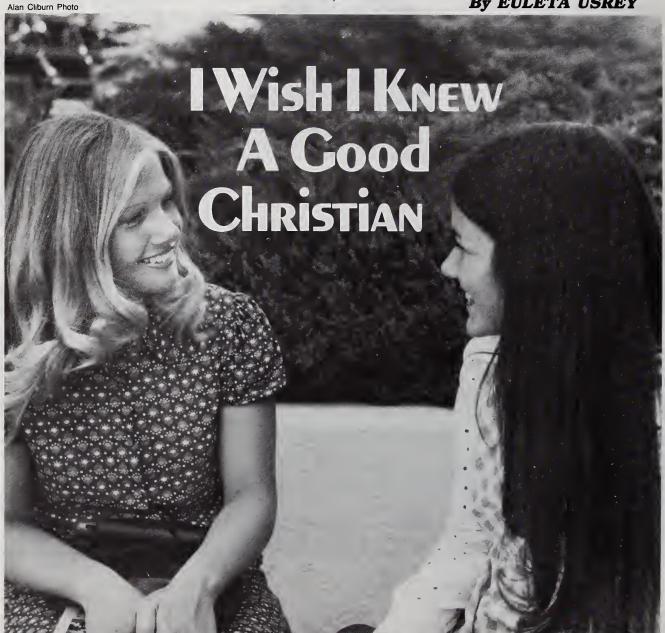
"Why don't you talk to someone about it?" Janet suggested. "Maybe I could help you."

Mitzi shook her head. "No, thanks. What I really need is a good Christian to talk to. I wish I knew one."

For a few minutes Janet couldn't speak.

"So do I," she finally whispered. "So do I!"

By EULETA USREY



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# Thanksgiving with Spiritual Songs

e find spiritual songs all through the Holy Scriptures!

There is the song of deliverance! "Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord" (Exodus 15:1).

Israel had a singing religion. So have we. God loves music. It is a gift from His hand. The devil distorts it: he drags it down to the low level of the sensual. But God ordained that His worship should be accompanied with music and singing.

The history of hymnology goes back to the beginning when "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy" (Job 38:7). Israel came out of bondage singing of deliverance. With their shackles broken, with the Red Sea between them and Egypt, they were inspired to worship the Lord in singing and in playing music on their timbrels. They even danced in a spirit of joy and gladness (Exodus 15:20; Psalm 105:43).

We also have the song of the Lord! "The song of the Lord began also" (2 Chronicles 29:27).

God's Temple had been without song for sixteen years (2 Chronicles 28:1). King Ahaz had closed the doors. Silence reigned where praises to the Lord should have resounded.

But when Hezekiah was enthroned, he immediately

cleansed and opened the house of the Lord for services. Consecrated priests and Levites led the worship. "And when the burnt-offering began, the song of the Lord began also with the trumpets, and with the instruments ordained by David" (2 Chronicles 29:27).

Elihu spoke of songs in the night! "God my maker . . . giveth songs in the night" (Job 35:10).

Elihu spoke these words to Job, a man in trouble. Night had fallen upon him. There was not a star in his sky. He was as one who "walketh in darkness, and hath no light" (Isaiah 50:10). His heart had lost its song.

And where is the Lord who gives songs in the night? He is still on His throne. He is yet watching over His own. He hasn't withdrawn Himself. So sing of His mercies until those shadows flee away. Job received a double portion. So can you.

We also have the shepherd song! "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want" (Psalm 23:1).

This song has never been excelled. It is the heavenly pastoral. It is the nightingale of the Holy Scriptures. It is the song of rest, refreshment, restoration, divine guidance, glorious fellowship, protection from

evil, comfort, holy feasting, power and joy, goodness and mercy, and a dwelling place not built with mortal hands.

Scripture gives us the wedding song! "I speak of the things which I have made touching the king" (Psalm 45:1). Psalm 45 is prophetic of both advents of Christ. The authornamed it, "A Song of Loves."

Why?

Because it embraces the winning of the Bride and the marriage of the King. There is sweetness in it. A small bit of myrrh (verse 8) will fill a large room with sweet odor.

There is suffering in it. Aloes (verse 8) is a bitter substance and bitter were His sufferings.

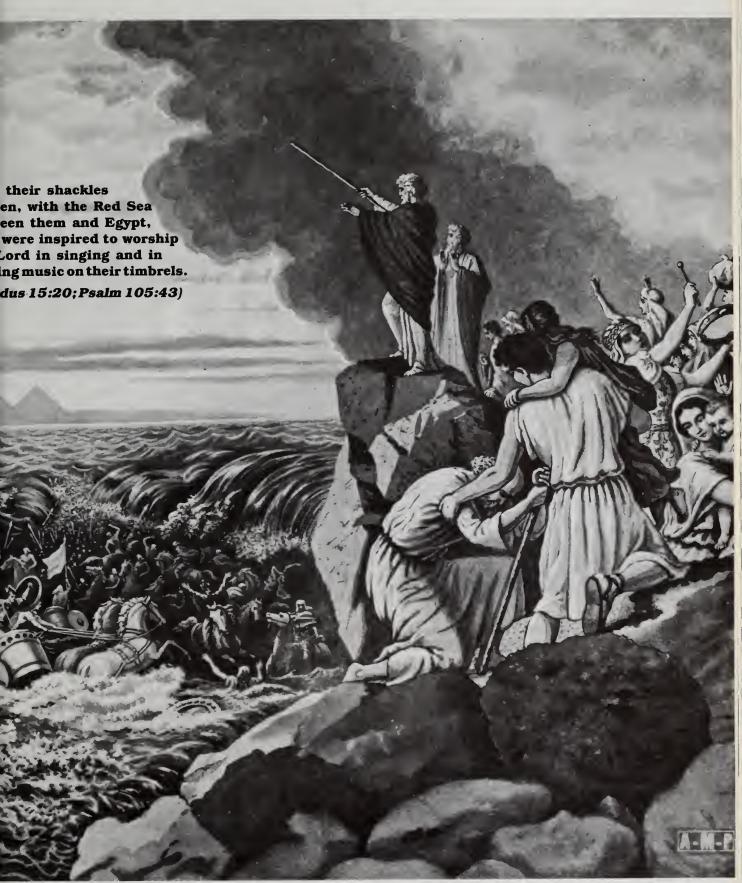
There is healing in it. The powdered bark of the cassia (verse 8) was used in the holy anointing oil and as a remedy for many diseases.

Sometimes difficult to understand is the song of the Shulamite! "My beloved is mine, and I am his" (Song of Solomon 2:16).

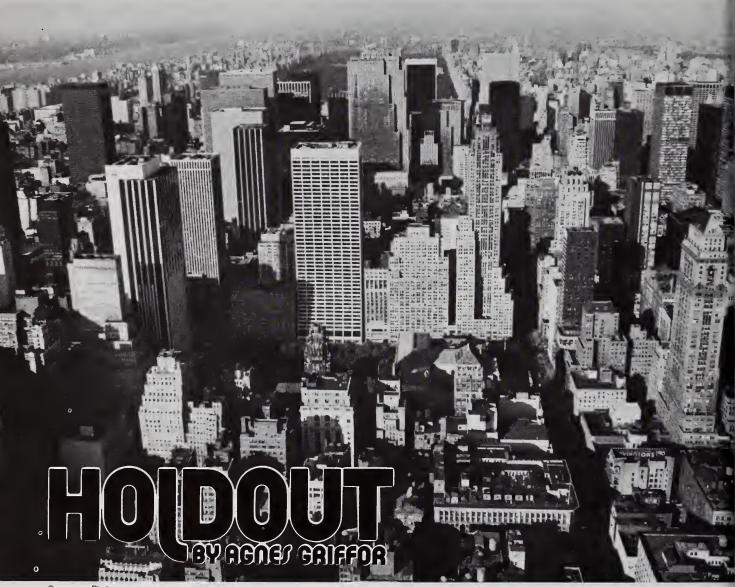
Think of it as a drama. Act one: Solomon tries to win the Shulamite's affections but she remains pledged to her beloved.

Act two: She is thinking of her shepherd-lover. Solomon again proposes marriage and of-

**CONTINUED ON PAGE 20** 



H. Armstrong Roberts Photo



Camerique Photo

ot your money, Joan?" Trish asked, hurrying with her friend through the still deserted school lobby to the auditorium annex.

"All \$128," Joan replied.

Trish nudged her friend. "There's Mr. Travers now. Keep your fingers crossed."

The two girls were pressed into the jostling crowd.

"As you come in," shouted the teacher above the students' voices, "take a number from the box I'm holding and then have a seat."

Trish's palms felt moist as she joined the line squeezing through the door. Her chance of going to New York with the drama class depended upon the draw of a number. Trish reached into the box, pulled out a folded slip and hurried away from the pushing crowd without stopping to look at the number she had drawn.

The tour could accommodate

only fifty people, Mr. Travers had explained, including three sponsors. That left room for forty-seven students, less than half the number of drama students in the school. For fairness, he had set certain requirements: those interested must have money for the trip, a permission slip, and they had to be present in person for the final selection.

Trish squinted into the banks of auditorium seats to find Joan, who had been pushed ahead of her in the line. An arm waving a slip of paper attracted her attention.

"You made it!" Trish exclaimed happily, slipping into the seat next to Joan.

"I've got 17. How about you?"

"I haven't looked yet,"
Trish replied. Earlier in the
week, something had happened
which had made her wary
about this drawing. "I'm going
to open mine later."

"How come?" Joan asked in surprise.

"I'll tell you later."

Before Joan could protest, Mr. Travers appeared on the stage and held his hands up for silence.

"I hadn't expected so many of you to come," he said. "I'm only sorry I can't make room for all of you. However, some time before the end of the day, any of you with numbers from 1 to 43 must deposit your trip money at the office to make your reservations."

A peculiar silence fell.

"Any questions?" Mr. Travers asked.

"Didn't you say that fortyseven students could go?" a voice asked.

Mr. Travers shoved both hands in his pockets and faced the questioner. "That's right. There will be forty-seven students going. Three places were reserved earlier by Tom Engles, Kim Sommers, and Jan White. My daughter Lori will also be going."

A roar of disapproval rose. Tom and Kim, like Trish, were teachers' children. Jan White, a friend of Lori's, had been out of school since before the trip was announced.

Trish stood and waited until the noise had died enough for Mr. Travers to hear her. She felt compelled to oppose what she believed to be unfair. "Didn't you say that no reservations could be made ahead of time and that no one could make arrangements for someone else?" she asked.

Mr. Travers squinted to be sure who had asked the question. "Miss Regan, isn't it? Didn't your father give you the message I sent for all employees' children?"

"He said that I could send my money in with him and he could make an early reservation for me."

"I suppose you didn't act in time and now haven't a number under 44."

Trish opened the moist slip of paper in her hand. "I have 35," she replied calmly. "But my father and I talked it over and we agreed that it would not be honest to apply before others had an equal chance."

Cheering and applause supported Trish. Mr. Travers waited for the noise to subside.

"So, you took a chance along with everyone else. Do you want me to give you a medal?"

"No, Sir," Trish replied. "I just think that rules should be kept."

"Ah," replied Mr. Travers, rocking forward onto his toes, "but he who makes a rule can break it. And I made these rules."

Turning his back on the hushed crowd, he stalked off the stage. The hush was broken suddenly by a babble of voices. No one stood to leave. Trish seized the opportunity and waved for silence.

"What are you doing now?" Joan asked, still stunned by her friend's action.

"You'll see."

When it was quiet, Trish said, "I knew ahead of time what might happen today and I did some thinking. If any of you feel as I do, I think we can do something about it. If enough of us who have numbers from 1 through 43 refuse to make reservations, the trip will either have to be cancelled or rescheduled."

There was a reflective silence.

"What if it's cancelled?" someone asked. "I'll never have another chance to go to New York."

"I'm not sure I want to blow my chance either," another agreed.

"But if we don't take a stand, we can be manipulated anytime," a student council representative added.

"If I went, I wouldn't be able to forget those who missed because they got numbers higher than 43," someone said.

The undercurrent had begun to grow into pandemonium when Joan pushed her way onto the lower steps leading to the stage.

"Everyone will have to decide for himself whether or not to take a stand for honesty. I'm going to put my number back into the box it came from. But I can pretty well guarantee that the trip won't be cancelled," she announced. "Mr. Travers has arranged for Lori to go, too, remember."

**CONTINUED ON PAGE 24** 

# CESC By Alan Clibum Flying South

ramps was raking leaves when Eric turned the corner and hurried up Chestnut Lane. Just seeing his grandfather made Eric feel a little better and he quickened his pace slightly.

"Hi, Gramps," he said a moment later, entering the yard.

"Well, this is a pleasant surprise!" his grandfather exclaimed. "Thought you and the other boys were playing football."

Eric swallowed. "Can I help you rake?"

"I need the exercise," his grandfather answered. "Think I've corralled enough leaves for today, though. Maybe I can get your grandmother to make us some hot chocolate if I ask her real nice."

"Sounds good," Eric admitted.

"I'm glad to see you, Eric," his grandfather went on, leading the way to an old-fashioned porch swing.

At least somebody wants me around, Eric thought, bitterly recalling what had happened at the park less than fifteen minutes earlier. But he forced a smile. "Thanks, Gramps."

"Your grandmother just doesn't appreciate the finer things of life," the old man continued.

Eric frowned. "The finer things?"

"Like watching geese fly south for the winter," his grandfather explained, pointing. Eric looked up to see a giant V passing overhead, made up entirely of birds. "Would you believe she'd rather stay inside working on a quilt than come outside to watch the geese?"

"That's hard to believe, all right," Eric agreed, grinning. He observed the birds as they continued on, maintaining their perfect formation, one of them the undisputed leader. His grin faded as quickly as it had come; Eric knew that feeling. Or he had known it.

"Just a minute and I'll get our hot chocolate," Gramps said.

"Okay," Eric replied, eyes still focused on the sky, but not really seeing the birds at that point.

Eric had always been a leader. His leadership ability extended into many areas. Due to a budget cut, after-school sports had been eliminated at the junior high Eric attended. "Well, goodbye to football," one of the guys muttered when the coach announced the cutback.

"Yeah," somebody else agreed.

"Wait a minute, you guys," Eric began when the coach had finished. "If you want to play football after school, we don't have to do it here. Let's meet at the park at 3:30. I'll bring the football."

"All right!" came the enthusiastic response.

Enough guys for two teams showed up for practice at 3:30, so they spent the rest of the afternoon running plays and having a great time. Eric had grinned to himself. And I set this up, he thought, satisfied.

Everything was okay until he showed up, Eric thought grimly, remembering the afternoon a tall boy with dark hair and long arms had suddenly appeared. For a few minutes he just stood on the sidelines watching.

"Hey, can I play?" he asked finally.

The other boys looked at Eric, as usual. "Sure," Eric decided. "Go out for a pass."

He threw the ball as hard and as far as he could, but somehow the new guy was there in time to catch it. Then he sent it back, the ball spiraling beautifully as it went straight to Eric.

"Wow, what a pass!" one of the guys standing near Eric exclaimed.

"Yeah!" some of the others agreed.

"Not bad," Eric admitted.

But it soon became evident that this new boy, whose name was Gene Rydell, was much better than "not bad." He was better at football than any of the other guys. Almost as good as me, Eric thought.

At first Eric was glad to have someone like Gene on the team, but that feeling was quickly replaced by one of apprehension and uncertainty when the other boys started looking to Gene for advice on plays and basic technique. He was more than willing to give it, too. Some of the plays he suggested were pretty good, Eric admitted.

"My dad's the new football coach at State University," Gene explained when someone asked how come he knew so much about the game. "I've been playing all my life. No kidding, I think I had a plastic football in my crib instead of a rattle!"

Everybody laughed, even Eric. But it had been a forced laugh for him. The guys were getting better, there was no doubt about that, but he always hoped and prayed that Gene wouldn't show up for practice.

"Gene is really something, isn't he?" Eric's friend Tony said as they walked home together one evening.

"He's okay," Eric answered halfheartedly.

"Okay? Man, I think he's great! And he's a Christian, too."

Eric frowned. "How do you know that?"

"Oh yeah, I guess you were getting a drink. Well, anyway, one of the guys missed a really easy catch and said a few things," Tony explained. "You should've heard Gene! He came right out and told him that he doesn't go for that kind of language because he's a Christian. Isn't that something—a great football player and a Christian, too!"

Usually good news like that would've made Eric feel better, but for some reason it hadn't. Oh, he was still the leader—until Gene arrived each afternoon. Gene even brought extra footballs for the guys to practice with when they weren't running plays.

Eric hadn't liked it, but he had been willing to live with it—up until this afternoon.

They were getting ready to run a few plays when the park director arrived on the scene with a clipboard in his hands.

"Listen, I've been watching you guys lately and I think you're ready for a little competition," he said.

Spontaneous agreement and cheering from the boys.

"The director of Northside park thinks he has a pretty tough team, but I told him I had a team over here that's twice as tough."

More cheering.

"How about this Saturday afternoon at two? Right here."

"That would be fine," Eric replied quickly. "Okay with you guys?"

They all nodded agreement.

"We'll have to put together some sort of roster," the park director went on. "Who's the captain of this team, by the way?"

"We've never picked one," Eric had answered.

"Maybe we'd better do that right now then," the park director decided.

"I nominate Gene," a voice said.

"I second it," another added.

The voting had been almost unanimous, Eric thought, looking up as more geese flew over.
Only a few of his really loyal friends had voted for him. Angry and hurt, he had slipped away when no one was looking, with no plans to return.

"Here's the hot chocolate," his grandfather said suddenly, handing a cup of the steaming brown liquid to Eric.

Eric took a sip. "Tastes good."

"Nothing like hot chocolate on a brisk fall day," Gramps agreed, glancing at the sky. "My, those geese have been flying south all day. Remember when you were first learning your letters and used to cry out 'V!' when you saw the geese?"

"No, not really," Eric said. "How do they know to fly in that V formation, Gramps?"

"I used to think it was just CONTINUED ON PAGE 25

#### SPIRITUAL SONGS

(Continued)



fers her the riches of his kingdom.

Act three: The court ladies laugh at her for turning down the proudest king and richest kingdom in all the world for a nobody.

Act four: Returning to her home across the hills, she meets her beloved. Shulamite means "seeker after peace." Shulama means "giver of peace." What a prophetic picture of the Bride and the Bridegroom!

Then there is the song of the Savior's birth! "And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men" (Luke 2:13, 14).

Let heaven sing! Let earth rejoice! For, "Out of the darkness of night, A world 'rose into light: It is daybreak everywhere."

Hope quickened on the horizon! Deliverance was in the near future! The Son of God was born! And so the angels sang of God's glory, and they sang of salvation (Luke 2:11). Sing on, angels! Sing on, my soul! Sing on, Church of God! Sing on, young people!

Sing on, everybody! Sing the message of the Savior's birth!

We even have the song of the Savior's death! "And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the mount of Olives" (Matthew 26:30).

The disciples probably sang Psalm 118, the last of the great Hallel, the Passover doxology. It speaks of God being for His Son (verse 6). It speaks of the rejected Stone becoming the head of the corner (verse 22). It speaks of the day which the Lord made, the day of salvation which was made on "the altar" (verses 24-27). It speaks of praising God for His mercy which shall endure forever (verses 28, 29).

The early church knew the song of revival! "And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God: and the prisoners heard them" (Acts 16:25).

Those two preachers dared to be different! They sang while they suffered! They sang the power down! They sang revival down! The prisoners had heard moaning and groaning but they had never heard singing and shouting of praises to God! They tuned in on the service! So did God! And God sent a revival from heaven at midnight!

Finally, we have the new song! "And they sung a new song" (Revelation 5:9).

What is that new song?

It's the song of redemption! When the Lord took David out of the mire and put him in the choir, he sang that song (Psalm 40:1-3). The world has an old yawn! The Christian has a new song!

By J. E. DeVORE

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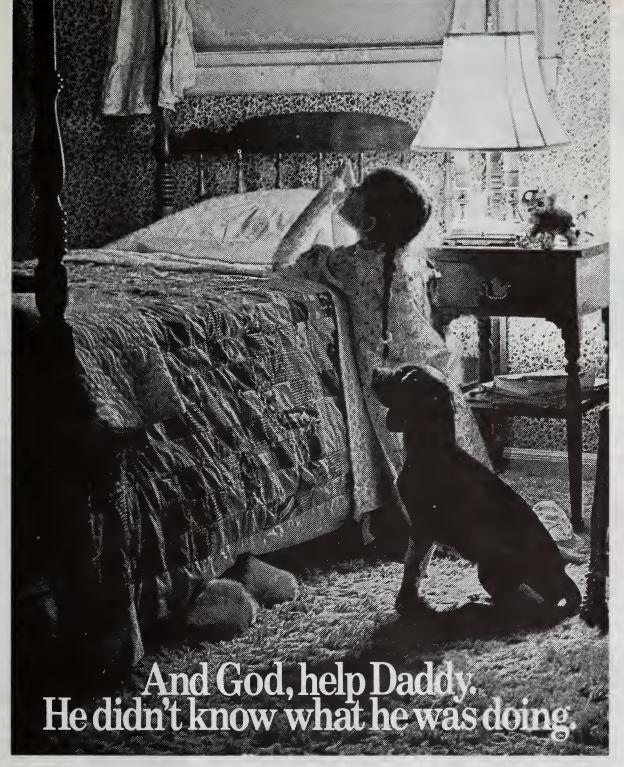
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# ACTION News Views

General Department of Youth and Christian Education

#### MODESTO, CALIFORNIA DISTRICT GETS INVOLVED IN YWEA



Excitement was running high!
It was time for the Modesto District
YWEA "Miss Sweetheart" Banquet.
The restaurant's banquet hall was
decorated as never before. A beautiful eight-foot heart, garlanded with
flowers, ribbons, hearts, and bows,
stood behind the throne.

The banquet food and fellowship were superb. Then came the time! State Director of Youth and Christian Education Gary Tygart stepped forward. The drums rolled.

"Ladies and gentlemen, the second

runner-up of the Modesto District Sweetheart is Miss Linda Alex of the Modesto, Carver Road, Church of God, raising \$2,715.42."

Pastor Skaggs smiled.

"The first runner-up is Miss Angie Knowles of the Modesto, El Paso, Church of God, which raised \$3.957.07."

Pastor Forsyth beamed.

"And the winner—Miss Rebecca Steinbarger of the Merced Church of God, raising \$6,400."

Pastor Steinbarger shouted!

The District "Miss Sweetheart"
Banquet climaxed five months of committed service for YWEA. This four-church district, with a total weekly attendance average of 350, raised \$13,217.49. That's exciting! District Overseer Gerald Skaggs and District Directress Patricia Steinbarger also beamed and shouted!

That's not all. God's rich blessings have been literally poured out upon these churches.

The Carver Road Church has doubled the size of its building. The El Paso Church has increased dramatically in attendance. The Merced Church of God has more than doubled in attendance; tithes, offerings and membership have tripled and the Lord has given them a new church building.

There's even more! On another district, in the Tulare Church, two teens have been called to the ministry and twenty-one young people have decided to fully follow Christ. And, praise God, the 1979 YWEA foreign missions project has begun a home missions work in an established church.

While one young pastor in the city of Sacramento was in prayer, God spoke to him and asked him to sell a valuable gun and to give the money to YWEA.

"That was no sacrifice," he said. "I was only obeying God." God has subsequently blessed him and is sending new families to the church.

It's true! Each church that became fully involved in this YWEA project has reaped greater benefits than could be imagined. Youth revivals have broken out across the state.

A total of \$21,000 has been raised for the African Project. Where did it all come from? I really don't know.

It's like the young man who kept his eyes on Grandpa Jones. One day it got the best of him and he blurted out.

"Grandpa, why is it that you're always giving so much to God and you never go broke?"

"Oh," said Grandpa, "I just keep on shoveling it out and God keeps shoveling it in and God has the bigger shovel!"

Well, God's shovel has been busy here in Northern California-Nevada! □

—Gary Tygart State Director



#### OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

Brother and Sister Anderson, the bus driver and his wife, made their run

Sunday morning. After the children boarded the bus, Brother Anderson saw that one little girl, Amy Martin, had a dollar bill.

The children went into the sanctuary to await services. Brother Anderson noticed that Amy had

taken the dollar bill and had torn it into four pleces. She had given three of her friends each a piece of it. They all wanted to give in the offering.

Brother Anderson gave each child a quarter and to Amy he gave a dollar bill again. They were overjoyed just to be able to give in the church.

A story of love in a greedy world.

-T. L. Sizemore, pastor Moundsville, West Virginia

#### ROTC AWARD OF MERIT

Gersom Teran Is a cadet ensign in the San Fernando, California, High School JROTC. He has recently been the reciplent of several honors which are a credit to him, to his parents, and to the Church of God. In a ceremony where he was honored, he was bestowed with the ROTC Award of Merit (medal) by Colonel Robert G. Meyler,



Jr., USAR (Ret.) chapter commander. Colonel Meyler stated that this was the first time that he had given this award in the last thirty years.

From the RetIred Officers Association, Gersom received a Certificate of Appreclation which reads as follows:

"To Cadet Ensign Gersom Teran for outstanding performance in military, scholastic studies and extracurricular activities during the past academic year. He has exhibited dedication, initiative, and a high degree of leadership potential. His accomplishments reflect great credit upon the JROTC program at San Fernando High School."

Edward S. Nugent, Colonel USAR (Ret.)

From the Congress of the United States of America, James C. Corman, Congressman at the House of Representatives has invited Gersom to a Congressional Enrichment Program in Washington where he will work and study in the capital city for half of his coming senior year. His grade for the past year has been a 3.8-4.0 average. Though he is just now entering his senior year, he has already been approached with offers of scholarships from the Naval Academy, the Air Force Academy, West Point and from West Coast Bible College.

Even with all the attention he has gained, Gersom is yet very much interested in spiritual matters. He is a member of the Church of God (Pacoima, California) where his father Francisco Teran is the pastor. Gersom is the Sunday school secretary, works with children's church, plays the trumpet with a singing group, and is active in every phase of the church.

He will immediately tell you that he is praying that God will lead him to make right decisions for his future. We believe God has a place somewhere for this young man that will influence many lives.

---Charles Clyde Hargrave Overseer, Western Spanish

#### YOUTH WORLD EVANGELISM APPEAL RECORD BREAKER

Young people of the Church of God raised over \$769,000 for the 1979 YWEA Project. These funds will go toward the evangelization of the continent of Africa and will be used to sponsor revival crusades, support literature campalgns, establish new churches, train workers, equip missionaries, and expand the work of the Church of God.

The largest amount raised for YWEA prior to "Project: Africa" was for the 1978 New York City International Church, which netted \$562,889.55. The 1979 program represents a notable increase over previous years. To achieve the all-time YWEA record, young people across the nation and from various

parts of the world participated in bike-a-thons, walk-a-thons, chill suppers, car washes, and a variety of other projects.

—J. Ralph Brewer
Administrative Assistant

### 2,000 TEENAGERS PARTICIPATE IN PEACEMAKERS BIBLE INSTITUTES

Over 2,000 teenagers participated in the 1979 Peacemakers Bible Institute Program, with 125 institutes being conducted in 19 states. This pilot project was launched by the General Department of Youth and Christian Education in cooperation with the Department of General Education.

Peacemakers Bible Institutes are designed to involve young people, ages 13-19, in a comprehensive and enjoyable study of the Word of God. The institutes were conducted simultaneously with the Ministerial and Lay Enrichment Institutes and met one night each week for nine weeks. The institutes emphasize specialized Bible instruction, study and interaction, and active participation in the Teen Talent Bible Quizzing process.

The General Department of Youth and Christian Education plans to extend the Peacemakers Bible Institute program to include every state in 1980. □

—J. Ralph Brewer
Administrative Assistant



# Youth UPDATE

Lamar Vest, Assistant General Director of Youth and Christian Education

#### WHY DO I NEED A HOME?

One young lady recently bemoaned, "Why do I need a home? I was born in a hospital, educated in public schools. I dated in the back seat of an automobile. I eat my lunch out of a brown paper bag or down at the deli. I spend my evenings at the disco and my weekends at the beach. I am protected by my friendly neighborhood cops. Promised liberty and happiness by my government. Have no intentions of living 'til old age. When I die I'll be buried by the undertaker. I don't need a home. All I need is a place to park my car."

What makes a home, anyway? Home is more than just a place to live. The house is not the home. Home is famlly, love, security, trust, respect and understanding. Home is the foundation of God's design for religious training and worship.

There are forces in the world today which seek to destroy the home and its influences. Satan is the mastermind of the plot. He knows if he

can destroy the home he has a better chance of destroying individual family members. It is time for Christian homes to rise up in strength and unity to resist Satan's assaults.

The Church of God believes in the home and energetically promotes its well-being. Again this year the Family Life Commission of the church is sponsoring Natlonal Family Emphasis. The program will begin on November 18, and extend through Thanksgiving Day, Thursday, November 22. The theme, "Discipleship Begins at Home," underscores the importance of the home in providing biblical instruction and spiritual leadership.

We encourage you to become personally involved in this special emphasis.

Better yet, we encourage you to become more personally involved in your home. It's vital to your spiritual life.

#### **HOLDOUT**

(Continued)

The bell for first class sounded above the laughter which followed and the auditorium emptied in one cheerful rush past the box Joan held out.

Trish was concentrating on a puzzling math problem in her last class when she heard her name called.

"You're wanted in the principal's office," the teacher said.

As soon as she opened the door to the outside office, Trish knew why she had been summoned. Through the glass panel of the principal's door, she

could see Mr. Travers' back, his arms gesticulating excitedly.

Trish waited in a corner, trying to shrink into the paneling behind her. Before long, Mr. Travers jerked open the door and strode quickly out, not even looking at her.

"I understand you and Mr. Travers have had a little altercation," Mr. Jansen said, as Trish came into his office. She knew what to expect of the principal. No matter what the situation, he never lost his cool nor displayed any change of expression. "He says you've organized a boycott of the New York trip. What's your purpose?"

"I was hoping Mr. Travers would rearrange rules for the trip."

The principal raised his eyebrows. "Rearrange? I understand Mr. Travers held a lottery for the number of reservations available."

Trish nodded.

"There is no time to change plans. He must make the reservations tomorrow. He tells me you drew a winning number but have suggested a boycott because he had words with you."

Trish assessed her position. Mr. Travers had apparently presented his side of the picture. If she explained her reasoning to the principal, would it have any result? He could hardly take her side against a teacher.

"My secretary tells me that only a dozen reservations have been made for the trip. If no more are received within the next two hours, the trip will undoubtedly be cancelled. I don't know your motivation, but I think you should realize that you have most of a semester yet to complete your drama class. It is a course in which much of the grading depends upon the judgment of the teacher."

Trish squirmed uncomfortably. It was a warning, she knew, not a threat. But she had not thought of reprisal as part of the outcome. Also, if the trip were cancelled, would those who had joined the boycott blame her?

"If you pass the word around when you leave here," Mr. Jansen said, "there would still be time to end the boycott and complete the reservation list."

Trish frowned. So this is

what it meant to make hard choices and stand up for what you believe in.

"I understand what you're suggesting, Mr. Jansen," she said. "I didn't organize a boycott because I had disagreed with Mr. Travers, but because of what I felt was unfair and dishonest. I believe that a true Christian never goes back on his word."

Mr. Jansen's expression remained noncommittal. "Sometimes a wise decision is the course of least resistance. The Bible tells of many a Christian who had to take hard knocks for his convictions. Maybe this is not a big enough issue to put yourself on the line for."

"But if a person gives ground the first time his faith is tested, how can he handle big choices?" Trish protested.

Mr. Jansen smiled. "I take it you've chosen the boycott and whatever is the outcome. I admire your courage and I'll tell you what my minister says, 'Go with God.'"

Trish smiled, too, as she stood to leave. "Thank you," she said. "I plan to."

#### By AGNES GRIFFOR

#### LIKE GEESE FLYING SOUTH

(Continued)

instinct," his grandfather replied, "and of course it is that. But it's also aeronautically sound. By flying in a V formation, they somehow encounter less friction and make the trip much faster. Of course, teamwork has a lot to do with it, too. If each bird set out by itself, a lot of them wouldn't

make it. God knew what He was doing, same as always."

Eric didn't answer. At that moment he didn't appreciate hearing about teamwork.

"And see that bird at the very front?" Gramps asked.

"Sure," Eric answered. "The leader."

"One of the leaders," his grandfather corrected.

Eric frowned. "One of the leaders? Gramps, there's only room for one bird in the lead position. See?"

"One at a time," his grandfather said. "But when you've watched geese fly south for as many years as I have, you'll discover that pretty soon the lead bird drops back and another one takes its place."

Eric looked up again just as the lead bird in the formation passing overhead did indeed drop back.

"One bird could never stand the strain of leading the formation all the way south," Gramps continued. "There's a time to lead and a time to rest. Every leader must be a follower sooner or later."

Eric glanced at his grandfather quickly. Did he know what had happened at the park? But the old man was gazing at the sky, obviously enjoying the migration of the geese.

Is that it? Eric wondered. Had he been a leader so long he didn't know how to be a follower? He wouldn't even admit to himself that Gene was a better football player. Or at least he hadn't admitted it before.

"I'd better get back to the park, Gramps," he said sudden-

ly, standing up. "We have a football game Saturday at two o'clock. Want to come?"

"Wouldn't miss it for anything," his grandfather replied, smiling. "See you then."

Geese flying south for the winter, Eric thought as he hurried back to the park. Man, God could use anything to teach a guy a lesson!

By ALAN CLIBURN





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## Where Is Happiness

Happiness is not in money—Jay Gould, the American millionaire, had an enormous fortune. When dying, he said, "I suppose I am the most miserable man on earth."

It is not in pleasure—Lord
Byron lived a life of pleasure and ease.
He wrote: "The worm, the canker, and the grief are mine alone."

Not in unbelief—
Voltaire was an infidel
of the most pronounced type.
He wrote, "I wish I had never
been born."

Happiness is not found in position and fame—Lord Beaconsfield enjoyed more than his share of both. He said, "Youth is a blunder; manhood a struggle; old age a regret."

Real happiness is in knowing and serving Christ.

In Him is peace: "My peace I give unto you" (John 14:27).

In Him is comfort: "Let not your heart be troubled" (John 14:1).

In Christ is fellowship: "I will never leave thee" (Hebrews 13:5).

In Him is life: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life" (John 3:36).  $\Box$ 

W. R. Baker

#### Editorial / Hoyt E. Stone

# The Real Enemy "There's a whole shooting gallery of impish little dolls to throw rocks at."

t's been popular in recent years to talk about the family. Most of that talk, negative.

Since there's no subject more personal to each of us, then it seems but natural that there's a whole shooting gallery of impish little dolls to throw rocks at.

While popular, some of these scapegoats make about as much sense as blaming the Bolsheviks.

Affluence, for example. The family's in trouble because we have too much money, too many material possessions, and don't know how to handle it. That's the argument. Well, there's some truth there, I suppose, but it's hard to believe affluence is worse than poverty and a lot of our families walked through that wasteland undaunted.

Maybe it's the educational system. We've turned the kids over to professional manipulators. Textbooks extol humanism. Science is the universal idol. And, most diabolical of all, selfsufficiency is the goal and object of all programs from kindergarten through graduate work and the six-digit annual income.

Not a bad argument, really. . . .

Yet, somehow lacking.

Knowledge has the edge over ignorance in every category

A Church of God Publication

except mindless bliss. Those pilgrims who first arrived in this land set an example of hardiness, courage and selfsufficiency that has always characterized the American psyche.

Besides, the human mind seems endowed with natural inquisitiveness. We can't ignore it, stop it, or freeze it at a certain point. All we can hope to do is direct it according to the wisdom of experience and God's Word.

Television is the culprit, some tell us. Would that the answer were so simple. Television may be forcing the moral issues upon our children at a young and tender age; it may be tasteless, crude, pornographic, and heathenish in philosophy; but neither television nor this generation created the dilemma itself. That came with Adam. And that would survive even if an atomic holocaust wiped all technology off the face of the earth. When the fallout blew away, and those of our kids who survived came crawling out of



the caves, they'd come forth as liars, cheaters, murderers, and adulterers in need of saving grace.

This list could go on endlessly.

Pointlessly.

The real enemy is you. It is I. We become our own worst enemies when we forget how important the family is. How interrelated our goals. How comforting and reassuring our fellowship.

College President R. Leonard Carroll said it to me as a teenager when he asked in chapel, "Have you called or written your mother yet? One day she won't be there any more."

Life carved the message on my heart when a brother died of cancer.

And now, when Thanksgiving rolls around or when the family gets together at Christmas and I bask in the warmth of kinship, or when I sit at evening time around a table and bow my head with sons and wife, I'm reminded again of my treasure.

Reminded, too, that it's a treasure which can be lost, if and when one ceases to care.

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#### Letters

Dear Lighted Pathway Editor:

South Georgia is providing a complimentary Lighted Pathway subscription to each of our Lee College students. Our State Youth Department is proud to enclose a check in the amount of \$119 for these 34 students.

Junus C. Fulbright State Director

Greetings from West Germany:

I was pleased with the layout and coverage of our Summer School of Missions and have received three letters of inquiry already. The Lighted Pathway is touching home with our youth. Whoever does the layout deserves a bonus.

Grant McClung, Instructor European Bible Seminary

Dear Editor:

Send a year's subscription to the Lighted Pathway to my daughter in Japan. She misses and needs the spiritual help.

Mrs. Ruth Hanks

Dear Sirs:

I stumbled across your magazine and curiously flicked through its pages.

Wow! Fantastic!

I've seen quite a few gospel magazines, but none seemed to hold my attention like the Lighted Pathway. Tell me how to subscribe. My path has truly been lighted.

Merlene Daley

Dear Mr. Stone:

About the article, "King's Dominion."

I feel more harm has been done the Church of God with this one article than anything the devil could have come up with . . . or did he?

> Mickey G. Ezzelle Rocky Mount, North Carolina

Dear Hoyt,

Your editorial "Cheating" touched at the very heart of the crisis in confidence in our nation. I commend you.

James E. Cossey

### Jeanne D'Arc SOUZA

knew in her heart it was time for decision.

Had one of the other stewardesses asked Jeanne what had dimmed the usual sparkle in her dark brown eyes, or had one of the passengers wondered about the slowness of her smile, Jeanne would have been hard put to explain. She wrestled with an inner tension, a spiritual conflict, rather than something physical; and, from past experience, Jeanne suspected God was trying to tell her something important. If she could only listen.

Jeanne heard the hum of the Brazilian airline's jets. She heard passengers chatting both in English and in her native Portuguese. But mostly she heard voices from her past, voices which floated in and out of her consciousness in a series of miraculous events, and voices which reminded her that she was God's child and that God directed her life.

Giving up her job was going to be a major decision. Jeanne enjoyed being a stewardess. Loved people. Blue sky above, white clouds below. For a year and a half now she had exulted in the thrill of flying and seeing her country. Her living expenses were taken care of, clothes and food furnished, and thus all her money could go home to her dad, where there were eight younger brothers and sisters to feed and clothe.

Jeanne knew that the job had come as an answer to prayer. She had been working as information clerk at the International Hotel in Rio de Janeiro-low wages, high expenses, with little left over to help her family-when the idea struck. To work on an airplane was something Jeanne felt far beyond her capabilities. Jeanne saw stewardesses as beautiful, intelligent, upper class; she pictured herself as plain, with average abilities, and poor.

Yet, there was the advertisement, there was the personnel office, and there was also that inner voice that bolstered her courage. Jeanne passed the examination and landed the kind of job most girls dream about.

It had been a miracle. Jeanne knew that. And, up until lately, she had been content. God had assured her that this was more than a job, more than just a way to make money; this was her opportunity to be His missionary in the sky and to tell people about Jesus.

A Church of God Youth Publication

Jeanne had done that, too. Airline personnel had learned quickly that the smiling, black-haired little lady from Brazil wasn't an easy touch. She possessed moral fiber like steel. She lived by her convictions. And she was quick to tell any who would listen that Jesus Christ was Lord of her life.

Passengers liked Jeanne. She learned to spot fellow Christians on flights; and, on more than one occasion, led of the Holy Spirit, she had spoken words of compassion and encouragement to the lonely.

Now things were suddenly changed. Jeanne's contentment was gone. The purpose missing. Her family no longer needed her money for survival, since her dad had recently found an excellent





Stone Photo

job, and Jeanne couldn't erase from her mind that deeply implanted thought that her destiny was to be a missionary.

Until she was a teenager, Jeanne's family religion had been Catholic. Although she remembered praying at age five, Christianity had had little influence on her life until an uncle visited and introduced the entire family to Pentecost. In one day, Jeanne, her mother and dad along with all her brothers and sisters had accepted Jesus Christ.

From that moment, Jeanne's one consuming desire had been to become a missionary. She thought of it days, dreamed about it nights—and, to Jeanne, becoming a missionary meant somehow

learning to speak English and going to Bible school in the United States.

Even then Jeanne realized it could only happen through a miracle. Jesus, her new friend and Lord, could bring it to pass. Jeanne taught herself English. Jeanne prayed. And she discovered that when you pray, as a child believing, miracles still happen.

It was in a dream or vision—Jeanne wasn't sure which—that God first showed Jeanne she was to suffer a great loss. This loss was to come on or near her birthday and God's Holy Spirit strengthened her for it. As things turned out, Jeanne's mother suddenly sickened and died.

That shock was hardly over when her dad lost

his job. Jeanne then took on the duty of mother to her younger brothers and sisters. Her dream of being a missionary became something for her heart alone: she saw no earthly manner in which it could happen. Those to whom she dared confide merely smiled and said, "Jeanne, you're dreaming."

But Jeanne dreamed on.

The family moved from São Paulo to Recife. Jeanne's dad found another job and Jeanne saw an ad in the paper which told of competition to become an exchange student in the United States.

A registration fee was required and Jeanne had no money. On the last day of registration, Jeanne's dad came with the money. Jeanne registered, took the examination, and knew she really hadn't done well. The questions were on general knowledge. Current events. Jeanne read mostly books.

Waiting for the test results became an ordeal, the suspense painful. Then, in prayer, Jeanne had the assurance that she would pass; and, when the names were listed in the paper, Jeanne D'Arc Souza was last in a list of two hundred. She read the entire list, knowing her name would be there somewhere.

Administrators of the exchange program asked Jeanne where she wanted to go in the United States. She could think of nothing to say other than, "Where it snows."

They sent her to Milton, North Dakota, a town of two hundred about twenty miles south of the Canadian border. It snowed in Milton, all right, but for Jeanne it was a glorious year.

It was when she returned home that Jeanne learned things weren't so well for her family. She completed her school, helped her dad, worked briefly at the hotel, and then became a stewardess for the airline company.

"Lord," Jeanne now asked, "if I give up this job, and if I do agree to go to Bible school, how can I get there? Dad and my new mother are getting along well. The family no longer needs me. But I haven't saved any money and I haven't the faintest idea how to get it or where to go to school."

Her mind awhirl with questions, Jeanne returned home.

"When I don't do what Jesus says," Jeanne explains today, "then I don't feel good any more.

So I decided to go home and to let God direct my steps."

Jeanne first made application to a college in Missouri and was accepted.

Next problem? Money.

The college offered some scholarship aid and Jeanne was willing to work. That wasn't the issue. For passport, visa, insurance deposit, and travel expense, Jeanne would have to have a lot of money. The insurance deposit alone was \$1,200. The total was \$3,000.

"Go talk to the vice-president of the airline company where you work."

That's what the Holy Spirit kept telling Jeanne. It didn't make sense. It seemed foolish. The vice-president was an important man. Busy. His office heavily guarded because of terrorist threats. How could he help anyway?

Foolish or not, Jeanne decided to go.

Casually dressed, just a young woman off the streets, and without an appointment, Jeanne walked into the big office building.

"Lord, You have told me to come so it will be up to You to get me past the guards."

Jeanne walked by two guards at the main entrance. She passed two other guards at the elevator, two more at the entrance of the vicepresident's office. None seemed to notice her.

When Jeanne spoke, the secretary was startled and asked how she got in.

"I have come to see the vice-president," Jeanne said.

And see him she did.

The vice-president informed Jeanne that the airline would put up the requiréd insurance deposit. He personally gave her a ticket to the States. His secretary gave Jeanne both luggage and some warm clothes.

Upon arriving in the States, Jeanne discovered that her application at the school in Missouri had either been lost or misplaced. She applied to Northwest Bible College and was immediately accepted.

Jeanne is now in her second year of study at Northwest Bible College. You may find her in the library coding books. Or working in the cafeteria. Or sitting in class or chapel.

Another of God's rare and beautiful flowers.

by HOYT E. STONE

## Today's Youth: Ingenious-Caring

wholesaler in Jackson, Mississippi, received an order for \$11.50 worth of candy on credit from the "Horsie Hollow Candy Confectionery Company—Royal White and Thomas Flippen, Proprietors." The wholesaler, not familiar with this particular retailer, requested a credit rating from Dun and Bradstreet.

The credit agency sent one of its agents to check on the concern. A couple of days later the investigator forwarded his report. It read:

"The Horsie Hollow Candy Confectionery Company is a small business house retailing candies and lemonade at Horsie Hollow, a small community. Proprietors: Royal White and Thomas Flippen. Both are 11 years old; both unmarried. Value of cash and merchandise on hand: \$13.25, largely in chocolate bars, gumdrops and Tootsie Rolls. Fixtures and store building, which was remodeled from an old turkey coop, valued at approximately \$45. No liabilities. Although owners are men of limited means, they have a high standing in their community."

The wholesaler shipped the candy. What may have been more important, Dun and Bradstreet filed the report, and the Horsie Hollow Candy Confectionery Company was blessed with a good credit rating.

The above incident took place twenty-five years ago. Apparently it set a pattern for junior achievement, a trend that has made great strides in the past quarter-century, and is today doing much to remove the humiliating stigma that the

Junior Achievement Photo

There seems to be no end

To the variety of ventures that
today's ingentous youngsters can come up with.

adolescent generation of America is unruly, dangerous, and predisposed to delinquency.

There seems to be no end to the variety of ventures that today's ingenious youngsters can come up with. Recently a woman was driving her car through an unfamiliar section of Brooklyn when it stalled. She was frantic. A carload of leather-jacketed teenagers screeching to a stop beside her did nothing to ease her alarm. A lad jumped out, pulled open her car door, and said, "Ma'am, we're from the trade school. Need some help?"

While the startled woman watched in awe, the youths explored her car from hood to trunk, then reluctantly told her the embarrassing truth. "Sorry, ma'am, you're just out of gas."

While one youngster produced a spare gas can and poured some into her tank, the others explained their purpose. Members of their group—the Automotive Custom Crafters—are learning to be auto mechanics. In addition to on-the-job training

in the shop, the boys take "off-the-job" training as well, touring Brooklyn in their own cars looking for motorists who happen to be in trouble.

They're prepared to fix flats, change parts, or push the car to a nearby service station. They charge nothing. Their reward is the chance to test their automotive skills in a variety of emergencies—and spread the word that some teenage "gangs" are serious

about their schoolwork and not ashamed to display what they've learned.

How does the older generation respond to the positive actions of many of today's youth?

A good example is the case of twelve-year-old Darryl Monroe who lives in a ghetto section of San Francisco. Instead of complaining about all the trash that cluttered the streets of his skidrow neighborhood, he began a oneman campaign to clean it up.

He wasn't expecting anything for his work, but he was in for a wonderful surprise. When word of his endeavors got around, he began receiving just about everything a boy could want. Among the rewards were a free college education, a trip to camp, a fishing expedition, circus tickets, a baseball autographed by the San Francisco Giants, and a meeting with the mayor.

"It isn't often someone does something about a bad situation," wrote one person. "We're all guilty of complaining too much and doing too little. We're proud you're a San Franciscan."

Another letter contained two circus tickets.

"I've always wanted to go to the circus, but we never had enough money. Now Darryl's taking me and I'm very thrilled," said his mother.

The goodies kept pouring in.

A restaurant chain set up an \$8,000 fund for the youngster to attend college. Darryl will use it to study veterinary medicine.

Monsignor Peter G. Armstrong offered him a free session at a summer camp. A well-wisher volunteered to take Darryl for a day of deep-sea fishing.

All this because a boy who cared decided to do something on

his own for the good of his community instead of waiting for society to do it for him.

California has reason to be proud of two other youngsters, too. When the city of Santa Rosa hemmed and hawed about building a \$5,000 footbridge across a creek, two teenagers decided to take charge. They persuaded a lumber company to donate some boards; a cement company gave them some cement. The boys built a sturdy bridge—for twelve dollars.

"It was a neat job," said Santa Rosa Mayor Donna Born. "I just wish more people would go out and do things instead of always calling on the city to solve their problems."

By no means do all youngsters put the dollar sign ahead of the work for Christ which they feel is their calling.

Ralph Drollinger graduated last year from UCLA. The 7-foot-2-inch former center on the school's basketball team chose a commitment to Christ over a \$400,000 cash offer to play for the New Jersey Nets of the National Basketball Association.

Patriotism may not always be the "in" thing for many young people these days, but teenager Lori Cox of Scottsdale, Arizona, thinks otherwise.

It all began at the start of her junior year in high school when she became upset because her school dropped the daily pledge of allegiance.

She appealed to her principal. He told her the pledge created too many disciplinary problems. Then the school board turned down her request to reinstate the pledge. So she and her friends gathered three thousand signatures on petitions; the school board reversed its decision. The school newspaper protested this action;

students organized parades against the pledge. The school board gave in to the pressure and reversed its decision again.

Undaunted, Lori then appealed to State Senator Bob Hungerford. He introduced a bill in the legislature making it mandatory for all Arizona schools to provide the opportunity for its students to recite the pledge of allegiance. It was defeated twice before finally passing.

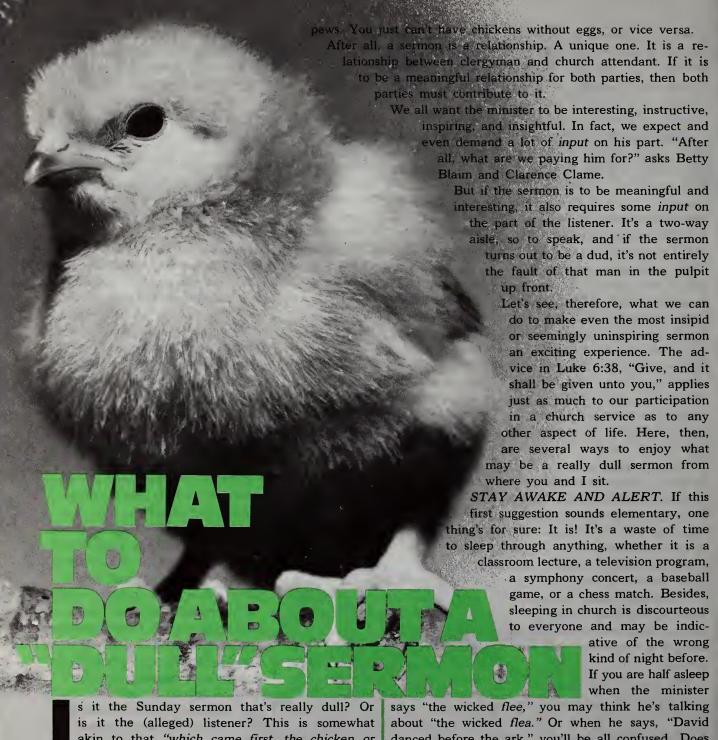
It was a victory for Lori, but it didn't get her out of Siberia with fellow students—they still shunned her. But Senator Hungerford said: "Tve never known a person, adult or youngster, with more courage and dedication than Lori; I have nothing but the strongest admiration for her."

Teenagers are seldom selfish and they have a well-defined sense of moral accountability. A recent federal report offers refreshing evidence that plenty of youngsters do indeed care about their communities, the elderly, the ill, and those less fortunate.

ACTION, a federal agency that administers volunteer programs here and abroad, has issued the astonishing figure that at least 22 percent of youths fourteen years old to seventeen years old have done some type of volunteer work.

Young folks are not asking to have it soft. They only ask for training and responsibility, for a little recognition of their ability, and perhaps a pat on the back for a job well done. So encourage their efforts; they deserve your warmest commendation.

By HENRY N. FERGUSON



akin to that "which came first, the chicken or the egg" question which has been perplexing people ever since it was hatched.

"What a dull, dry sermon Reverend Bishop preached this morning!" we can all say very glibly and super critically. What we may not realize or be willing to admit, however, is that in order to have dull sermons from the pulpit there must also be dull and spiritually dry listeners in the

danced before the ark," you'll be all confused. Does he mean that David danced in front of the ark? Does he mean that David danced before there ever was an ark? Or does he mean that David danced first and then the ark danced?

Even the dullest sermon can be challenging.

FIND YOURSELF IN THE SERMON. A sermon is much more interesting, exciting, and helpful when you find yourself in it. If the minister's topic is "David and Goliath," which of the two are you?

LISTEN CRITICALLY AND ANALYTICALLY. Don't just sit there and listen. Make an effort to listen critically and analytically. As the sermon progresses, evaluate the appropriateness of the material and illustrations to the general theme or text. Is Reverend Rambler roaming all over the lot, or is he making his point in a series of logical steps? Is his message applicable to the present time?

Develop your own rating scale. Is the general tone of the sermon moralistic, optimistic, or pessimistic? Is the minister on the upbeat, or is he an apostle of gloom and doom? Is he straining to be entertaining or patronizing? Is he competing with Bob Hope, Milton Berle, or Johnny Carson? Does he come through as overly pious, too self-righteous, sincere, or superficial?

Does Dr. Beacher appear to be reaching and teaching the congregation, or is he merely performing ritualistic exercises in preaching, beseeching, and screeching? Is he waxing oratorical, or does he pursue a more intimate and conversational style? Does he give you the impression that he is speaking with you rather than to you?

DO YOUR HOMEWORK. The conscientious and dedicated minister spends hours preparing a sermon. He puts a lot of effort into reading, researching, and writing, not to mention the task of memorizing the masterpiece as some ministers do.

The conscientious and dedicated listener also does his homework. If you know the minister's subject in advance, you might read up a little on Adam and Eve, Noah's Ark, the Sermon on the Mount, the Parable of the Talents, the Nativity, the Resurrection, the First Commandment, Creation, or whatever.

The more biblical knowledge you can put into a sermon, the more you will get out of it. If you feel that Reverend Pastor is quoting Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Paul, or Isaiah out of context, make a mental note and discuss the matter with the clergyman at a convenient time. Personally, I have always found that preachers welcome, appreciate, and profit by reactions and responses, positive and negative, on the part of the people.

JOIN A SERMON DISCUSSION GROUP. In some churches small groups of worshipers meet for coffee, doughnuts, and discussion of the sermon following the Sunday morning service. While the message is still fresh in their minds, they critically but constructively evaluate the minister's discourse.

In some cases, the clergyman is invited to attend the post-sermon coffee klatch. Other groups, however, prefer that the preacher stay away and be given a written report.

If there is no sermon discussion group in your church, you might want to organize one. You don't have to meet immediately following the Sunday morning service. You can hold your informal forum in the home of a member on some weekday evening.

The purpose of such a discussion group is not to unduly criticize or find fault with the preacher. Its aim is to help the minister focus more sharply on the moral and spiritual needs and everyday concerns of the congregation. The group also has great value for biblical scholars, Sunday school teachers, and young people interested in the ministry as a career.

OBSERVE THE CONGREGATION. It's always interesting and revealing to observe the attitudes and behavior of the congregation during a sermon: dull, dynamic, or indifferent. Are the members tuned in or turned off? Are they nodding, napping, yapping, or yawning? Are they constantly looking at their watches to see how many hours have elapsed since Reverend Longwell began preaching?

An inattentive, unresponsive, or restless audience does not necessarily mean that a sermon is not inspiring or instructive. It may simply mean, in some cases, that the input, if any, on the part of the congregation is neither appropriate nor adequate. Perhaps church members should be required to take a course in "How To Participate Actively and Effectively in a Sermon."

SUMMARIZE THE SERMON. The minister preaches for half an hour or more. You have listened attentively. You gave the sermon your all. Now, in your own words and one sentence, what was the heart of the message? Can you summarize the sermon in just three words? You want to take something home from any sermon.

If you are a high school or college student or in an occupation such as teaching or law, you know how important it is to be able to summarize material. You can improve your skill along that line by listening carefully and creatively to the Sunday morning sermon. You might even learn how to sum it all up in just one word.

There is much you can get from even the dullest of sermons. You can pick up some new words for your ever-growing vocabulary. You can gain new insights and interpretations of biblical characters and events. Why, you can even learn how or how not to preach a sermon!

One thing's for sure at any rate. It takes two to make a sermon interesting, instructive, and inspiring. You and the preacher.  $\square$ 

By RUSSELL J. FORNWALT

# Discipleship Be

hat was the theme.

It was emblazoned on a
3-by-40-foot banner
stretched across the front of an
outdoor stadium at Six Flags
Over Georgia.

Five states—Tennessee, Alabama, South Carolina, North and South Georgia—had publicized this family emphasis day; and, whereas all the state directors had reason to believe the project would succeed, none dreamed that Church of God delegates would number 27,000 and that, in short, the park would find itself unprepared and ill-equipped to handle the crowd.

The day itself was beautiful. This surely contributed to record-breaking attendance, and it also gave Church of God youth groups opportunity to witness for Jesus Christ.

Ten separate choirs and vocal ensembles ministered throughout the day.

The outdoor rally featured choirs and special guests such as Steve Brock, the Churchmen, and Danny Murray's singing group from North Cleveland, Harvest. State Overseer John Nichols preached, emphasizing in four strong points the church's need to rally behind and support the family.

When the day ended, management commented:

"This is the best group we've ever had at Six Flags. No smoking. Cursing. No misbehaving. Next year, should you wish, we will reserve for you the entire park."

### By LARRY BENZ

Sumiton Youth Choir. Churchmen. Steve Brock. State Overseer John Nichols preaching. North Cleveland's Harvest. Kimberly Youth Choir. Part of the large crowd.



# nsatHome

















Paul M Schrock Photo

t all began one Christmas this preoccupation with littlenoticed needs.

Christmas morning dawned quickly with my younger brother's shout of "Merry Christmas, everyone!"

One by one we opened the packages piled under the tree. It was pure pleasure.

However, when the excitement was over and everyone had scattered, leaving ribbons and paper behind, I was flooded with a strange, empty feeling. What was the meaning of all this? I wondered.

After dinner Dad read Luke's account of the Christmas story as he did every Christmas. I had heard and enjoyed it more times than I could count. But today I thought of the loneliness, weariness, and discomfort of a young family alone in the stable "because there was no room for them in the inn."

Why didn't someone make room for Him? I wondered. Was it because no one recognized Him? We know who He is now, and Christmas exists to celebrate His birth. But when He arrived, only shepherds and Wise Men welcomed Him as King. He was not recognized.

Just the same, I thought, common decency would require that room be made for an expectant mother. If the innkeeper had shared his own room, he would have had the honor of hosting the Son of God at His birth.

If I had been there, what would I have done?

I wondered. Suddenly I remembered the face of the most unpopular girl in my college dorm when I had asked her what she was doing for Christmas. Her tough mask dissolved for a moment, and tears welled in her eyes. She had nowhere to go. Then catching herself, she rubbed her eyes savagely, picked up the ever-present bottle of cola, and took a noisy swig. She couldn't be bothered with such childish things as Christmas, she said.

I knew she needed the warmth of a family like mine, but I quickly brushed aside the impulse to take her home with me. I didn't like her, and my friends at home would be shocked by her coarse aggressiveness. I wouldn't be able to enjoy my vacation at all.

Then I remembered the lady who had boarded the bus one night with the hoard of Christmas travelers. She had cradled her little boy in her arms, trying to quiet him as she leaned precariously against a seat in the aisle. People near her stirred and murmured, disturbed by the child's whimpers. But no one offered her a seat. If I gave her mine, I might have to spend the whole night standing up. And I was so tired.

Do I have room for Jesus? I finally asked myself. And deep inside I knew I would have been like everyone else when Jesus arrived in this world. For I had met Him recently. I had left Him alone in an echoing dorm, standing wearily in the aisle of a bus.  $\square$ 

by ALICE SCHRAGE



Sight. The most cherished of all the senses. It's the one we're most terrified of losing. The one through which - normally - we learn more than three-fourths of all we know.

It's a gift you can give to others. When you no longer need it for yourself.

With corneal grafts, the donated eyes from one person can restore vision for two.

Other eye tissue is also used for repair. And for research which can ultimately benefit the hundreds of thousands of persons who suffer from other vision defects and blindness.

The problem is, there aren't enough donors. Not yet. But there could be. If more people plan ahead to donate their eyes at death. Be a donor.

Restored vision is a beautiful sight to see. Carry an eye donor card from your local eye bank. And for a free booklet about all kinds of anatomical gifts (including a nationally recognized uniform donor card), write Liberty National, Dept.E.

F IX INT A TITUM

# STRISTESS OF THE STRICT OF THE

Ooo's and ahh's, glitter and light, Worship and laughter, sheer delight; In glory and splendor she was arrayed. Around her branches children played.

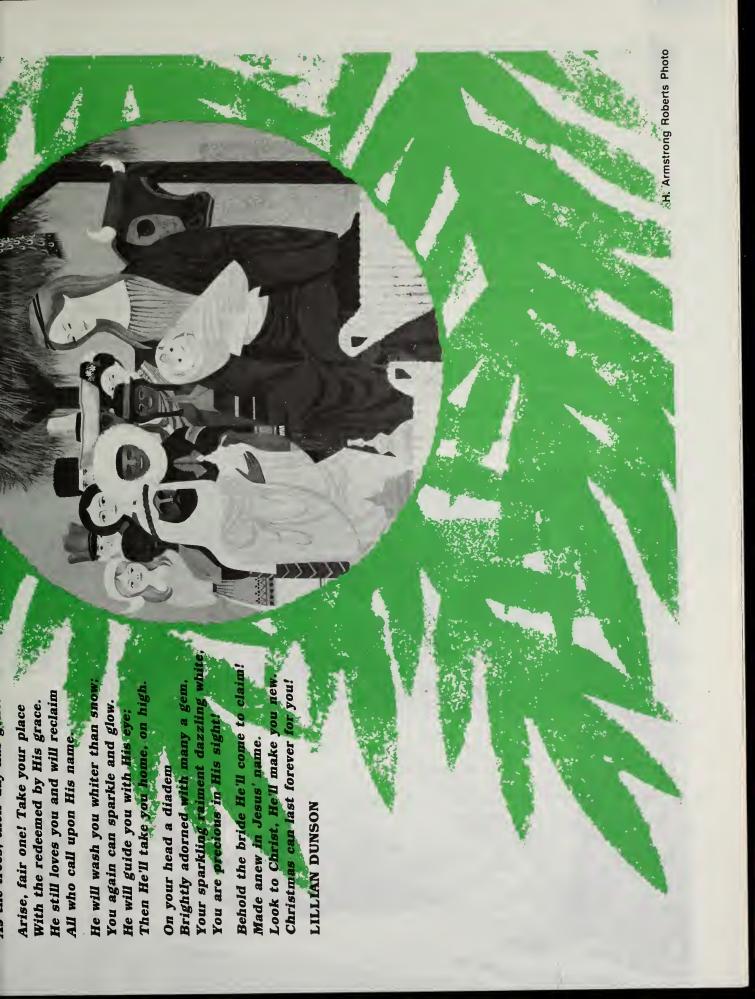
All gazed on, with love, and smiled.
Around her feet, gifts were piled.
Decked with gold, silver and snow,
Warmth and love were in her glow.

Proudly she carried her lofty star,
Its message shining from days afar.
Of a starlit night long, long ago
When the Christ Child came to carth, you

Oh! the carols that were sung So pure and sweet on every tongue. Heavenly bells for all did ring; That night, angels started to sing. Christmas trees, like queens unthroned, All along our streets are strewn. Their decorative snow, once pure and white, Is soiled now, and a sickly sight.

Friends have forgotten their special day Carols, too, have flown away.

No more glamour, only hate:



n the first day of school vacation, which was December 21 (the year was 1931), I said to Daddy as he came in from the barn with the evening's foamy pails of milk, "What are we doing special for Christmas this year?"

He set the milk pails on the kitchen table, washed up at the sink, then walked over to the cookstove and held out his hands, turning them as they dried. Supper was warming on the stove. The smell of fried potatoes and corn bread filled the room.

Mamma got milk jars and a strainer and began to take care of the milk.

"Mother and I have talked about Christmas, Angie," Daddy said. "But we don't think we should tell you about it now."

Mamma nodded as she put lids on the milk jars and set them away.

Daddy pulled off his coat and cap and sat down in one of our split-bottom chairs. His curly red hair glistened in the lamplight. I leaned on his knees and looked up into his blue eyes.

"Please! Can't you tell me just a little about Christ-

"We want it to be one you'll always remember," he said.

"Will we go to the Spencers' for another party?" Asking questions, I hoped to pry out a hint of what he had in mind. "I'd like to hear Herb and Tod Spencer sing carols again," I said, "and listen to Sonny play his harmonica."

"The Spencer boys are working at Ashland," Daddy said. "They may not be home for Christmas."

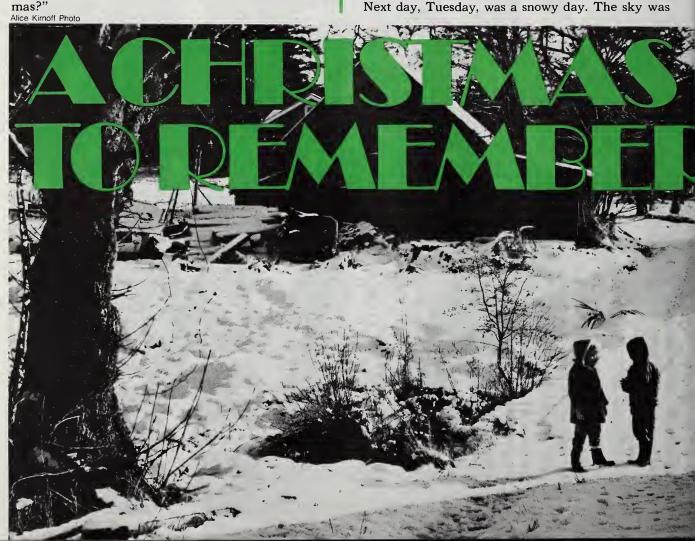
"Will we hitch Old Ranger to the sleigh and go for a ride like we did year before last? Jason would like

"You forgot Old Ranger has a lame foot," Daddy said. "And it's something more special than a sleigh ride."

Four-year-old Jason, awake from his afternoon nap, tumbled into the kitchen. He carried his scuffed shoes in his hands, and made for Daddy to have them put on.

I couldn't eat much supper that night for thinking about Christmas. What was so special that I couldn't get even one little hint out of Daddy? I hardly tasted the potatoes or the peach pudding flavored with nutmeg.

Next day, Tuesday, was a snowy day. The sky was



low and gray. White feathery snowflakes sifted down. Trees on the hills stood tall and frosty with crystal loveliness. Jason and I walked to the window and watched the snow.

Outside, in the woodshed, we could hear Daddy splitting wood for the kitchen stove. Sometimes he would come in to have a word with Mamma. Then he'd go back out, maybe down to the barn to feed and water Old Ranger and the cows, or to throw cracked corn to the chickens that stayed in the shed.

After dinner he sat in the living room and read a farm magazine the mailman left. I drew pictures for Jason—Christmas trees, candles, stars—and let him color them with my crayons. "Tomorrow's apt to be a clear day," Daddy said. "Would you like to go with me to find a Christmas tree?"

I liked hunting Christmas trees! I wished it was tomorrow already! Then our special celebration would be one day closer.

Wednesday came, a clear day. The sun rose pale pink and smooth like satin. The hilltops were white and still like marble; the valleys, shadowy and dark. Smoke spiraled from unseen chimneys. Our neighbors, too, were stirring.

Just Daddy and I went for the tree. It was too cold for Mamma and Jason. Daddy swung an ax over his shoulder, and down the snow-spread road we went. I played a game by stepping in Daddy's tracks. Sometimes he made a long step just for fun. Then I'd have to stretch to reach his tracks. According to the game, whenever I missed, I lost a point. By the time we came to Mrs. Spencer's house, I'd lost four points.

"We'll stop and see if Mrs. Spencer wants a tree, too," Daddy said.

"Why, Ed Gilbert," she exclaimed, "you're as thoughtful as my own boys! Yes, I would like a little pine. Sister Mary's here; she'll help me trim it. If the boys get home from the city, a tree will cheer them up."

We found two nice trees—a small glossy pine for Mrs. Spencer, a tangy-smelling cedar for us. I thought Daddy couldn't carry them both, and the ax, but the load didn't slow him at all. We gave Mrs. Spencer her tree, spoke a few words, and headed home.

That evening we decorated our tree, using tin-can ornaments, bits of cotton, and red crepe paper streamers. Daddy had set it in the living room away from the fireplace, making it stationary with wooden blocks and wire. Jason pranced about it, touching the branches and sniffing the aroma. Pointing under the tree, he asked when the presents would come.

So far, I hadn't wondered much about presents. My

only thoughts had been about our special celebration. Maybe Uncle Sam Gilbert and his family were coming from Wheeling for a visit. Maybe Daddy and Mamma had bought the Victrola and records I'd wanted for my birthday, but didn't get.

The suspense would soon be over. The next day would be the day before Christmas.

Mamma finished her baking the morning before Christmas Eve. Daddy stayed outside more than usual. I saw him lead Old Ranger, still limping, down to the creek to drink. What else he did I didn't know, and at the time what he might be doing never crossed my mind. Not once did I have the slightest idea that he was busy planning our special Christmas activity.

The day passed slowly. We ate dinner. Jason took his afternoon nap. While he slept, Mamma mended clothes.

Daddy went to milk at four. I noted the time because the clock struck as he left.

Going earlier than usual, I thought. It's because of the Christmas plans.

Secretly I watched Mamma. She checked our heavy coats hanging in the closet beside the fireplace. Maybe she wanted to see if anything needed fixing. Maybe it was a sign we were going someplace.

She said she'd get supper, and for me to watch Jason. "When he wakes up," she added, "let him warm his feet good and put on clean stockings before you put on his shoes."

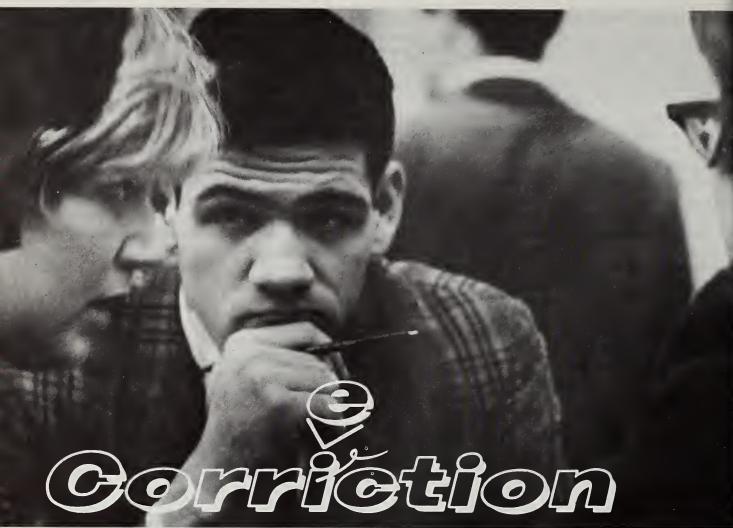
Jason slept soundly, giving me a chance to listen to the sounds Mamma made in the kitchen. I heard her take something from a closet. I recognized the shake of a lantern to see if there was plenty of oil in it. I heard the squeak of a lantern globe being raised so the wick might be checked.

Daddy came in from the barn. The milk was strained and put away. The table was set, and we ate. Daddy and Mamma talked. Jason prattled. I spoke only when spoken to. Something very different from anything we had ever done on Christmas was soon to happen. I could tell by the glow in Mamma's eyes and the soft, strange tone in Daddy's voice.

Supper was over by six. The world had been dark for an hour. Through the kitchen window I could see the glisten of moonlight on snow. There was no wind. Everything was calm. And the stillness was magnified by the expectation of that which was to come.

As we got up from the table, Mamma said, "Ed, Jason's warmest clothes are laid out in the bedroom.

**CONTINUED ON PAGE 21** 



Rohn Engh Photo

avid Allen believed that there was something wrong with everything and everyone he encountered. And he was always ready to prove it. Since he was a professor of philosophy, he was good at proving things.

Whenever he looked at something, he could see defects. Houses he passed on the street were needlessly large or uncomfortably small. Clothing worn by other people was either out of style or else too trendy.

Every sound he heard had some defect. Barking kept him awake at night. Classical music put him to sleep, and rock and roll was as bad as jackhammers in the street. Even the songs of birds he called off-key or repetitive.

Professor Allen ate well; in fact, he ate a lot. But he managed to find in all food something worthy of criticism. Fried chicken was too greasy, lemonade was too sour, and oatmeal tasted like wet cardboard.

Scents and odors were no better. The air itself seemed to smell stale or spoiled. But the artificial sweetness of aerosol deodorizers was even worse.

And, of course, everything felt bad to Professor Allen, so Professor Allen himself felt bad most of the time. He could never quite say why he felt bad, though. He always had plenty of complaints to register, plenty of criticism to level; but if someone asked, "What's the matter? What's really bothering you?" all he could do was frown and grumble, "Never mind. What does it matter to you anyway? What does it matter at all?"

For Professor Allen really thought it didn't matter. But he couldn't see what this had to do with finding defects everywhere he looked. He was an expert at criticism. He could always tell what was wrong with something and why. Yet he sensed that there was something else wrong; something he couldn't describe; something he couldn't explain away; something he couldn't even put into words.

Now Professor Allen was a brilliant and determined man, and he could not accept this. "If there is something wrong," he said, "then I can discover what it is. If there is something missing, then I can locate it and replace it. If there is a defect, I can repair it. All it takes is study and perseverance."

Because Professor Allen was a well-educated man, he turned to his books for answers. He read and reread those books. He was sure that somewhere in them he would find the answer, the solution he sought. And the authors of the books did offer many answers. But, as usual, Professor Allen immediately knew that there was something wrong with every one of them.

So he found no answer in his books. And the feeling that something was wrong grew more and more powerful, began to dominate him more and more. Professor Allen hated this, for he was a proud man, and he thought that man's pride arose from his ability to do all things for himself.

He grew morose and bitter, all the while continuing to dig in his books like a prospector at an exhausted mine. His students could see it too. Some of them dropped out of his classes. Others remained, but they found the lectures more confused and confusing every day. Professor Allen was clearly a man who did not know what he was about.

One day a few students lingered after the class and approached Professor Allen as he struggled to pick up his monstrous pile of books. "What do you want?" he asked, struggling to keep the books from falling.

A girl stepped forward. "We just want you to know that we care about what's happening," she said. "It matters to us. And we'd like you to have this.

Many others have been helped by it. Perhaps it can help you."

In her hand was a book.
"Another book is about the last
thing I need now," said Professor
Allen. "But one more can't make
much difference. Pile it on here
with the rest."

Not until he had returned to his office did Professor Allen see what the book was. It was one which he had never read much, but he had always thought there was a lot of things wrong with it. "Besides," he muttered, "imagine those kids trying to give me advice. They're no more than children."

Just then he vaguely recalled some quotation, something about becoming as little children. He hurriedly turned the pages until he located the passage in Matthew. He read it several times and then read a few other passages. After a few moments, he raised his eyes from the page and began to stare out his window at the students on the commons below. The frantic, bewildered expression on his face gradually was transformed to a faint, serene smile, slight but sure.

His colleague, Professor Nelson, had been watching this unusual behavior from his office across the hall. He walked in to find Professor Allen sitting perfectly still, motionless, as if transfixed. This was totally out of character, and Professor Nelson was worried. "Dave," he said, "is there anything wrong?"

"No," replied Professor Allen, as the smile grew wider.
"Nothing wrong at all."

By G. L. SMITH







# Know someone who deserves a journalism scholarship?

The Evangelical Press Association, a non-profit corporation composed of some 250 Christian periodicals, is vitally interested in the future of religious journalism.

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# Youth

Lamar Vest, Assistant General Director of Youth and Christian Education

### The Lighted Pathway Our Partner in Youth Ministry

The Lighted Pathway is the official youth journal of the Church of God. The General Department of Youth and Christian Education views this publication, which we affectionately call the Lighted Pathway, as our partner in youth ministry. We have a close relationship with the editor and we share goals and objectives with him.

My first job in the church, in preteen years, was as local church Lighted Pathway representative. Check the records and I think you'll find that the Laurens (South Carolina) Church of God had its highest Lighted Pathway circulation under my tenure. I had a monthly route. . . complete with a Lighted Pathway shoulder bag my mother made me. . .and I delivered the Lighted Pathway to regular customers at church and in my neighborhood.

I still believe in the Lighted Pathway. . .more now than ever. Below are some ways by which the Lighted Pathway may be promoted in your church or with your youth group.

- 1. Read it yourself. Your Christian maturity depends a great deal upon what you read and how often.
- 2. Advertise the Lighted Pathway-on bulletin boards, in church news, by word of mouth.
- Make the magazine available. Have your church or group subscribe in rolls (15 copies per roll) and display copies for all to see.
- 4. Give a copy to new young people in your church.
- 5. Solicit subscriptions. Assign some young person within your youth group this responsibility. The editor will be happy to furnish you with forms upon request.
- 6. Use as gift subscriptions. Some churches make special use of the Lighted Pathway for gifts at Christmas, for graduates, and for newlyweds.
- Use as a giveaway in visitation programs. . . especially to young people.

The Lighted Pathway is our magazine, Church of God young people. It has given us lots of advice, inspiration, encouragement, and spiritual direction. Let's give it our support and help it minister to many other young lives!

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### A CHRISTMAS TO REMEMBER

Continued from page 17

Put them on while Angie and I wash the dishes."

Later, when we assembled in the living room, we were dressed in our best winter clothes, the ones we kept for church. Daddy had a blanket under his arm.

"Is the lantern ready?" he asked.
"I'll light it now," Mamma said.
"Where's the Bible?"

"Here in my mackinaw pocket," Daddy replied.

Daddy spread ashes over the fire in the fireplace. Mamma blew out the lamps, and we stepped out into the cool night. What a beautiful Christmas Eve! Stars everywhere, and the moon shining bright. Down the road we saw Mrs. Spencer's light in the window.

Daddy started down the path toward the barn. Mamma and I followed. At the barnyard gate we stopped, and Mamma opened it. We went through and on down to the barn.

The doors creaked as Daddy pushed them open. They creaked again as they closed, shutting us inside. I saw bales of hay on the barn floor, arranged to make a partial enclosure. We went inside, and Daddy reached up and hung the lantern to a rope which he had suspended from timbers in the loft. Old Ranger looked out of his stall and softly neighed. One cow stirred and went on chewing her cud.

Daddy spoke as we sat down on a bale of hay inside the enclosure.

"We celebrate at Christmas because Jesus was born long ago in a manger, as the Bible says. In the past we've been too worldly, sleighing and partying and doing unspiritual things. Angie, you're almost ten. Mother and I wanted to do something to show that Christmas stands for more than merely having fun and giving gifts and visiting friends. Do you understand?"

"I'm beginning to," I whispered.

Daddy took the Bible from his pocket. "I'm going to read from the second chapter of Luke," he said. But before he could begin, there was a knocking on the barn door and a "Hello!"

It was the Spencer boys, Herb, Tod, and Sonny, their cheeks red with cold and their breath frosty in the chilly air.

"No trouble, fellows," Daddy said, and then he explained why we were in the barn. The Spencer boys seemed touched. Looking at their quiet faces, I thought of the shepherds who visited the stable in Bethlehem.

"When we got off work at the factory this evening," Herb said, "we rode a truck part way home from Ashland. Then we had to walk the rest of the way. When we passed your house and didn't see a light but this one out here in the barn, we supposed you might have a sick cow. Thought we'd see if we could help."

Mamma spoke. "Come in and sit with us. We won't be here long."

Herb turned to his brothers. "Ma's waiting anxiously, hoping we'll be home for Christmas. But she'd want to know how you folks are remembering the Christ Child. I think we ought to stay so we can tell her."

Tod and Sonny agreed.

By this time Jason was almost asleep. Mamma laid him on a bale of hay, wrapping the blanket tightly around him.

The barn was still while Daddy read the first twenty verses from

Luke, chapter 2. Everything was quiet. Not even the animals stirred.

"It would be nice if the boys sang a Christmas song," Mamma said, when Daddy was through.

"Sonny doesn't have his harmonica," Tod said. "Don't know how me and Herb would do without his help."

"I'll hum the accompaniment," Sonny volunteered.

He did, and Herb and Tod sang "Silent Night," repeating the last verse with Daddy, Mamma, and me joining in at Herb's beckoning.

That ended our celebration. Mamma lifted Jason, soundly sleeping. Daddy took down the lantern. Herb Spencer opened the barn doors, and we stepped outside in the star-filled night. No one said anything as we walked to the gate. There, the Spencer boys said good-night, then hurried up the road, their heavy boots squeaking against hard-packed snow.

Before we reached the house, I looked back at the barn. I could see it, tall and dark, outlined in the moonlight. In the east a big star, bright and lovely, glowed slightly above and even with the ridge of the roof. As it twinkled I thought of the star of Bethlehem.

Since that night when my family and I and the Spencer boys celebrated Christ's coming in the barn, I've observed Christmas in country villages, small towns, large cities, even in foreign countries. No matter where I was, no matter what I did, I always recalled that eve in the barn, how in humble surroundings, the real meaning of Christmas and the mission of the Christ Child became a part of me.

By O. J. ROBERTSON

# ACTION News Views

General Department of Youth and Christian Education

### AN UNUSUAL WAY TO WITNESS



Young people at the Fairborn (Ohio) Church of God discovered an unusual way to witness. They filled hundreds of balloons with helium and attached a message about their local church to each balloon. Word was received from as far away as 300 miles from a person who found one of the balloons.

God has commissioned us to take the

gospel to the uttermost parts of the earth. We are to be His witnesses, and we are also to go into the highways and compel souls to come in. Let us find new—even unusual—ways to share the gospel and to bring in souls.

—Sonjia Hunt
Editorial Assistant



### LINDA DYKE

Linda Dyke of the Fairborn Church is using her artistic abilities for the Lord. She works in children's church and decorates backdrops or scenes which are used with puppets or which relate to and help make the lesson story more interesting. She ministers to children.

What are your talents? You have at least one—probably more. Find them—and use them for the Lord. □

—Sonjia Hunt
Editorial Assistant

### HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

In 1980 the Sunday school will celebrate its 200th birthday! And you are invited to celebrate—all year long. The year has been officially designated "The Year of the Sunday School," and the Church of God has chosen the theme "I Believe in Sunday School." Events highlighting this theme will be held throughout the year.

How will you celebrate?

Report to "Action News and Views" the activities in which young people at your church participate, wishing the Sunday school a happy 200th year.

—Sonjia Hunt
Editorial Assistant

### WHAT DO YOU THINK?

"Action News and Views" would like your opinion and feelings on issues and topics of interest to young people. We would also like to know some of the Issues which interest you. Let us hear from you.

### AFTER THE STORM

Those of us who have visited the Dominican Republic know the active role youth play in the work of the Church of God there. Most musicians in the church are youth. Many singers are youth. I was thrilled to see the altars lined with youth in my services there.

The devastation brought on by Hurricane David has had an impact on the youth In that twenty-one of our church buildings have been totally demolished along with nine parsonages. Additionally, hundreds of church buildings and parsonages have experienced severe damages. We may rest assured that as funds come in for reconstruction, our youth will play an active and aggressive role in rebuilding and repairing these facilities.

Twelve Church of God members lost their lives in the Dominican Republic as Hurricane David tore his way through this lovely Caribbean Island nation. These twelve members, without doubt, had touched the lives of many of our youth.

Let us pray for the youth of the Dominican Republic as they join others in putting their lives back together in the aftermath of Hurricane David.

—James E. Cossey, Th.D. Editor of Missions Publications

### ANYONE FOR OPERA??

New Eyes for the Needy, a nonprofit charity in Short Hills, New Jersey, recycles not only old opera glasses, but also used eyeglasses, old jewelry, gold and silver items, inlays and other bits of preclous metal. After refining, New Eyes uses the proceeds to establish eye funds in hospitals across the U.S.A., as well as redistributing reusable glasses to foreign missions. Never asking for a penny, New Eyes has helped over one million people in the past 47 years since it began.

Not only individuals, but also many church groups and service organizations



such as the Lions and Kiwanis have made New Eyes' collections their project.

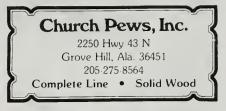
Collection boxes are placed in banks, shopping centers, and libraries where local publicity through newspapers, TV and radio stations soon has them full to overflowing. Upon request, New Eyes will send a pamphlet of background information and helpful ideas to groups interested in starting community projects.

Send your old eyeglasses and precious metal scrap to New Eyes for the Needy, Short Hills, New Jersey 07078, where they will help some needy person to see.

### GOOD CHRISTMAS

There was more room in the manger for Jesus than his manhood found later at Jerusalem. William Walter De Bolt









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P. O. Box 972 • 1009 Keith Street Cleveland, Tennessee 37311 Dear Mom and Dad,

I want to thank you again for the perfect Christmas and Christmas season you have given me.

The day after Christmas is usually sad for us, but this year seems especially so. I guess it's a little like two thousand years ago. On the day after Christmas, the world forgot about the Savior's coming. Do you think they preferred everyday life to the peace and comfort they found at the stable? Close to the Christ Child?

I never want to leave the manger, or the tree, or any of the beauty of this holy time of year.

I forget that part of the angel's message was a promise of hope for tomorrow, and for all tomorrows. Somehow, if I can keep these beautiful memories of the gift bringers and the visitors, and ponder these things in my heart when life becomes confusing, perhaps I'll keep the hope that someday things will be peaceful eternally.

The warm, inviting feeling that comes whenever you see the candles in the window, the happiness on the face of a baby sleeping by a fire, or the love you feel at receiving a gift made by the sweetest hands you know—these couldn't be far from the feelings Christ has planned for us to enjoy forever, once we get to heaven.

I could be content with falling asleep to "Away in a Manger" and waking up to "Joy to the World, the Lord Is Come," but I know there are still shepherds sleeping on the hills who haven't seen the bright light, and who haven't heard the tidings of comfort and joy.

Although I'm not an angel, I must learn, as you all have, to share these blessings with others.



Religious News Service Photo

Thank you again for loving me through my sickness and letting me know you cared in so many ways.

Thank you for the special card, for the special gifts, for okra on Christmas, for the part in the Christmas play, for the shopping help, for the phone calls, for the visit to my little house, and for all the things I've forgotten.

Thank you for letting me see the love of that first Christmas again in you!

Your daughter, Renee



Religious News Service Photo

### Peace

Peace has one thing in common with its enemy, with the fiend it battles, with war.

Peace is active, not passive.

Peace is doing, not waiting.

Peace is aggressive-attacking.

Peace plans its strategy and encircles the enemy.

Peace marshals its forces and storms the gates.

Peace gathers its weapons and pierces the defense.

Peace, like war, is waged.

Walker L. Knight

## Peace Within Us

"Skies cloud over and our own capacity for dreaming becomes blunted."

It isn't easy to be at peace with ourselves in terms of what we accomplish in life.

There is a period of time—mostly when we are young, although it isn't altogether defineable in terms of years—when we fret over all the possibilities. In other words, we dream and we literally glow with anticipation: there is nothing beyond us, nothing too grand and too glorious if we try hard enough and persist long enough.

The weather changes. Skies cloud over and our capacity for dreaming becomes blunted, muted, dulled before the realities of failure and our own weakness.

It is then that we must cope with ourselves in terms of what has happened already and in terms of what those about us have likewise accomplished.

It's not easy.

There always seem to be those individuals who reap without sowing, who receive without paying, who pick up all the door prizes without truly contributing to the party. Such people make us angry. They make us uncomfortable with our own wages; but, worst of all, they often cause us to grum-

ble and complain at He who dispenses justice in the universe.

Two points seem worth noting.

First, there always seem to be those more fortunate, more blessed, more noble, and more successful. However, things are not always as they seem.

Isn't it prudent to assume that those laws which confine and restrict our own lives apply as well to the lives of others? We can't always tell by looking whether one is comfortable in his shoes.

Second, why should we judge ourselves in the haze of earthly facts when we must be judged ultimately in the light of divine wisdom? Our acts and our decisions are like pebbles dropped in a pond. They set in motion a series of waves which continue to reach out in concentric circles long after we have moved on and long after we are no longer in position to judge them at all.

Only the eternal One can know . . . and see . . . and judge. Herein is our peace.

We trust God as just in all things. We accept Christ as Lord. We pray in terms of Father. And we pillow our heads comfortably when, in Him, all things are permitted to rest.  $\square$ 



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